March 11, 1964

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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How to succeed at modelling

BABY BOOK
32 PAGE LIFTOUT

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Some of the photographs in our 32-page liftout Baby Book are especially interesting for two of our staff writers whose daughters are (this week, at least) "model" babies.

THE bathing beauty on page 27, five-month-old Melissa Blanch, is the daughter of reporter Kirsten Blanch.

Kirsten wrote most of the articles in the Baby Book; others were contributed by pediatric specialists — and the whole book was approved by infant-health authorities.

Staff writer Robin Adair's younger daughter, Sheridan (18 months), demonstrates "Dangers in the Home" on pages 12 and 13.

★ ★ ★

IN a recent TV interview, famous author P. G. Wodehouse described the way his equally famous unflappable manservant Jeeves came to (fictional) life.

Jeeves first appeared in a short story; he was a minor character with just one line: "What suit will you wear today, sir?"

Then, in another short story, he came to the rescue of two friends who were in a spot of bother.

That was it — Jeeves grew into the butler with a built-in genius for getting people (mostly Bertie Wooster) out of trouble. And he continues his hilarious adventures in our new serial, "Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves," on page 25.

Our Cover

● A scaffolding setting — to symbolise their climb to fame abroad — was chosen by Sydney photographer Laurence Le Guay for this picture of topline Australian models (from left) Colleen Fitzpatrick, Ann Felton, Jennifer Hocking, and Maggie Eckardt. They're making a brief home visit to take part in Australian knitwear parades. Other Le Guay pictures of the girls and another Australian, Jean Newington, who flew out later for the parades, appear on page 5 with the girls' success stories.

● The doll's house pictured above was made by Mr. J. Geary, of Mt. Lawley, Western Australia, as a present for his two daughters, and "I thought you would be interested in seeing a picture, because my husband built the doll's house from details and plans you published in October last year," wrote Mrs. Geary. Thank you, Mrs. Geary, we're glad the doll's house was such a success.

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THE BEATLES GIRL!

Lucky Del, of Maroubra, will sing with them in Australia

DEL JULIANA was sitting on her bed in a Brisbane hotel painting her fingernails gold to match her "gold-all-over" look when her manager, John Barnes, rang from Sydney.

"Of all the artists in the world, who would you like most to work with?" he asked.

"The Beatles!" screamed Del.

And sure enough, Del, the 21-year-old singer from Maroubra, New South Wales, had been chosen to appear with The Beatles when they visit Australia in June.

"What have I done to deserve it?" Del asked as she recovered from the news.

"I'm going to shake with fright from now until June. I'm always frightened, but once I start singing I'm fine.

"I don't know what I'll sing with The Beatles; new songs come up so quickly.

"Just imagine, a year ago it was all 'Puff the Magic Dragon' and we'd never heard of The Beatles. I've called my mother Dragon ever since and she loves it. Sometimes I call her Drag."

Del has two brothers, Des (23), who likes classical music, and Mike (19), who likes modern.

"When I wake up I hear Wagner coming from Des' room and Roy Orbison from Mike's," she said.

"There's really quite a streak of the culture vulture in me, but jazz is my true love."

Del has gold hair, which she tops up with gold spray, and a host of golden freckles.

"At the moment my freckles are coming apart. I must get out on to the beach and join them up again," said Del, who has a TV contract with a Sydney channel, but had a week's singing engagement in Brisbane.

"I don't try to fight my coloring. I just live with it."

Del's favorite singing stars are Julie London, Doris Day, Shirley Bassey, Lesley Gore, Johnny O'Keefe, and Little Pattie. ("It's not going to be funny trying to keep up with that kid. She's terrific!")

And, of course, The Beatles.

"I admire them so terrifically," she said. "There's a sort of delicacy about them. I think people want to mother them. Ringo is like a little leprechaun. I think my favorite is John Lennon — the married one, unfortunately."

There's a young man in Sydney who doesn't want her to become TOO infatuated with The Beatles, married or unmarried.

"He's Peter Rowan, my very steady steady," she explained, waving his latest letter in the air.

"Peter is lead guitarist with Warren Williams' group. We've been close friends for four years, but we want to develop our careers before getting engaged.

"Before The Beatles arrive I'd like to lose a little weight. Teenagers say they like me to be chubby, but teenagers are like that. They make you feel good."

— MARJORIE STAPLETON

Picture by Bob Millar

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NEXT WEEK

Our condensed book tells you . . .

HOW TO LOOK £ £ RICHER £ £ and YOUNGER

Well, no one can help getting older — but you don't have to look it! And you may not be a millionairess, but you CAN look and feel better off than you are.

Beauty expert Elizabeth Kendall tells you how to make clothes look more expensive, how to be your own lady's maid — and all about the Richer, Younger Look.

★ NEW NURSERY KNITS

Five pages of smart young handknits are designed for babies to four-year-olds.

They include a pretty dress for a little girl, a playtime jacket, stroller set, and the debonair romper suit shown at right.

★ EASTER DISHES

. . . sweet foods in the old tradition

Like Christmas, Easter has a tradition of special foods that have been associated with it for centuries. Our cookery experts give recipes for the most popular goodies, like hot cross buns and Easter eggs . . .

But others like the rich simnel cake (which is always topped with 11 "eggs" — see picture at left) and *jelly* Easter eggs are included, too.

★ Magnificent irises

Marhigo irises are a spectacular American development of the Higo (Japanese) iris strain. Their sumptuous blooms are much larger: from eight to 12 inches across.

Four new pages for your gardening book tell you how to grow these new beauties.

AND there's a life-size color picture of Peacock Dance, one of the Marhigo varieties; its flower is ten inches wide.

★ Autumn fashion talk

What's new for autumn? In story and color pictures, fashion editor Betty Keep reports that:

- **There's *chic* in culottes for evening,**
- **there's *flattery* in after-five suits,**
- **there's *news* in leather sportswear,**
- **there's *brilliance* in 1964 tweeds—**
- **and *glamor* in pink, pink, pink!**

Luxury living on a thrift budget

● The "mascara" used by Mrs. Peter Tennant for emphasising the lashes fringing her alert blue eyes comes from a tube of black boot polish! She says it is waterproof and most economical.

MRS. TENNANT, who has a built-in flair for combining thrift and luxury living, is making a six weeks' visit to Australia with her husband.

He is Deputy Director-General of the Federation of British Industries, one of the main sponsors of the £2 million plus British Trade Fair opening in Sydney in September.

The Fair, which will be the biggest ever to be staged by Britain abroad, will be attended by Princess Marina, the Dowager Duchess of Kent.

Mr. Tennant, who is a second cousin of Lord Glenconner, is a kinsman of Scottish pioneer settler John Tennant, founder of the South Australian branch of the Tennant family more than a hundred years ago.

Tennant Creek was named after him by the explorer John McDouall Stuart.

Mrs. Tennant, born in Finland of Russian and French - Italian parents, speaks seven languages.

She has a Mrs. Beeton-like love for a well-stocked larder. Cooking and domestic economy capture her enthusiasm as talking points, whether she converses in Finnish, Danish, Norwegian, Russian, German, Swedish, or English.

"I love cooking and I know how to be so economical," she said.

Surrey home

The Tennants live at "Brown's," a modern, nine-roomed, two-storeyed house with a two-acre garden, at Haselmere, in Surrey, an hour from London.

It was originally called "The Brown House." But when they bought it Mr. Tennant changed the name to "Brown's" as an affectionate tribute to Brown's Hotel — long a rendezvous in London for "the gentry," and known far and wide for its good taste and good table.

"I'm very fond of the old Brown's in Dover Street," he explained.

Mr. Tennant is away for lunch on weekdays, and usually has dinner in London three nights a week.

But when he's at home, he sits down to epicurean fare.

Sole or turbot smothered in fresh grapes, baked in white wine and cream, baby peas cooked on a thick "mattress" of newly washed lettuce leaves in a tightly lidded saucepan, perhaps one of Mrs. Tennant's 15 varieties of soup.

Like Mrs. Beeton, Mrs. Tennant bases her soups on a good stock, and begins the operation by reaching for not only a chicken, but a few pounds of juicy beef, too, to enrich the mixture.

Yet she maintains that housekeeping costs for herself and her husband amount to no more than £7 a week.

She says this covers everything on her weekly shopping list — from soap to sardines, except home-grown fruit and vegetables, and gas and electricity.

Mrs. Tennant said in England she pays 4/6 lb. for butter, milk is 11d. pint, eggs 4/6 dozen, coffee 4/6 ¼lb., and tea 1/9 ¼lb. Fillet steak costs her 10/- lb., a chicken 5/- and a 5lb. fowl can be obtained for 10/-.

"When we entertain at dinner at home I allow £1 per head for each guest, and find it is enough to provide for wines served at table, as well as a three- or four-course meal," she said.

She considers economical budgeting hinges on advance

By MARY COLES

planning and the dovetailing of dishes, so that the remnants from one can be used for another of a completely different character.

For instance, after she has brewed her basic "good rich soup stock" she takes every fragment of meat from the pot and sets it aside for use as appetising luncheon or Sunday evening snacks.

The remains of the chicken are beaten into a tasty paste built up into a meal with piles of fluffy rice.

And what is left of the beef is turned into little steak pies — after mincing with onion and herbs and encasing in featherweight flaky pastry.

While practising economy, Mrs. Tennant can end a dinner party on a note of triumph by serving frozen cheese.

She beats up a small quantity of Roquefort or Danish blue left over from a previous meal, with cream seasoned with salt and finely chopped chives. When the mixture has been well blended she pours it into an ice-block tray and freezes it.

The frozen cheese blocks, individually served on crisp lettuce leaves, are garnished with a baby radish just before being served.

Mr. Tennant says that besides being a wonderful cook his wife looks "out of the bandbox" in the kitchen.

"Always I make it my habit to look nice and never to appear tired when my husband comes home in the evening," she explained.

Besides doing her own cooking, jam and preserve making, housework, and laundry (with the exception of the sheets), Mrs. Tennant also cultivates their two-acre flower, fruit, and vegetable garden with three hours' help each week from a gardener.

Mr. Tennant cuts the lawns.

A half-acre is devoted to vegetables, and 7000 daffodil bulbs are a feature of the flower garden.

Two hobbies

Mrs. Tennant enjoys lace-making and landscape painting as hobbies. "I paint indoors, working to scenes impressed on my mind by perhaps the change in the countryside after a sudden spring."

She makes little distinction between work and recreation.

She regards ironing as an opportunity for listening to recordings of symphony music, and the monthly dusting of the 5000 books in their library as a chance for catching up with some interesting reading.

"Our books are in many languages," she said. "My husband taught modern languages at Queens' College, Cambridge, at one time."

After leaving Cambridge Mr. Tennant spent some years in the British diplomatic service before joining the Federation of British Industries in 1952.

He said the Federation is a private enterprise organisation supported by 9000 British firms and 300 trade associations.

One of its functions is the promotion of trade fairs in all parts of the world displaying what Britain is making — from groceries to aeroplanes and electronics.

"We need to sell our goods abroad to balance our purchases from other countries," he explained.

"Britain is the world's second biggest importer of general goods, the biggest buyer of foodstuffs.

"With only 4 per cent. of our population on the land, we are able to grow half of what we eat — and our total annual production of food is larger than the combined output from Australia and New Zealand.

"The more our standard of living goes up the more our appetite increases."

Mr. Tennant's private problem is keeping his own appetite down.

He doesn't want to put on any more weight.

But wedded to a cook of his wife's calibre, this is almost a hopeless resolve.

● Deputy Director-General of the Federation of British Industries, Mr. Peter Tennant, and his attractive Finnish-born wife, who are making a six weeks' visit to Australia from England. Mr. Tennant is a kinsman of John Tennant, after whom Tennant Creek was named.

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HOW to SUCCEED at MODELLING – by REALLY TRYING

By MARY COLES and JUDE AINSWORTH

● There's room at the top for models for just five years (if they're really smart girls), according to current Australian topliners home from abroad — Ann Felton, Maggie Eckardt, Jennifer Hocking, Colleen Fitzpatrick, and Jean Newington.

FROM LEFT: Maggie Eckardt, from Paris; Jennifer Hocking, from London; Ann Felton, from New York; and Colleen Fitzpatrick, from London. BELOW: Jean Newington, from New York.

AFTER that time the top model's face begins to suffer "over-exposure." In any case, her type is rarely any longer a high-fashion image, they explained.

"It's just our good luck that we happen to have the faces and figures geared to suit the 'sixties era," said Ann Felton.

"We wouldn't have rated a glance in the 17th century, when the voluptuous beauties Rubens painted were the vogue."

The five Australians, who have been "imported" back home to take part in fashion parades of Australian knitwear, say that one of the reasons why so many girls leap to success modelling overseas is "their down-to-earth attitude."

"They've got common sense — they never throw their weight round as temperamental prima donnas," said Jennifer Hocking.

"They turn up on time for appointments, and other people like working with them because they're easy to get along with.

"You never hear an Australian model say, 'Purple is not my color' or 'That is not my kind of dress' when she is on the job."

Ann Felton

PHOTOGRAPHIC models today need to be actresses as well as clothespegs, says Ann, who earns 1200 dollars a week in New York.

So much of the work now is done in candid-camera style in restaurants and familiar streets, with people and city landmarks forming the background, that unselfconsciousness has become an essential attribute.

Just before leaving New York Ann modelled a hair-spray advertising shot on Fifth Avenue, with a companion carrying a walkie-talkie bringing directions to her from the photography team on the roof of a nearby building 15 storeys high.

They used telescopic lenses.

"Passers-by, unaware of the cameras, thought I was quite mad as they watched me jump out of a taxi and fling my arms round a man and kiss him as he stepped out of a store," she laughed.

"They didn't know we were both models. They just stood thunderstruck as the performance was repeated and repeated."

Ann believes that to remain in the forefront as a fashion pacesetter, a top model must have a "radar" mind and eyes and be able to anticipate changes in hairstyles, clothes, and cosmetics at least three months ahead of public fancy.

"For instance, if you find hairdressers are privately getting sick of long hair, it's exactly the right moment to go to your favorite hairdresser and ask him to create a new short style for you," she said.

Ann hit the modelling jackpot when she was invited by Eileen Powers to do a "Vogue" cover the day after her arrival in New York three years ago as a member of an Australian team to promote wool fashions.

"When I telephoned my husband, Neil, in Sydney, and told him I had made a thousand dollars in my first week in New York, he said, 'Will it last?'

"He has a tremendous faith about following hunches, and knowing I wanted to stay on there he resigned his job as assistant personnel manager with a Sydney firm and arrived in New York six weeks later with our 18-month-old son, Scott.

"He's now personnel manager in New York for the largest literary and theatrical agency in the world.

"And we're socking our money away so that we'll eventually be able to live in Sydney again, where we want to build a beautiful home and have more children."

Ann, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kendall, of Lawson, in the Blue Mountains, studied medicine in Perth and Sydney.

But she married before completing the final year of the course. "Neil didn't want me to be a doctor, and I always do what he wants me to — after we've had discussions on the matter," she explained.

After four and a half years of modelling she says her greatest satisfaction from it still comes in the form of *cheques*.

Colleen Fitzpatrick

SPARKLING Colleen says frankly: "I find it difficult to be beautiful. I never will achieve it. I enjoy making people happy, but I am not a dedicated model."

Though Colleen doesn't believe she's a beauty, her impish charm convinces everyone else that she's lovely. "What imperfection do I try to hide from the camera? My whole face," she jokes.

And while she models high fashion all day, she isn't too concerned with her own wardrobe. "I never bother about any sort of clothes. I'm still wearing things I took away with me."

She returned especially for this parade after seven months abroad, and will now spend two months' holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fitzpatrick, of Arncliffe, N.S.W.

A model becomes old-aged when mentally she feels she's had it, says Colleen, who at 26 is making no provision for any such old age. "I'm spending the lot!"

But she plans to drop modelling before it has time to drop her. She wants to be an actress—a comedienne —and studied voice in London. She'll begin acting lessons when she returns to London.

She mixes with artists, writers, and theatre people in London: "They're the people I find attractive."

As for the wolves who want to be seen with models, Colleen says forbiddingly, "I never have that trouble." And with that tone of voice, it's easy to see that they'd be put in their place very smartly.

Like so many young Londoners, Colleen approves of the Mary Quant style. "At first I didn't like the Quant look. When I arrived in London my hair was long and blond; now it's short and dark, and I feel more boyish, so I can translate this look more easily to me."

Maggie Eckardt

MAGGIE falls languidly from one pose into another like an oh-so-glamorous rag doll.

This ability to respond quickly to a photographer's direction is imperative for a model who wants to remain a success, she says.

"French photographers are very temperamental by nature; the English are the sweetest — so polite. They ask you if you want a cup of tea," says Maggie.

"Looking good isn't a matter of what you're wearing. The attitude is important, and your ability to project the expression or the feeling that the shot needs. The price of the garment doesn't matter, either."

But for some jobs a hairdresser can spend hours getting everything just right, she says, and the next week a photographer expects her to duplicate the look herself in five minutes. In New York there is even one hairdresser who only does the side of the hair that will show in the photograph.

No one can know your face and hair as well as you yourself, Maggie maintains, and she much prefers to do her own hair with the aid of a boxful of switches: they're speedy and save teasing.

It is very easy for models to get carried away with themselves and their life, says Maggie. "In a way we are terribly spoiled, treated like queens."

For one thing "men are very keen to take out models. There are certain cliques of men in each city who want to take out the latest models." The agency saves the girls a lot of annoyance by keeping their addresses and phone numbers top secrets, she says.

After modelling for most of the famous Parisian fashion houses, Maggie buys one or two "nice" garments each season, usually from Simonetta or Balenciaga — "for a terrific lift for an odd occasion."

Though she prefers working in Paris, the flat there is only home-base for her world-wide operations.

With all her travels, she has never had to pay a check. "We see everything of interest, because those are the places we photograph. We stay at the best hotels, and if I were to tour privately the way I've done it, it would cost millions."

Full of the excitement of a fabulous career, Maggie is having a marvellous time.

"I love the life," she said, "when an agent rings and says, 'Oh Maggie, are you free on the sixteenth to go to Egypt?' "

Jennifer Hocking

MODELLING in London, Jennifer, formerly of Lindfield, N.S.W., concentrates on giving whatever she wears an air of elegance.

"In fact, I put much more effort into showing a 28/- gingham dress as a high-fashion number than I do when wearing a mink coat," she said.

"Elegance — which is best described as a 'presence' — is achieved with grooming, good carriage, and the way one moves and thinks."

If she could choose just three garments to pack for a round-the-world trip, Jennifer would settle for a trench-line mink coat, a classically tailored suit—and a bathing suit!

Jean Newington

JEAN believes that the single quality keeping her at the top of the modelling world is "wanting to make a masterpiece out of every picture I do."

"It's very seldom you get a picture that's exactly the dream you'd like to think you are," she said. "I have maybe eight pictures that I've thought, 'This is what I really like.'

"There's an ambition when it's just money you want, and there's another when you love what you do. I stay a success for the simple reason that I like modelling.

"Girls get on top through luck and stay through hard work. You have to give of your own interest and concentration and help the photographer."

Jean also likes travelling and meeting interesting people. This year she worked for two weeks on the Paris collections and then holidayed for two months in St. Tropez, meeting famous bullfighters, visiting the home of designer Carven, meeting Picasso.

Later this month she will return to New York, where she has a flat in the fashionable East 70s. Jean plans to concentrate on working there for a while, in preference to Paris, because "you can work half as much and earn twice as much."

(She regularly earns 60 dollars an hour, which becomes 90 an hour for any appointment after 5.30 p.m.; it has totalled as much as 2000 dollars, or about £A900 a week.)

"It's all very well to be high fashion, but to be a good model in New York you have to wear a five-dollar dress as well as a 500-dollar one, and you have to look like a girl who'll buy a five-dollar dress," she said.

After modelling for all the great houses, Jean no longer

To page 10

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Miss Universe plans her Australian visit

She'll be looking out for Matilda who likes waltzing

● Miss Universe, 1963, 19-year-old Ieda Maria Vargas, from Brazil, is about to make a brief visit to Australia as part of her world tour.

IN Sydney she will judge a new drink, the Miss Universe cocktail, at the Chevron Hilton Hotel on Saturday night, March 7. Then she will ride in an open car in Melbourne's Moomba Festival parade on March 9 and will return to a fashion parade in the Sydney hotel on March 11.

Maria, the first Brazilian ever to win the Miss Universe title, is a brown-eyed college student from Porto Alegre. She's 5ft. 6in. tall, weighs 8st. 11lb., and her measurements are 35-23-36½.

Her hobbies are playing the violin and guitar — and travelling.

Which is just as well, for in addition to the 7500 dollars (£A3500) prize-money, Maria won a year-long world tour.

She won her title from 93 other contestants, representing 50 different countries, and she was crowned in a glittering ceremony at Miami Beach, Florida.

The Miss Universe contest is one of three held each year to find "the prettiest girl in the world."

There's the Miss World title, which was held in London last year and won by Jamaican beauty Carole Joan Crawford.

Australia's Tania Verstak won the other title, Miss International Beauty, in 1962 and was crowned at Long Beach, California.

Maria will be in Australia for six days and hopes she'll find a Matilda who waltzes.

"This Waltzing Matilda song you have is very popular in Brazil," she said, "although we do not know very well what the words mean."

IEDA MARIA VARGAS, Miss Universe, 1963, who will visit Australia. Picture above was taken immediately after she was crowned at Miami Beach, Florida, on July 20. Below, Senhorita Vargas sits with the four runners-up in the contest — Marlene McKeown (Ireland), Aino Korwa (Denmark), Lalaine Bennett (Philippines), and Kim Mung-Ja (Korea).

WORLD TOURIST. On the first lap of her tour she looks over the roofs of London from the tall new Hilton Hotel.

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Marina goes back to "the 'thirties"

● Princess Marina, who created the "look" of the 'thirties, will have a wardrobe for her Australian visit in September which will be pure 'thirties.

The Princess in 1939.

PRINCESS MARINA still retains the elegance that made her a Royal beauty and fashion-setter in the 'thirties.

"IF the Princess had put the clothes she was to have worn in Australia 25 years ago into a plastic bag and brought them out for this trip they would have fitted into her wardrobe without a ripple on the surface," one of her friends said.

Princess Marina was all set to come to Australia, where her husband, the late Duke of Kent, had been appointed Governor-General, when war broke out.

The appointment was "postponed" and the Duke put on his R.A.F. uniform. He was killed on active service. So the sad, sweet Duchess, commandant of the Women's Royal Naval Service, carried on with her war work and brought up her three children.

She was delighted when her daughter Princess Alexandra was invited to Australia.

Princess Marina's clothes for Australia will reflect the very latest trends. Royal couturier Norman Hartnell will make her extravaganza ball gowns and John Cavanagh, whose clear lines are very much in the Molyneux tradition, will make many of her dresses. Madame Vernier, the Royal milliner, will make her hats. Princess Marina is still the smartest woman in her set and generation, with a beautiful figure and perfect dress sense.

"Fabulous"

I rang Hartnell, Cavanagh, and Madame Vernier in turn and they all said the same thing — "We will make Princess Marina look simply wonderful for Australia. She loves clothes and will look absolutely fabulous."

As soon as the news was announced the Princess herself telephoned to make appointments for clothes and fittings.

Since Paris has reflected every hair style and every dress the Princess wore in the 'thirties in their current fashions, Hartnell and Cavanagh are longing to dress her exactly as she was then.

Penniless in Paris after the Greek revolution (her father, Prince Nicholas, now a struggling artist) Marina was an inspiration for Molyneux, the English captain whose genius brought him to the top in couture in France. The styles of the 'thirties were created for her and smart women followed.

When she came to England to marry the handsome Prince George (later to be Duke of Kent), the pillbox hat she wore was copied by women throughout the world.

She stamped her style on a whole generation, and now the present generation is following suit.

Princess Marina is a handsome woman and when her grandson, the Earl of St. Andrews, was born she was dubbed England's most glamorous grandmother.

Royal "tutor"

Princess Marina has made few Royal tours by herself. Her life has been devoted to her family and to other young members of the Royal family, whom she has carefully groomed and tutored for the Royal way of life.

Princess Marina is well equipped for this. She is the most royal of all the Royal ladies, being a descendant of the Greek, the Danish, and the Russian royal families.

She has always taken her full share of duties, and has been a tower of strength to the Royal family.

As a mother she has groomed her children for their roles, first taking her son, the Duke of Kent, to Malaya on a Royal tour.

There she toured the jungles in an armored car, in heat and humidity that were scarcely bearable.

In Malaya the schoolboy Duke of Kent had his first experience of Army life, and decided that it was for him. He is now a captain in the Scots Greys.

Then off to Canada went the Duchess, taking with her Princess Alexandra to give her some formal training in Royal routine. The seemingly irrepressible Alex learned a lot.

Then mother and daughter went on a highly successful tour of South America.

Princess Marina was the first to go to one of the newly independent countries of Africa as they hauled down the British flag and ran up their own.

That was Ghana, where Princess Marina and Premier Nkrumah led off the dancing at the independence celebrations.

Perhaps it is because she is so very Royal that Princess Marina can afford to be less formal than one would expect. She has certainly broken through the outmoded Royal protocol of making greetings something of a strain for everyone.

There are no official handshakes when Princess Marina meets any of her family and friends. Nothing less than a warm hug and kiss is good enough when she greets them at airports or railway stations.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

When she travels privately (which she does often, nearly always to the Continent) she goes tourist class. Usually she calls herself Mrs. Brown, buys duty-free cigarettes, and bypasses the V.I.P. lounges to board the plane with the rest of the passengers.

Princess Alexandra has followed suit, and travels in the less expensive, if rather overcrowded, plane seats.

Princess Marina is clearly happiest on the Continent.

Until her mother died she was a frequent visitor to Greece.

Her sister, Princess Olga, wife of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, has a house in Florence where Marina is a frequent guest.

Until the death of another sister, Countess Toerring, she was back and forth to Munich.

Princess Marina, Princess Olga, and the late Princess Elizabeth were rarely seen apart in their girlhood, and have kept as close a family unit as crowns and distance have allowed since they married.

Perhaps the saddest years for her family were during the war, when Princess Marina's mother was in Greece; her sister, the Countess Toerring, in Munich; and Princess Olga, exiled from Yugoslavia, living in South Africa and Egypt.

The war over, Princess Marina was back on visits, and never missed family weddings.

Always in step with young people, it was Princess Marina whom the Queen looked to when Princess Margaret was longing to see Paris. Chaperoned by "Auntie Mara" the Princess had the time of her life.

It was "Auntie Mara" who helped to develop in Princess Margaret the taste in clothes that was to put her into the top ten chart of the world's best-dressed women.

For all her sophistication and wide circle of friends in the international set, Princess Marina has a way of moving about without attracting undue attention.

Ten years ago she slipped into New York and out again without the acclaim one would have expected.

Close friends

She stayed with members of the Ogilvy family, and Princess Alexandra joined her — but that was long before the Hon. Angus fell in love with her daughter.

If the engagement was a surprise to the world it was not to Princess Marina, who counted the Ogilvys her closest friends and watched the romance develop.

Princess Marina is not rich, in fact she is the poorest of all the members of the Royal family, but her wonderful taste and good management enable her to remain a well-dressed woman and run a splendid home in Kensington Palace.

As a person of intellect and artistic taste she gathers around her people of talent.

Noel Coward was a frequent visitor to her home when he lived in England. Sir Malcolm Sargent, the famous conductor, has been her constant squire. Danny Kaye was received and entertained by Princess Marina.

A surprising friend — and a very close one — was the "Come up and see me sometime" Mae West.

"A perfect lady in private life," I was told.

Princess Marina has quite a heavy official programme. She is constantly visiting and concerned with the Mental Health Scheme, which her patronage pioneered a few years ago.

Good causes

She devotes much time to social services and art clubs, rehabilitation centres, the Lifeboat Institution, and the Royal School for the Blind. She is also president of All England Lawn Tennis.

Many of these good causes the Princess undertook after the death of Queen Mary, who loved and understood Marina when she came to England a foreigner in a very British and unbending era.

Queen Mary lifted Marina from near the Royal bread line to comparative comfort in her will, and many of the old Queen's treasures are now either in Princess Marina's home or have been sold at Sotheby's with other treasures.

Selling her treasures to help others has been a pattern of her life.

Many years ago in Paris her mother, Princess Nicholas, called Marina and her sisters and they decided to sell most of their heirloom jewellery to help the poverty-stricken Greeks and Russians who had fled from the revolution.

One piece which came to them from Marina's grandmother, the Duchess Vladimir of Russia, was to pass eventually to the Queen's jewellery collection. It is the Russian fringe tiara, which in happier times would have belonged to Princess Marina.

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OPENING OF 25TH FEDERAL PARLIAMENT

PRIME MINISTER, Sir Robert Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies arriving at Parliament House, Canberra, for the opening of the 25th Parliament. After the opening they attended an afternoon tea given by the President of the Senate, Sir Alister McMullin, and the Speaker, Sir John McLeay, in the grounds of Parliament House.

ABOVE. The Minister for the Interior, Mr. Doug Anthony, and Mrs. Anthony were among guests at the afternoon tea held in the grounds of Parliament House after the official opening of Parliament.

AT RIGHT. The President of the Senate, Sir Alister McMullin, and Lady McMullin with Mrs. John Howse (right) at the afternoon tea which Sir Alister and Sir John McLeay gave at Parliament House.

THE Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his daughter, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, arriving at Parliament House. Lord De L'Isle officially opened the first session of the 25th Federal Parliament.

BELOW. The Ambassador for Sweden, Mr. Gosta Af Petersens (left), Mrs. Elizabeth Fairfax, and the president of the N.S.W. Liberal Party, Brigadier Jock Pagan, and Mrs. Pagan (couple on right), at the afternoon tea. Mrs. Fairfax, who has been visiting here for the past six months, will leave for her home in England this week.

ABOVE. The Minister for Housing, Mr. Leslie Bury, and Mrs. Bury pictured with their son Michael before the opening of Federal Parliament. Mrs. Bury and Michael made a special trip to Canberra from Sydney for the opening.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT OVERLEAF

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Coal, Engineering

—By MARY BROKER—

● You will remember that, when we were talking about the enormous economic potential of Queensland, the vast Kianga-Moura coalfields figured prominently.

THE reserves of this area in central Queensland are estimated to be as high as 1000 million tons of coal, which is a lot of coal in anybody's language.

The development of the field is an important step in the history of Thiess Holdings Limited, which was formed in Brisbane in 1950 to acquire 17 operating companies, the oldest of which dates back to 1925.

At this stage quite a lot of coal was being taken from an open-cut mine at Callide in Queensland, which is still supplying about 100,000 tons of coal a year for projects such as power stations and the Queensland railways.

However, this project seems hardly worth mentioning beside the development of the Kianga-Moura field, which is being carried out in partnership with the Peabody Coal Company of the United States and the Mitsui Company of Japan.

Huge order

Peabody is one of the biggest coal producers in America and in 1961 produced about 30,000,000 tons of coal, the largest output of any one group of coal producers in the U.S.

When the joint company, Thiess Peabody Coal Pty. Ltd., was formed, directors stated that they expected the link to bring considerable benefits through the introduction of the most modern equipment and technical methods for large-scale production.

Mitsui, the giant Japanese steel firm, was doubtless influential in securing the seven-year contract to supply 3.4 million tons of coal to Japan.

This is the largest coal order ever received by an Australian company, and is expected to provide more than £14 million of export income.

The joint company plans to spend about £15 million over the next five or six years in developing the coalfield, constructing a 100-mile railway to the port of Gladstone (where, you will remember, a big alumina plant is to be built), and in purchasing rolling stock, plant, and equipment.

Production should soon be lifted to 2,000,000 tons a year, and directors are confident that this can be sold to the expanding Japanese steel industry.

Since Thiess already has a foothold in the Japanese market, this would be no surprise — and as you know, Japanese industry is growing faster than in any other country.

Coal, of course, is not Thiess' only interest. Civil engineering work has been its main business since formation, the backbone here being work on the Snowy Mountains Scheme.

The most recent contract was valued at £19.1 million and should take four years to complete. It involved construction of the Geehi Dam, the Snowy Geehi Tunnel, and the Murray pressure tunnel.

Other civil engineering works included the reconstruction of the Townsville-Mt. Isa railway. At last balance date, contracts on hand were valued at £33 million, with uncompleted work worth more than £20 million.

Since the coal project is fairly long-term, Thiess does not expect to receive any dividends from Thiess-Peabody coal until after 1963-64. However, for those of you who can buy a little "lock-away" stock giving you a good income, this is one I would recommend.

The shares are now selling at 9/5, which seems just about their low point. Profit fell slightly last year, and the shares are now out of favor. However, the 12½ per cent. dividend was paid quite easily, and I can see no real cause for worry.

One hundred 5/- shares at their present price would cost about £49, for which you would receive £3/2/6 a year in dividends — this is a good yield, mind you, of 6.8 per cent. It is definitely a stock which is waiting for the future.

Rapid growth

Another interesting Queensland engineer is Evans Deakin Industries Limited. Evans Deakin has been going since 1911 and is firmly entrenched in Queensland engineering activities. I feel it is well placed to take part in the rapid growth of Queensland.

During 1962-63 the company completed a number of large contracts, including a considerable amount of work for Mount Isa, molasses (a by-product of sugar), and oil storage tanks and steel reservoirs.

A contract was also gained for wharf installations at Brisbane and Gladstone.

The current financial year has opened well, and directors spoke proudly of the increased industrial activity in Queensland.

One hundred 5/- shares at the current price of 17/- would cost you about £88. Yield is low at 3.7 per cent., but the 12 per cent. dividend is reasonably well covered by profits and returns you £3/2/6 a year.

How to SUCCEED at MODELLING

From page 5

buys Paris originals. "Now you can get without a doubt the best copies. I dress from their boutiques, which for me is as chic as their couture."

She loves late nights and rarely sees her pillow before 1 a.m.

Though photographers snarl at suntans, she intends to get one here. "THEY don't like it," she said, "but you can't let THEM rule your whole life. You have to know where to draw the line or you'll be one of the kooks, too."

Though she hasn't saved much for the "old age" that can come so early to a model, Jean said, "I think I've invested in my own way. I can't regret — I've built up my personality.

"Modelling is terrific, as long as you don't let it get the best of you and have no illusion that it's anything outrageously wonderful. It doesn't make you any more special than anyone else.

"There's a time when a girl should stop modelling and think about becoming a woman. My dream is to have six little sons running around and calling me 'mother.'

"You have to know where reality starts and ends."

Meet Sue

DO you know Sue?

Sue's the girl who knows everyone, goes everywhere.

Sue knows every disc jockey, knows everything about the recording business.

Sue knows what's really going on behind the scenes —and she tells what she knows!

See what "Sue Says" every week in "Under 21" in the Sunday Telegraph.

Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

THE picturesque 60-year-old stone church of St. John's, at Mona Vale—where the bride was christened—will make a charming setting for the marriage of Sue Taylor and Ken Arnott on April 11.

After the ceremony Sue's father and step-mother, Sir Gordon and Lady Taylor, will welcome 180 guests to the reception, which will be held at their waterfront home at Bayview.

Sue will have her sister Gennie, Prue Gibb, Margaret Hughes, and Prue Russell, who will be returning home on March 20 after 12 months in America and New Zealand, as bridesmaids.

Ken, who is the son of Brigadier and Mrs. K. M. H. Arnott, of "Glenalvon," Murrurundi, will be attended by his brother David, John Robertson, Ian Saddington, and Robert Pratten.

After a two-week honeymoon in Fiji, Sue and Ken will make their home on Ken's property, "Cresswell Park," Murrurundi.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Ian Platt-Hepworth will leave on March 15 for three months overseas. They will fly to Perth, where they will join Marconi and will travel in the ship to Naples. After three weeks touring the Continent they will go on to England to see their son Gavin, who is spending a year in London. On March 7 they will be farewelled at a cocktail party which Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson will give at their Killara home. Other parties for Mrs. Platt-Hepworth will be given by Mrs. Laurence Merson on March 4 and Mrs. Ken Hill on March 11.

★ ★ ★

NEWS from New York of Victorian Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II, who writes she gave up smoking the very day THE Report hit the New York papers — December 2! She has just returned home after spending January and part of February holidaying in the balmy sun of Jamaica and later Naguaba, in Puerto Rico.

★ ★ ★

MANY Sydney friends will travel to Melbourne for the wedding of Barry Foley to Margaret Warry at St. Peter's Church, Toorak, on March 30. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Warry, of North Caulfield, Victoria, and Barry is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Foley, of Glebe Point.

★ ★ ★

BUSY finalising travel plans are the Arthur Chartres', who will sail in George Anson on March 7 for a seven-week trip to the East. Their itinerary includes stopovers in Manila, Rabaul, Guam, Hong Kong, and Tokyo.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the unusual name which Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, jun., have chosen for their new daughter, who was born at St. Margaret's Hospital, Darlinghurst, last week. She has been called Amabelle after her great-great-grandmother.

★ ★ ★

ADMIRED the gesture made by mother-and-daughter art team Mrs. Harrington ("Smee") Morris and her daughter Angela in memory of close friend Lieutenant Harry Cook, who was lost in Voyager. They have given 20 of their paintings to be auctioned at the Dominion Art Galleries on March 10 to raise money for the Voyager Fund. The paintings, which represent their work for the past 12 months, originally were intended for an exhibition this year. Special guests at the auction will include the Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, Rear-Admiral O. H. Becher, and Mrs. Becher.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a round of farewell parties Mrs. Robert Gray, of Double Bay, will leave for Melbourne on March 6. She and her son, Robert, will drive down together and on arrival will begin flat-hunting in South Yarra. They will be away from Sydney for two or three years.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Countess Moltke, who has been visiting here since January, will be returning to her home in Copenhagen, Denmark, in April. At the moment she's holidaying with her sons Adam and Norman (who'll follow their mother home in May) at the Alan Copelands' Palm Beach house. Before she leaves, however, Countess Moltke will have a short holiday in South Australia and in Bathurst, where she will stay with her sister, Mrs. Walter Stack.

★ ★ ★

FROM London comes word of Richard and Barbara Gibb, who have just moved into a lovely flat in Belgravia, which they luckily found on their very first day of flat-hunting. It's just round the corner from Eaton Square and is furnished with antiques. Their next step is to buy a car, which they'll use to tour Scotland at Easter with Sydney friends Paul and Suzanne Isherwood. The Isherwoods have been overseas for the past year and are flatting in Kensington.

ABOVE. Miss Lyn Tracy and Mr. Kevin Isaacs, who have announced their engagement. Miss Tracy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tracy, of Northbridge. Her fiance is the son of Mrs. E. L. Isaacs, of Edgecliff, and of the late Mr. Isaacs.

AT RIGHT. Mr. Duncan Osborne and his fiancee, Miss Margaret Watson, with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hyles, of "Felled Timber," Bungendore (couple on right), at the engagement party which Miss Watson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Watson, gave at their home at "Murryong," Queanbeyan.

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THE CASE FOR CATS . . .

● Cats are the underprivileged of the animal world, according to Mrs. Marjorie P. Brodsky, of Edgecliff, N.S.W. She says the law does not fully protect them from cruelty and neglect.

HAVING loved cats and kittens since her girlhood in Tamworth, N.S.W., Mrs. Brodsky now supports nine — two in her home and seven she boards out with friends and brings home for special occasions, such as birthday and holiday celebrations.

Nine happy cats aren't enough when about 15,000 neglected ones are destroyed each year by the R.S.P.C.A., says Mrs. Brodsky.

She devised this plea for protecting stray cats from cruelty and neglect. Her Vaska and Pussita posed as lawyer and client for the pictures, and she wrote the captions.

Mrs. Brodsky and Vaska

To get them to pose, she held up a bit of cake to attract their attention, and then gave it to them as a reward.

"I don't approve of dressing cats up generally. I think it's very cruel for children to put kittens into frocks and keep them all cramped," Mrs. Brodsky says. Vaska's cloak was loose and didn't cramp him at all, she explained.

But his crowning glory is his wig, made by Mrs. Brodsky as a miniature model of her barrister husband's court wig.

The R.S.P.C.A. hopes that increased protection for cats will be enacted in this session of the N.S.W. State Parliament, as amendments to the Dog and Goat Act of 1898.

Legislation will help immensely, Mrs. Brodsky says, but unwanted cats will roam the streets and starve until owners keep their cats in at night and have them sterilised by veterinarians.

Her long-cherished dream is to see a group of cat-lovers buy and refit a bus which could travel around the suburbs as a mobile clinic to treat and sterilise the cats in each area.

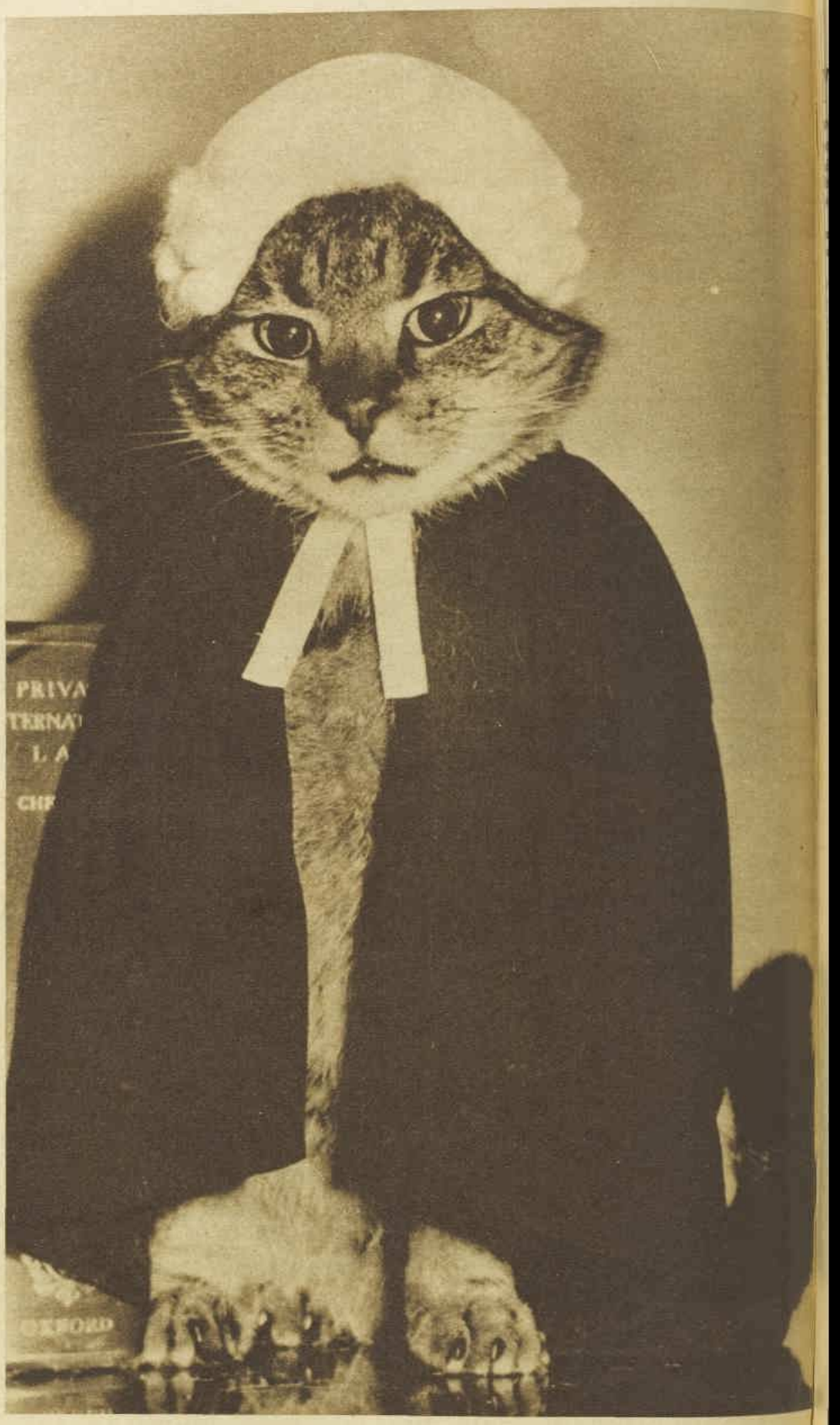
Meanwhile, the luckiest strays are those in the Brodsky neighborhood.

One of Mrs. Brodsky's greatest compliments was from a friend who said that if she could choose her reincarnation she would come back as a Brodsky cat!

. . . heard in camera!

ABOVE: The mother relates the woeful tale: "Three months ago my daughter, Kitty, was adopted by some country children who at first showered her with affection. But when they tired of her charms their wicked father left her in the bush. I am broken-hearted. I fear I'll never see her again."

LEFT: The astonished barrister replies: "Shocking, shameful — a monstrous thing . . ."



. . . "I am making this plea for Kitty to everyone, young and old, who will help to make the dumping of cats and kittens an offence against the law, and to raise our status in the eyes of the law to a level in keeping with our place in the hearts of people all over the world. FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM (Let justice be done even though the heavens fall in)."

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TV 'LIVING' ISN'T ALL IT SEEMS

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Life on the TV screen is very different from life at home — there is a smoothness about it, a lack of hazards that ordinary people encounter.

TV writers and directors manage, by using certain devices, to telescope a day's living into the 48 minutes of drama that, with commercials, make up a 60-minute show.

Some of them make life much easier, others require new skills.

Take the telephone, for instance. TV actors and actresses just dote on that telephone conversation, but they've got to learn to dial quickly, smoothly with either their left or right hand.

They can never pick up a telephone to dial with the hand close to the camera—it looks too large, too ugly. And when they have dialled they can't talk to the telephone — they have to talk out to the TV camera.

Viewers want to see *them* not the telephone or the back of the star's head. Another happy thing about telephone life on TV is that unless a delay is vital to the plot the person they telephone answers right away.

If you are an entertaining type, you have no doubt envied the ease with which TV hosts and hostesses serve drinks to unexpected callers.

Everything is always there, ready to hand — there is no wrestle with ice-blocks, they are always on hand ready to serve, the decanters are always filled with every known type of liquor.

One of the more uncomfortable feats demanded of the American and Continental TV actor is the ability to get into his car from the footpath and slide or edge across under the wheel on the left-hand side.

● *Whether the star is left- or right-handed, items such as phones must be handled to suit the camera angle. Above is Amanda Blake (Miss Kitty in "Gunsmoke") off the set.*

Inspector Maigret, for instance, hasn't the figure to get comfortably across under the wheel of that car from the footpath, but he has to.

If he walked round the car he'd run into the camera and its crew, and time would be lost if the director had to reposition it.

American TV directors favor the convertible. Actors can be seen in full view, and if they're athletic, like Marty Milner in "Route 66," they can jump over the door into the seat.

One of the things that smooths TV life is that the character being photographed never has trouble finding a parking space.

It is always there waiting for him, exactly where he wants it, or someone is on hand ready to take his car away, like Kookie used to in "77 Sunset Strip."

The final departure from reality comes when characters eat in restaurants. They are never crowded, there is always an empty chair at the table.

The mystery of the empty chair is no mystery really. There are sometimes half a dozen people bunched round it, as the camera, crew, and director close in for the close-ups that are necessary.

● *John Gray in "Continuity Man."*

THE only thing that made ABC-TV's recent live play "Continuity Man" worth watching was the acting of that seasoned Australian actor John Gray. Gray, who played the role of an elderly unwanted father who comes to stay with his married son, turned in a sterling performance that made the other three characters look like bumbling amateurs.

Joanne Duff, the femme fatale of the play, who is said to have appeared on Broadway and in many famous dramatic series on American TV, overacted to the stage where she almost turned her role into burlesque.

"Continuity Man" was an interesting enough play, the sets were excellent, but it could never rise above the embarrassingly bad acting of the three young people in the play. — N.M.

Television

"THE BIG PULL," ABC-TV's new space serial has everything — strange signals from outer space that reach out and kill, disappearing scientists, and others with strange space diseases.

It is miles better than the two previous Andromeda science-fiction series.

In "The Big Pull" an American astronaut, Major Mike Sklorski, has just returned after making an orbit of the earth, 15,000 miles up, after a scientist, Dr. Weatherfield, perfected an apparatus which was to see him safely through a perilous band of radiation.

Sklorski dies on landing.

From then on strange signals appear on a giant telescope, people die, swop personalities and bodies, and panic sets in.

It is exciting watching.

"Candid" look at Beatles

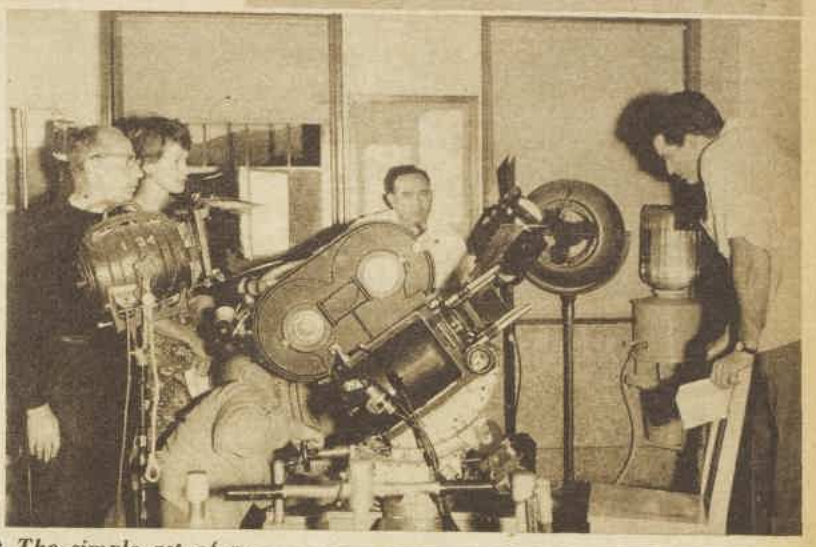
I WANTED to see more of The Beatles than I did on their first appearance on Australian TV when they appeared on Sydney's Channel 2 in "Two of a Kind."

I was so goggle-eyed staring at these four young men, who are the entertainment sensation of 1964, that I missed the Mersey Sound.

I couldn't get past their kind of grotesque fascination — those pale faces and their undernourished, pinched look beneath their famous pit-pony hairdo that has taken them four years to achieve.

Apparently I am not unusual in missing the music.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING



● *The simple act of a drink from a water-cooler for Dr. Ben Casey has to be planned down to the last detail — and Vince Edwards has to do it the camera's way.*

From what I hear no one ever does hear The Beatles when they first see them.

If viewers (on TV or in person) are not overcome with their personalities and its various manifestations, I'm told, they are overcome with the screams of the audience, that high-pitched ecstatic keening that goes with teenage girls in the grip of a craze.

I got my wish to see more of The Beatles quickly. A few days later Channel 9 showed a fantastic documentary about The Beatles' visit to America.

Again I didn't hear the Mersey Sound.

The documentary was just a cacophony of noise, unintelligible conversations, recorded music being played, the noise from The Beatles' own transistors, and the teenagers' keening.

I found the documentary — a candid film record of the visit without commentary — interesting, confusing, horrifying, and much too long.

After the first ten minutes I found the crowds of American teenagers more interesting than The Beatles. There were few boys to be seen, but the girls looked just like a crowd of Australian teenagers in their types, dress, and hairstyles.

What did strike me was that practically every second girl seemed to wear glasses. One plump, bespectacled young thing kept interrupting her keening to say, over and over, the only intelligible remark in the documentary — "I just wanna see cute li'l George."

FOOTNOTE: There are those who don't love The Beatles. Leading this breakaway group is the Pennsylvania League of Master Barbers, which chose to hold its convention in Philadelphia the week Beatlemania was raging in New York. "Don't mention them around here," the executive secretary of the League, Alfred W. Duca, said. "They should be sprayed or stepped on."

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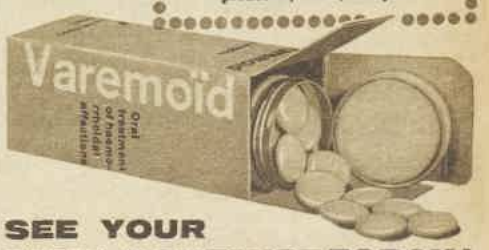

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VAR. 1967

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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TOMMY HANLON'S
Thought For The Week

Tommy Hanlon

Momma once said: "Isn't it funny what a few drinks at a party can do to people? Have you ever noticed the little quiet man who sits in a corner by himself, not talking to anybody? After a couple of drinks he gets up on the table and starts doing his impressions of James Cagney, or suddenly puts on a lampshade and sings a Christmas Carol. IN MARCH! Or how about the lady, your next-door neighbor, and best friend, who suddenly says to you: 'You know, frankly, I don't care for you—and keep your kids out of my yard, too!' I wonder what comes over them? Have YOU noticed this?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: Why is it a person who wants to leave the party early and the person who doesn't . . . are always married to each other?

DID YOU KNOW?

UNDER the title "The Daring Americans," an independent American producer is making three or more hour-long candid close-up studies of people engaged in hazardous occupations.

The first story, now filming, focuses on a 22-year-old girl training with the Peace Corps and soon to set out for duty as a nurse on the Malaysian island of Langkowi, a remote jungle outpost where she will be the only European among thousands of Malayans.

The second will be devoted to a Texan whose unique specialty is putting out oil-well fires all over the world.

The third programme will deal with a Public Health team that fights plagues and epidemics wherever they break out.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN television networks now admit they are desperate to find new talent. The C.B.S. network — biggest purveyor of variety shows in the U.S. — has opened its doors to aspiring performers and will conduct fortnightly open auditions. All welcome. The auditions will begin in New York, and similar opportunities will be opened to hopefuls in Hollywood later. The idea for the open auditions came from Garry Moore, whose weekly variety hour has an endurance record second only to Ed Sullivan's, and places heavy demands on the talent pool.

Television

OPERA singer Robert Merrill's eight-year-old son wanted to know the story of "Il Trovatore." Merrill told him about the gipsy burning the baby, a soprano poisoning herself, and an actor being beheaded. "So how come," the boy said, "you never let me watch 'The Untouchables'?"

★ ★ ★

RICHARD CRENNA, former co-star of "The Real McCoys" series, has formed a film production company of his own, together with writer Stanley Shapiro. Now 37, Crenna started out as an actor at the age of 11. He has appeared on radio and television in the "Our Miss Brooks" series, where he played Walter Denton, the schoolboy with a penchant for trouble, first on the radio version of the series and later moved with it to television in the same role. From there he went to the "McCoys," where he directed several episodes in addition to his acting duties.

★ ★ ★

DIRK BOGARDE, the English movie actor who plays a malevolent valet in his latest film, "The Servant," will appear with Julie Harris in the next "Hall of Fame" production. Bogarde's appearance in the new television production of "Little Moon of Alban" will mark the actor's American television debut. The play was seen on Broadway in 1960.

★ ★ ★

THE NELSONS—Ozzie, and Harriet, and Rick, and David, and all their relatives—are probably the most durable dynasty on television. Still going strong, the Nelsons have signed a new, non-cancellable contract with the ABC-TV network in the U.S.—for another five years. The Nelsons have been on radio and television for 20 years, all that time on national network programmes. Ozzie and Harriet began on radio in 1944, David and Rick joined the act when they were 11 and 8. They are now 27 and 23—with wives who are now in the act also.

★ ★ ★

PERRY COMO goes to Dallas, Texas, for his next TV show. He will have on the show with him Jimmy Durante and Dorothy Provine.

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ONE FLY CAN CARRY 5,000,000 DISEASE GERMS.

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Mortein Plus prices: 8 oz., 2/6; 16 oz., 4/6; 32 oz., 7/11.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

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A five-page feature

AUTUMN FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS

● In this special fashion section we present a collection of smart and wearable clothes styles for autumn-winter. The coats, suits, and dresses shown on these pages are on sale in stores and shops throughout Australia at about the prices given.

TWO-PIECE Courtelle suit, the blazer-style jacket with contrast stripe around peaked collar, cuffs, basque. XSSW to W., £11/15/-. (Horderns, Sydney.)

POODLE-KNIT tweed three-piece (left), the overblouse and jacket edge in plain jersey. Turquoise and navy, XXSSW to SW. £16/16/-. (Curzons, Sydney.)

DOUBLE - KNIT jersey teams with Courtelle blouse (left) in suit with Chanel-type jacket and Parisienne cuffs. In red/white, aqua/white, navy/white, £14/19/11. (Grace Bros. Stores, Sydney.)

IMPORTED jersey three - piece suit (right) has tie blouse and Chanel-type jacket featuring waistcoat pockets. Grey only, as illustrated, £9/19/11. (From Grace Bros. Stores, Sydney.)

ELEGANT wool suit (left) in black / grey/ camel checks is inspired by Nina Ricci. It features longer jacket, double - button fastening. Size 12, £75. (Farmers, Sydney, imported range.)

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AUTUMN FASHIONS

STEM-SLIM walking-suit in wool boucle (left) with 1964's three-quarter-length coat. Buttoned half-belt at back is balanced by a bit of fit in front. Fully lined, in sizes XSSW to XW, 19gns. (Mark Foy's, Sydney.)

LEFT: Slip of a dress in vivid basket-weave wool lightly curved by seams, sizes XXSSW to SW. 17gns. Change of pace in tailored suit of Italian wool fabric with black contrast button and leather tie-belt. Sizes 10 to 18, 50gns. (Mark Foy's, Sydney.)

RED-AND-BROWN herringbone wool suit — a Dior copy — is in three pieces with a tailored brown jersey underblouse. £55. (Farmer & Co., Sydney.)

RED WOOL topcoat (left) with graceful swing line at back and black fur collar, XXSSW to SW, £14/19/11. (Rockmans, Melbourne.)

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FROM THE SHOPS

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SMART and brisk, softly relaxed suit of wool boucle (right) in new cranberry-pink. The longer-line jacket tops a paisley blouse in pure silk. £24/15/-. (David Jones, Sydney.)

HEIGHT-OF-FASHION news (left) in a classic dress of cranberry bubble-wool accented with contrast suede belt and topped with a bolero-cape that swings delightfully at back. 25gns. (David Jones, Sydney.)

BRIGHT color of cranberry in pure wool boucle-tweed suit (right) with double-buttoned fingertip jacket collared in black fox fur. XSSW to W. 37gns. (Myer Emporium, Melbourne.)

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AUTUMN FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS

CASUAL elegance in ice-blue courtelle (design by Lucie Claire) with push-up-or-down sleeves, tailored collar. About 19 gns. (Available at Farmer's Little Shop, Sydney, and Rody's, Kings Cross and Edgecliff.)

FLECKED oatmeal tweed coat (by Frederick Senne of Paris) reverses to show touches of hibiscus - red on other side, 79 gns. Otto Lucas red leather hat, 18 gns. (George's, Melbourne.)

SMARTLY tailored wool tweed topcoat for day (left) is foam-backed, has real and flap pockets, back belt. In range of sizes, £12/12/-. (Bebarfalds, Sydney.)

TWO - PIECE suit (right) in pure wool double - knit jersey in new "sulky" colors. Sizes XSSW to W, £6/19/11. (Rockmans, Sydney.)

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AUTUMN FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS

. . . CONCLUSION

NEW edge-to-edge jacket is featured in this slender boucle suit with luxurious separate collar of creamy lynx fur. Sizes XXSSW to SW. 35 gns. with fur collar. (Myer Emporium, Melbourne.)

TAILORED lines in slightly shaped coat of wool with flax-like finish. £9/19/11. (Rockmans, Melbourne.)

CLASSIC topcoat in smoky-blue velour (right) is in range of colors, sizes 8 to 18, 17gns. (Buckley & Nunn, Melbourne.)

SOLDIER-BOY style boucle topcoat is English import with pocket flaps and buttons. £34/10/-. (Farmer & Co., Sydney.)

SCOTTISH tweed walking-suit (right) in subtle blend of colors, 32gns. Snakeskin hat, 18gns. (George's, Melbourne.)

SMART town suit of knobbled tweed (left) has double-button, knee-length jacket. 48gns. (Buckley & Nunn, Melbourne.)

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WORKING

● Lorraine Smith, a secretary from Wangaratta, Victoria, worked for 12 months in the United States and for two years in London. While on holiday last year in Greece she made a three weeks' visit to Turkey which extended to several months when she decided to stay and work in Ankara, the capital.

In Turkey

By LORRAINE SMITH

● I suppose I would have been classed as a Turkish civil servant. I worked right in the nerve-centre of Turkey — the Parliament building in Ankara — in the library of the State Planning Organisation.

TURKISH CAPITAL of Ankara is a mixture of European and Oriental, old and new. These ministerial offices are in the modern sector.

ANKARA was quite the most exciting place I have ever worked in. In my first three months there were three political uprisings.

The most serious one started at midnight last May, when a tank appeared on the main street, Ataturk Boulevard. The sounds of gunfire awakened me at 2.30 a.m. After 15 minutes all was quiet, then the shooting started again, this time in earnest. The latest attempted coup d'etat was under way.

Throughout the night a steady rattle of gunfire shattered sleep. Then the Air Force joined in, and jets swooped low over the city. The first time they passed low over the hotel where I was living, the building shook and I nearly hit the ceiling, not knowing whether to dive under the bed in case they attacked or to go out on my balcony to watch.

Curiosity won, and I spent most of the night on the balcony — but I could hear more than I could see.

In the morning, despite radio announcements telling people to keep off the streets, I went out to see what I could. Everything was closed, but several thousand people, mostly men, had ignored the order to stay at home.

Truckloads of heavily armed soldiers and large guns were being hurried along the boulevard, so I joined the crowd and hurried along, too. A special police squad turned everyone back, so I went back to the hotel and basked in the sunshine for the remainder of the day.

And that, other than the irritation of curfew, was my experience of an attempted coup.

Another time I had to push my way through dense crowds and beat on doors to gain admittance to the building where I worked. I was allowed in only because the armed guards realised I was a foreigner and not a member of the mob they were holding back. I have gone home from work slipping past rifle butts as I went out the door, and have stood in the snow (it gets very cold in the winter) watching banner-waving students being controlled by the police.

Ankara is the capital of Turkey, a country that is both Middle Eastern and European and slightly mixed-up about it into the bargain. At first glance Ankara appears a modern, though somewhat shabby, European city, but one doesn't have to look far to see the Middle Eastern side of the picture.

From my office window I could see pilgrims queuing for passports to go to Mecca.

Pilgrimage

For several weeks before the pilgrimage, several hundred middle-aged and elderly men, mainly the old style Turks from the country, line up for hours at a time patiently waiting for their passports. As the hour for prayers comes they drop out of line, unroll their prayer mats, and carry out their devotions.

Old Ankara is fascinating, a place of crooked streets, tiny and narrow.

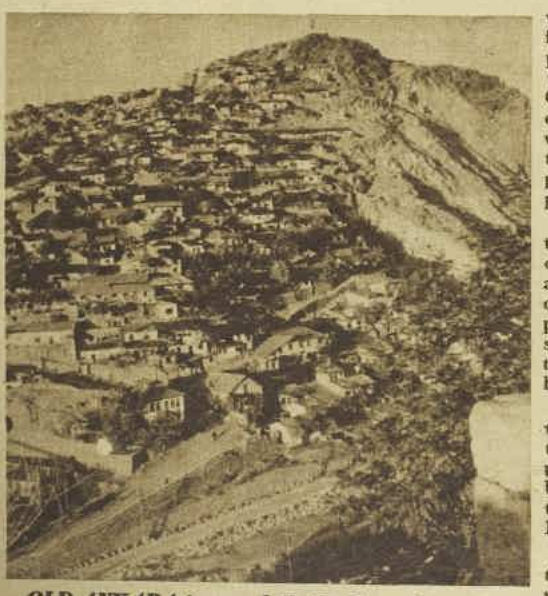
There are streets of little shops spilling on to the footpaths, displaying carpets, slippers, materials, fruit, ironware, copperware, and just plain junk.

Tiny kebabcisi (restaurants that sell only kebabs and baklava—the dessert made from wafer-thin layers of pastry, nuts, and syrup) line one street.

Many of the women still wear the brightly colored voluminous cotton trousers of old Turkey and shawls covering their shoulders and heads. Some still go about veiled.

In the residential areas are small open squares containing the communal water tap. Women gather there to wash their vegetables, draw water, and gossip, while the children fly brightly colored kites from the walls of Ankara castle, one of the few historical ruins of the city.

There is a huge foreign population in Ankara. I sometimes watched the stream of traffic on Ataturk Boulevard, seeing a veritable alphabet of letters on different vehicles denoting some of the foreign groups in Turkey—CENTO, SHAPE, UNICEF, UNESCO, FAO, USAID, JUSMMAT, TUSLOG, USAF, CARE, NATO.



OLD ANKARA is on a hillside above the new capital, 200 miles from Istanbul.

Then there are all the oil companies, embassies, and foreign private firms.

I am told there are about 15 Australians in Ankara, but I only met two of the others.

I started job hunting at the obvious places, but I did not have any luck. The British Embassy told me they had more than 100 people on the staff and not enough work for them to do. The American forces headquarters said they were lawbound not to hire "third person nationals," and the big U.S. company that does all the forces' contract work said the same thing.

Getting a job seemed hopeless, so I decided to return to Athens.

After saying goodbye to Ankara I went south to Mersin, a port on the Mediterranean. There I met a group of young Turks and Americans on holiday from their jobs in the U.S. Agency for International Development in Ankara. All were firmly convinced that if I returned to Ankara they could find me a job.

The fare back to Athens via Rhodes turned out to be far more than I had anticipated, so I decided to return to Ankara and go back to Greece via Istanbul, stopping off just long enough to convince my new-found friends that I knew more about work permits and the employment position than they did.

Back in Ankara my friends telephoned everyone and anyone they thought may be able to help. Their own organisation, though impressed with my typing and shorthand skills, was under the "third person nationals" ban.

Eventually I was offered three jobs, and went to see the manager of an oil company, the head of a firm of U.S. business consultants, and the librarian of the State Planning Organisation.

The oil company was in the midst of negotiations with the Government regarding its contract and did not know when I could start — a pity, as I liked the sound of that job best.

The business consultants (in Turkey to reorganise State enterprise) wanted me to start immediately at £A20 a week (taxation here is extremely high, almost a third of one's salary).

The library work sounded interesting, but the librarian, an Australian on the staff of UNESCO, did not know just how long it would take the authorities to agree to taking a foreigner in my position on to their staff and could not offer me a very good salary, either.

Most civil servants in Turkey work for the love of their country. Highly trained, multilingual people who have been educated at universities abroad earn a mere pittance working for their Government.

I started work with the business consultants.

It was an interesting introduction to working in a Turkish office. There were very few women working in the large office block, and I think I was the only foreigner there.

Errand "boys"

The corridor outside the office was always full of men just sitting around and talking. These were the room boys and their friends, one "boy" to each office — the term "boy" was more often complimentary rather than truthful — who were general errand runners and would get anything from a stamp to the weekend meat.

I was a source of great interest to the corridor crowd, and every time I ventured out the door I would have to run the gauntlet of their curious stares.

Coffee came frequently — tiny cups of thick, heavily sweetened coffee which I was finally able to get without sugar. Coffee and tea (so much for the myth about the Turks being a nation of coffee drinkers, for I — the foreigner — was the coffee drinker) would be brought by a man with a little brass tray whenever we pressed a button behind each desk. He was a very poor man, and we would keep all the sugar lumps for him and at the end of each week present him with the little package.

After two weeks, lack of work and boredom made me decide to talk to the librarian again. He had been able to wring a "respectable" salary from the authorities and was still searching for a secretary with a perfect knowledge of English, so the next week I moved into the library. In that office the numerous cups of tea and coffee were brought to us on trays by young men doing their national service training!

I worked from nine to five, five and a half days a week, with an hour and a half for lunch. When the librarian's term of duty finished and he returned home I became the English language expert, dealing with all the foreign correspondence.

Although I loved the experience, I would never advise anyone to come as I did to Turkey, or to any part of the Middle East, looking for work.

A foreigner not under contract or seconded from some external organisation faces many irritations, and does not receive any of the privileges the others take for granted. I was paid in Turkish lira (practically worthless outside Turkey) and no matter how much I could save, when I left the country I was only officially allowed to take out the equivalent of £8 more than I brought in.

An English friend of mine was fortunate to sign a contract as an English language teacher with the Middle Eastern Technical University, where she was paid in sterling. As English is the second language of Turkey, there is plenty of demand for language teachers.

I spent four hours a week teaching English, as did many of the young English and American men and women working in Ankara.

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ABROAD

In Hong Kong

By LEONIE PETERSEN

● Hong Kong, it seemed, was the place for a holiday, but to plan to work there — one might as well plan to trek barefoot through the Gobi Desert. The chances of coming out alive were about equal.

● Leonie Petersen is a New Zealand journalist who worked in London before succumbing to the call of the Orient. She recently married a fellow-countryman whom she met in Hong Kong, and now lives in New Zealand.

ADVICE ranged from the thoughtful ("No place for a woman, anyway, it's a MAN'S paradise") and the sane ("Make sure you have enough money to get out again — it's impossible to save there") to the ludicrous ("Down in Wanchai you can buy opium packed inside oranges, you know").

Well, maybe men do labor under the illusion that it's their paradise, but few girls registered serious complaints on this point—except that it is difficult to meet people outside your own sphere of work.

And it's true you can't save money—not so much, because of the high cost of living, but who wants to in a place like Hong Kong?

What's more, around Wanchai way, where tourists look vainly for 10,000 knives down every alley and for Suzie Wong in every bar, I bought pounds of oranges and each one proved to be 100 per cent. orange.

The easiest way of getting to Hong Kong is to be sent there on a contract basis, either for the Government or a private firm.

These appointments are usually made outside the colony — Government posts from England and private firms from their country of origin.

Besides its many "perks" (such as assistance with accommodation, free medical care, and six months' paid leave every four or five years) being "contract" has vast social prestige over "local," which, as the term implies, means local residents working under much the same condition as they would in Australia.

"Contracts" apparently never work for a firm, they are with them.

So if you are at a cocktail party in the East and a soft voice above an Old School tie asks who are you with, don't leap to the conclusion that he wants to know if you are unescorted.

He'll get around to that later, but in the meantime certain colonial-type conventions must be obeyed.

Those who really want to go to Hong Kong go, anyway, and chance the employment question.

This is largely a matter of luck rather than qualifications, since there is quite a large floating population of all nationalities constantly coming and going.

One week a boatload of prospective settlers could find employment, the next week there is nothing.

But if you have the patience, the time, and the money to wait it out, then you are pretty sure to come up with something.

I was fortunate in having arranged a job on one of the English-language newspapers before leaving England, and also had friends to stay with until I found permanent accommodation.

Not like TV

Newspaper work in Hong Kong, in spite of what television may portray, is no more exciting than it is anywhere else, but for me it was more interesting.

In no other capacity could I have met and mixed with Chinese from all classes of society, from those with exclusive English public school backgrounds to the peasant farmers of the outlying islands.

It is difficult at first to recognise any one of them again after an introduction. They really do all look alike.

Some Chinese insist that they, too, have this problem with Europeans — even with varying shades of blonds, brunettes, and redheads.

According to one Chinese, we all looked like peeled bananas to him.

In my initial missionary-type zeal I was determined to learn the Chinese language, so I took a room in the flat of a young Chinese couple in Kowloon.

This kind of abortive enthusiasm the Chinese have seen often before. They know that very few last the course, but have a great respect for the few Europeans in Hong Kong who have mastered the complexities of their language.

My landlord and his wife couldn't speak much English, but they did know all the jargon of jazz.

I lived with them for nine months. I learned very little of the Chinese language and customs, but I did learn a great deal about jazz.

Probably the best scope for job hunters in the colony lies in secretarial work.

Besides the established, European-owned firms, there are many Chinese businessmen who are prepared to strain their budget to employ someone speaking perfect English.

Wages in the latter case may not be as good, but according to Rosemary, an English girl who had a Chinese boss she adored, there were compensations.

"He was a gorgeous fat man and he made me feel like Cleopatra," she said.

SHOPPING CENTRE in the Aberdeen district of Hong Kong. Prices go up when tourist ships come into port.

"He considered the mere presence of a European in his firm gave him a lot of 'face' among his colleagues.

"Whenever he had a business meeting I had to go along, not because I was needed, but just so he could introduce me as, 'My English secletaly, Lose-melly.'"

Like many Chinese, he had difficulty pronouncing the "r."

Wages for secretaries usually range from about £75 a month.

A reasonable flat is between £80 and £100 a month, but these are large enough to accommodate three or four people.

For another £12 to £15 a month an amah will do the housework and cooking.

A single room costs about £20 a month, but there is the expense of eating out.

Apart from secretarial work, any kind of specialised training will probably stand you in good stead.

The old law about world-wide opportunities for nurses doesn't seem to apply in Hong Kong, possibly because it's a career that attracts so many Chinese girls.

The guiding rule seems to be that if the job can be done by a Chinese, then a Chinese will be employed. Their wage scale is lower than that of Europeans.

There are openings for European nursing sisters, but they are usually employed on a contract basis, and in Government-run hospitals are now often required to learn Cantonese.

Smaller private hospitals also prefer contracts, and here again it's luck that rules the day. If you happen to be on the spot and there's a vacancy, you're in. Otherwise you join the queue.

The biggest advantage about living in Hong Kong is that it is a shopper's paradise, but hold tight to your purse-strings while you search out the best value.

One of the earliest lessons you will learn is never go shopping when tourist boats are lying in the harbor. Even a box of matches is liable to sudden inflation.

Chinese tailors vary alarmingly in the quality of their work, and anything more elaborate than a simple cotton shift is worth the expense of a really good craftsman.

This is where established residents are a great help, and it's quite in order, if you see an outfit you admire, to ask the owner for the name of her tailor.

These tailors are not designers, but they are brilliant copyists, so if you have any photographs of fashions you like, take them with you.

The same applies to shoes. A shoemaker can whip up a pair in no time, provided he has a picture to guide him.

About 25/- is a fair price to pay for a summer frock, which includes the materials and labor, but for a really good winter suit or coat you must pay around £15.

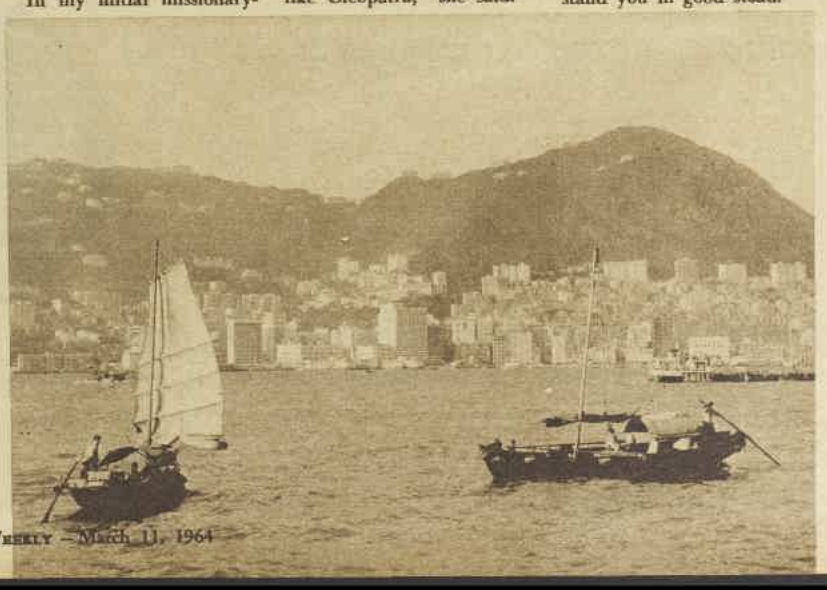
A pair of tailor-made shoes, depending on the quality of the leather, is about £4.

If you plan on going to Hong Kong solely for the night life, then forget it. There is more to offer in Sydney.

But the outdoor enthusiast will find plenty of attractions—surfies apart. There is no surf.

There are plenty of good beaches, however, and there are clubs offering tennis, golf, and sailing facilities.

The best time of the year in Hong Kong is from November to March, when the days are crisp and clear. The long summer, hot and humid, is reputedly the rainy season, but it doesn't always rain, in which case you have the added burden of strict water rationing.



SAMPANS and ferries ply across the harbor between Hong Kong Island and Kowloon.

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Now here's a slip you can't shrug off—its straps stretch!

(and its Lycra stretch lace bodice conforms to the shape of your bra)

Osti

It had to happen—and Osti thought of it first—put stretch straps on slips to give you a new experience in comfort. Imagine the sweet sense of security when slip straps stay where they're placed—over your shoulder. Above is "Contoura", a beauty with an extra bonus—a Lycra stretch lace bodice that softly clings to your contours. Only 59/11. Other styles from 29/11, or in luxurious no-look-thru Satin Star nylon from 39/11. At all fine fashion stores and lingerie salons.

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WORTH REPORTING

"IN DENMARK," said Mr. Maurice Lidchi, "a man's good taste is judged by the quality of his Persian carpets."

Mr. Lidchi, who has been buying and selling Persian rugs all his life, made a flying visit to Australia from his headquarters in England recently to find out how Australians felt about them.

"Once you've lived with a Persian carpet no other kind will do," he said. "It's like having an original painting on your floor."

Mr. Lidchi insists that most people don't know enough about Persian carpets.

"They think 'Persian' and all it means is brightly colored florals," he said. "In fact, there are hundreds of different designs and patterns and color combinations.

"There are two quite distinct types of carpet—one is woven by the city people, the other by the nomadic tribes that still wander through Iran" (always Persia to people in the carpet business).

Most of the weaving is done by women, and the origins of some of the patterns are so old that no one knows where they originally came from.

Some patterns have a definite Egyptian influence, others are symbolic designs—the symbolism lost, the pattern preserved for centuries.

"The urban designs are fairly typical—florals, intricate designs, and reds and blues are the predominating colors," said Mr. Lidchi. "The nomadic tribes weave simpler designs, and the patterns are handed down from generation to generation.

"Persian rugs are a wonderful foil for modern decor," he added. "They should never be drowned by heavy furniture and patterned curtains. After all, they are made where not much furniture is used, so they live most happily in these conditions."

Mr. Lidchi told us Persian carpets ranged in price from about £60 (Australian) upwards.

"The price depends on many things," he said. "One way to tell a good Persian carpet is to count the number of knots per square inch at the back. The more knots, the finer the carpet.

"We have one showpiece, not for sale, which has 1000 knots to the inch, but this is rare. A good carpet will have 200 or more knots.

"Another guide is the number of colors used in the carpet. A maximum of 24 colors, say, indicates a much finer carpet than if only eight colors were used."

Persian carpets, like good paintings and good wine, appreciate in value if they're looked after.

"But a good Persian carpet will last a lifetime," said Mr. Lidchi.

● We've found the perfect accessory for a spectator sportsman who has everything—a maharajah's portable throne!

We spotted it in the "Furniture for sale" column of a newspaper: "Maharajah's portable throne, 180 years old, ornately and exquisitely pierced carved arms and back, brass inlaid. Folds flat. Masterpiece of oriental craftsmanship. £175."

So, in the hope of hearing a romantic tale of an Indian adventure, we visited Mr. R. Gair, of Kirribilli, N.S.W., who placed the advertisement.

Mr. Gair told us he bought the throne (see picture above) from an elderly woman about nine years ago. Her family had brought it out from England and she believed it had originally been given to a sea captain, who took it to England from India. It was the kind of throne that in former days a maharajah would take, he said, strapped to the side of an elephant when touring his State.

Her job is to help

FROM behind a giant vase of lavish flowers in her up-to-date booth, Mary McLean keeps watch on Melbourne's international airport terminal.

She is the Victorian Tourist Development Authority's representative—a dry-as-dust title for a job which is to "render assistance to any person who may require it."

From her glossy booth, Mary sees all the travellers, from Australia's oldest air passenger — a 103-year-old Israeli woman—to notorious interstate criminals awaiting trips under guard.

Mary and her assistant, Miss Hilary Harper, 27, man the office from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Late-night flights and weekend crises have brought such jobs as:

● Meeting a planeload of 97 passengers airlifted to Melbourne from the fire-stricken ship Canberra last year. Sixteen mothers, children, and babies were bedded down at the airport on couch beds.

● Trying to find the Geelong relatives of a Russian woman who had gone to Russia for a holiday, been detained, and suddenly released. Her relatives had missed her and she had just enough money for rail and taxi fare. Miss McLean organised a lift into the city for her so she could catch a late-night train.

● Finding a pair of crutches at 11 a.m. one Sunday for a man and his wife. He explained his wife had broken her leg skiing and they had to spend the day in Melbourne before a night flight. Miss McLean had the crutches for him by 12.30—they were hired from a nearby hospital.

Miss McLean joined the Tourist Bureau in Melbourne as general information officer just after the war, stayed for three years, then went back in 1959, opening the air terminal in 1960.

She has had long, solid training "travelling the hard way." All through World War II she was handling transportation for the women's services.

★ ★ ★

WE recently found out the origin of that intriguing rule that men's garments button the right side and women's on the left.

Centuries ago a man never knew at what moment his enemies might attack him. So he buttoned up his shirt on the right side with his left hand and kept his fighting arm (the right) battle-ready.

A woman, with her man at her side to protect her, didn't need to take this precaution. She buttoned her clothes on the left side so that she could more easily hold the baby while she was dressing.

Those buttons on the sleeves of men's coats were put there during the 18th century so that elegant gentlemen could button their lace cuffs before fighting a duel.

Zoo in the post office

WE'RE rather impressed with a Danish idea for brighter post offices.

At the request of the General Post Office, the Danish Government's Art Board commissioned an artist to paint a mural in one of the big post offices.

In designing the mural the artist decided "to let my good friends the animals have a free run of the things which belong to a post office."

The mural glows with many colors, sunshine-yellow predominating. And it's packed with fascinating details.

Three little mice in the holes of a weight box are watching an owl, a bat, and a mouse balancing on the scales. Four fox cubs peep from a large envelope. In another envelope, small birds peck at ears of corn.

A fox gapes in astonishment as white mice turn into black mice by jumping over an inking pad.

Other small creatures are engaged in antics with quill-pens, sealing-wax, date stamps.

The painting was done on huge canvases which were glued to the wall.

One reviewer commented, "Impatience is likely to be a forgotten thing in this post office."

International Miss Muffett

DID you know that Little Miss Muffett of the nursery rhyme had four "cousins" in other lands?

A Victorian reader who signs herself "Disappointed Miss Muffett" was looking recently through "Mother Goose Rhymes and Tales," published in 1889.

"It has many rhymes which are not included in modern editions of nursery stories," she wrote, "but familiar ones are missing.

"For instance, the spider must have frightened Miss Muffett far away, for there is no mention of her.

"But she has four cousins in other lands:

"There is Irish Biddy O'Toole, who was eating her praties when she was disturbed by a pig, and Tradja of Norway, who was eating her reindeer broth when there came a big badger.

"There's French Marie Martin, who had to share her bread with a raven. And there's poor little Welsh Julia Ap-Jones, who had her piece of cheese grabbed by a rude rabbit who forgot to say please."

★ ★ ★

"I'D just told my daughter that I was fed up with my looks," a pleasantly plumpish woman told us.

"'There's nothing wrong with your face, Mum,' was her reply. 'You've got a well-shaped mouth, pretty eyes, and nice chins'."

...shave my legs with a razor?

Never again! I've discovered new Silkymit which is so much quicker now and longer lasting, too. It's wonderful not to have to do it so often and razor nicks are a thing of the past. Why not try safe, simple Silkymit made specially to make your legs lovelier, smoother . . . Only 3/– for the glamorous new triple pack at all chemists and chain stores.

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Stiff upper lip, Jeeves

Bertie's troubles multiply . . . part two of our serial

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"What on earth do you two think you're doing?" "Stiffy" asked as she saw Sir Watkyn and Bertie cautiously eyeing the dog Bartholomew.

LIGHT-HEARTED BERTIE WOOSTER finds himself on "the horns of a dilemma," as his devoted JEEVES puts it. He is anxious to go to Totleigh Towers, owned by SIR WATKYN BASSETT, who dislikes equally Bertie and Bertie's uncle TOM TRAVERS, a rival collector of objets d'art. Bertie's mission at the Towers is to bring a reconciliation between MADELINE BASSETT and GUSSIE FINK-NOTTLE. This is urgent, as Madeline, under the mistaken impression that Bertie is madly in love with her, has said if she ever quarrelled with Gussie she would marry Bertie, and this gay bachelor Bertie does not want.

On the other hand, he does not want to go to Totleigh, for he has spoken to REV. H. P. PINKER, curate at Totleigh-in-the-Wold, engaged to STEPHANIE ("STIFFY") BYNG, niece of Sir Watkyn, but they cannot marry until Sir Watkyn gives him a vicarage. Pinker has told Bertie Stephanie wants him to do something for her, and Bertie is apprehensive, for Stephanie's schemes always end up with him in trouble.

His arrival at the Towers is greeted with horror by Sir Watkyn, and he is discovered by his arch enemy, RODERICK SPODE (LORD SIDCUP), consoling Madeline, who is in tears as she tells Bertie she is broken-hearted at the thought of his unrequited love for her. Roderick, who also loves Madeline, warns Bertie not to be seen again stroking her hair. At the dinner table Bertie refers tactlessly to the table ornament, a black amber figure (which he thinks is hideous) and his remark that his uncle would like to have it is greeted with icy silence. NOW READ ON:

I HAVEN'T mentioned it till now, having been all tied up with other matters, but during dinner, as you may well imagine, something had been puzzling me not a little—the mystery, to wit, of what on earth had become of Emerald Stoker, an American girl studying art at the Slade, and sister of an old friend of mine, Pauline, who married Lord Chuffnell.

At that lunch of ours she had told me in no uncertain terms that she was off to Totleigh on the four o'clock train that afternoon, and, however leisurely its progress, it must have got there by this time, because Gussie had travelled on it, and he fetched up at the joint all night. But I could detect no sign of her on the premises. It seemed to me, sifting the evidence, that only one conclusion could be arrived at—that she has been pulling the Wooster leg.

But why? With what motive? That was what I was asking myself as I sneaked up the stairs to where Erle Stanley Gardner awaited me. If you had cared to describe me as perplexed and bewildered, you would have been perfectly correct.

Jeeves was in my room when I got there, going about his gentleman's gentlemanly duties, and I put my problem up to him.

"Did you ever see a film called 'The Vanishing Lady,' Jeeves?"

"No, sir. I rarely attend cinematographic performances."

"Well, it was about a lady who vanished, if you follow what I mean, and the reason I bring it up is that a female friend of mine has apparently disappeared into thin air, leaving not a wrack behind, as I once heard you put it."

"Highly mysterious, sir."

"You said it. I seek in vain for a solution. When I gave her lunch yesterday, she told me she was off on the four o'clock train to go and stay at Totleigh Towers, and the point I want to drive home is that she hasn't arrived. You remember the day I lunched at the Ritz?"

"Yes, sir. You were wearing an Alpine hat?"

"There is no need to dwell on the Alpine hat, Jeeves."

"No, sir."

"If you really want to know, several fellows at the Drones asked me where I had got it."

"No doubt with a view to avoiding your hatter, sir."

I saw that nothing was to be gained by bandying words. I turned the conversation to a pleasanter and less controversial subject.

"Well, Jeeves, you'll be glad to hear that everything's all right."

"Sir?"

"About that lute we were speaking of. No rift. Sound as a bell. I have it straight from the horse's mouth that Miss Bassett and Gussie are sweethearts still. The relief is stupendous."

I hadn't expected him to clap his hands and leap about, because of course he never does, but I wasn't prepared for the way he took this bit of hot news. He failed altogether to string along with my jocund mood.

"I fear, sir, that you are too sanguine. Miss Bassett's attitude may well be such as you have desribed, but on Mr. Fink-Nottle's side, I am sorry to say, there exists no little dissatisfaction and resentment."

The smile which had been splitting my face faded. It's never easy to translate what Jeeves says into basic English, but I had been able to grab this one off the bat, and what I believe the French call a frisson went through me like a dose of salts.

"You mean she's a sweetheart still, but he isn't?"

"Precisely, sir. I encountered Mr. Fink-Nottle in the stable yard as I was putting away the car, and he confided his trouble to me. His story occasioned me grave uneasiness."

Another frisson passed through my frame. I had the

To page 56

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Welfare of parents

IN answer to "Need Advice" (N.S.W.), I meet lots of parents being cared for by sons and daughters, and the most satisfactory method seems to be when the parent is supported by equal contributions from all children. My father lived with my brother, since he alone had the accommodation. But my brother and his wife were paid a generous part of his board.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. W. Stevens, East Malvern, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHEN children marry, I think their first responsibility is to their own family. But I also think they should help their parents if they need it — not out of a sense of duty but love for all their parents have given them. Most parents are very proud and do not wish to impose on their children. But it is nice for them to know we are standing by when they need help.

£1/1/- to "Experience" (name supplied), Carlingford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THE responsibility of caring for parents continues after sons and daughters marry and have children of their own. But please realise that the daughter who marries a well-off man can do more financially than the one who marries a poor man. You'd be surprised how the wealthy ones won't put in one penny more than the less financial.

£1/1/- to "That's Right" (name supplied), Trangie, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IF married brothers and sisters would have to make sacrifices that would react on their families, "Need Advice" should wait for help to be volunteered. Unless there is a definite understanding before the wedding that financial help can be given parents, the unrelated husband or wife has no obligation to share the pay packet with in-laws. Social service is so well developed in Australia that parents need not be a liability.

£1/1/- to "Reliable" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHETHER "Need Advice" is an unmarried sister who has accepted the role of supporting her parents, or whether she is the only married one willing to give help, she needs to make a determined effort now, to avoid being left permanently with the unfair burden. She should invite her brothers and sisters to a family discussion on how to divide the load evenly between all members.

£1/1/- to "Younger Sister" (name supplied), Warwick, Qld.

Supermarkets unfair

THE custom of checking bags in supermarkets is, I know, a necessity, and, though I hand mine over willingly, like some of my friends I privately resent having my bag peeked into. If we are to have our bags checked, why aren't men asked to turn out their pockets? A man's pockets serve the same purpose as a woman's handbag and any amount of small articles could be stuffed into them. I've had my large handbag checked on numerous occasions, so why not men's pockets?

£1/1/- to "Sauce" (name supplied), Qld.

Food for thought

WANT a day out, lots of laughs and chatter, no pay—except the satisfaction gained for help rendered? Then put your name down to assist at your school tuckshop. Many women dodge this job, as they think of it as a horrid chore. Actually, they are missing out on meeting and mixing with a grand lot of housewives who make "canteen day" a day of friendship and interest.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Carswell, Cootamundra, N.S.W.

Live for the moment

HOW many people are like I used to be and put away new possessions, continuing to wear and use half-worn-out linen and clothing? But now an illness and a lot of thought has changed all that. You will find me using my best and prettiest things—no more hoarding for me.

£1/1/- to "Life Begins" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

Trifling excuse

AFTER being reprimanded for putting his face close to the trifle, my five-year-old brother remarked that he was "only tasting the smell!"

£1/1/- to "Cooky" (name supplied), Altona, Vic.

Trees in the family

OLD suburbs have certain unattractive aspects, but on visiting some of the new residential areas with their delightful modern homes we can't but be grateful for the trees in older suburbs such as ours. We have to thank earlier generations for this heritage, and I wonder if young folk who set up home in these bright but often barren new areas will remember to populate their land with trees as they proceed to populate our country with young Australians. A suggestion is to plant a tree at the birth of each child and watch them grow up together.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Rose Hunter, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Housewife 1984

• Self-cleaning ovens are among new labor-saving aids soon to be available on the American market.

When the grease has ceased to trouble
And the oven cleans itself,
Will the housewife find her talents
Relegated to the shelf?

Will she count her freedom worth it
When she's rated obsolete?
Or in wistful reminiscence
Think that martyrdom was sweet?

— DOROTHY DRAIN

"Adopted" mothers

WHEN my mother died I "adopted" an elderly widow who had no children and on Mother's Day always took her a present. If I happened to be late, she would say, "I knew you would come," and the pleasure on her face was worth seeing. Now she has passed on and I am looking for another childless widow to "adopt." I recommend this to others who want to give pleasure.

£1/1/- to "Kind Thought" (name supplied), Bairnsdale, Vic.

Seeing red at purple house

THE people next door have painted their house a hideous purple. My husband is incensed, as he says it is an eyesore and detracts from the value of our property. He feels he cannot approach them tactfully and wants me to ask them to repaint and he will pay. Should I do this?

£1/1/- to "Uncertain" (name supplied).

Sauce for the goose . . .

WHEN my husband occasionally helps me with some household chore, his mother considers he is henpecked. But when her own daughter's husband gives a helping hand he is considered to be a model husband, just doing his duty.

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Penrith, N.S.W.

Writing your wrongs

MANY people merely grumble if they buy goods and find them not up to standard. Any time I have been dissatisfied with an article I have written to the manufacturers, and without fail they have rectified the fault, thereby gaining a permanent buyer of their goods.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Huckle, Lismore, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE DOLLY WITH A HOLE IN HER STOCKING

THERE are several things that make me feel sorry for women.

I pity them for not having enough pockets, and being expected to use silly little handkerchiefs, and not being able to wear long woollen underpants in cold weather.

Not least, I am sorry for them because they get runs in their stockings.

The subject has come up a lot since my eldest daughter left school and went to business college. This meant changing from cotton school stockings to nylon young-lady stockings.

At first she revelled in the glamor of it all. Then when the stockings began to get snagged she had second thoughts.

Her mother taught her the dodge of buying two pairs of the same color. They have conferences over matters like upward runs and knee-holes and the performances of net stockings. She has learned to keep away from rose bushes, barbed wire, and boys carrying school cases. But still the runs come.

There are some women whose whole lives are shadowed by the fear of damage to their stockings.

You notice it in the train. Perhaps by accident you bump a woman's leg with your foot as she gets out of her seat (if she has been quick enough to grab a seat, that is). Or you kick her ankle while standing in the sardine compartment. She gives you a quick look of cold anger that tells the story.

She is thinking: "Another pair gone, thanks to this clot in the grey hat."

We men have it easy by comparison. Our socks are not much to look at and you can't see through them; but they are ladder-free.

We keep wearing them till our big toes poke through, and even after. It is embarrassing when you go to a shop to try on a new pair of shoes and your toe is poking through your sock. But shoe-shop assistants are used to it. They've probably got holes in their own socks.

A hole in the heel of a man's sock used to be called a potato. If you had a potato in a black or blue sock it was the custom to darken the exposed skin with ink. I often did this with success when going to dances in my youth.

Women don't seem to make use of this kind of camouflage. They buy a new pair, or else they defiantly wear the stocking with a hole showing. Good luck to them, if they're attractive enough to get away with it.

The only suggestion I can offer is that they give some thought to the way young men used to hide potatoes.

Some of those knee-holes in brown nylons might be made less conspicuous with a touch of boot polish. A girl who could hide her potatoes would show she knew her onions.

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it's lovely — it lasts

R.3085.3FC

Thyssen heir was in a hurry

FORMER MODEL Baroness Thyssen with baby Lorne and his adoring sister, six-year-old Francesca.

Multi-millionaire's nursery trouble

LORNE JOHANNES THYSSEN was born last year a month ahead of schedule. So there was no nursery ready for this heir to one of the world's biggest fortunes; no nanny had been hired; the new little multi-millionaire didn't even have enough clothes to wear.

The beautiful Baroness Thyssen, formerly British model Fiona Campbell-Walter, has since remedied the chaos the baby's birth caused in the Villa Favorita, their home on Lake Lugano, Switzerland.

The baby has a swansdown crib and his mother looks after him herself, aided by his six-year-old sister, Francesca Anna.

The baby gurgles his way through infancy unaware that he has caused a battle between the Swiss authorities and his parents.

Baron Thyssen wants to enlarge the nursery, but because the house is classed as an architectural historical site the authorities won't allow him to build.

If they continue to refuse, the Baron threatens to close his £7,000,000 art collection to the public.

FIONA THYSSEN is the Baron's third wife. She has red hair, hazel eyes.

HEINRICH (she calls him Heinie) admires his son in the swansdown crib.

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The argument developed into a battle of wits — a short short story

Wheel of Fortune

By EVELYN SLAATTEN

As I left the captain's cabin he went on with his task of mending the watch.

AS I entered the mess-room the captain was saying: "A good seafaring man is a jack-of-all-trades. He doesn't need years of schooling to tackle a job."

Someone answered: "I disagree with you, sir."

I knew without looking that the dissenter was the new third mate—a fellow named Jensen who was making his first trip on the Nordic Star.

I hoped it was his last. Jensen was related to the owners, and never let us forget it. So there was plenty of speculation on what he was writing in his letters home. He had infected the ship's atmosphere like some alien bacteria, gathering to himself the malcontents and undermining authority with a word or a raised eyebrow.

Now it looked as if he had become bold enough to bait the old man.

I expected a sharp reprimand from the captain, but he said mildly: "And why do you disagree, mister?" He motioned to the Goanese servant to fill his glass.

"This is the age of specialisation . . . sir." Jensen looked round the table to make sure of his audience. "You claim that a man is capable of performing any task without schooling. Is that correct?"

Apparently unaware of a trap, the captain nodded.

Jensen blandly reached into his pocket and took out a stainless steel wristwatch. He held it out to the captain.

"What's that for?" the captain asked.

Jensen replied with quiet malice: "This will be the test of your theory, sir. My watch hasn't worked for the past two weeks. Now, if you can fix it, I will be forced to bow to your superior wisdom."

The first mate, Gulbrandson, interjected: "Should be a time limit on the test." He gave Jensen a wink. It was no secret Gulbrandson had his eye on the captain's job. And now he saw a chance to ingratiate himself with a relative of the owners.

"Yes," Jensen quickly agreed. "Two days should be ample time. Shall we make the deadline our arrival in Singapore?"

The captain's blue eyes surveyed the watchful faces of the officers. His jaw set in hard lines that suddenly made his weathered face look old.

"O.K., mister." He placed his neatly folded napkin beside his plate and left the room.

Within an hour we ran into squally weather with rough seas. The Nordic Star rolled and plunged, her metal plates creaking in agony as she ploughed ahead.

Gulbrandson was the first casualty. He slipped while checking cargo lashings.

"Did you forget the rule, it's one hand for yourself and one for the company?" I needled him as I fastened the bandage. "That will be 20 kroner."

"Ha," Gulbrandson snorted, gingerly feeling his head, "you give me the 20 kroner and I'll put you down for the ship's pool."

"What ship's pool?" I asked idly.

"On Jensen," he replied grinning, "against the old man."

"What are the odds?" I asked.

"Three to one on young Jensen."

I took out my wallet, peeled off what bills I had, and said: "Put it on the captain."

Because of the rough weather the captain was on the bridge throughout the night and most of the following day. But by evening the sea had calmed, and I found him in his cabin working at his desk.

Spread out on a cotton hand-towel were the disembowelled works of Jensen's watch.

The captain had closed all the portholes so that no breeze could scatter the parts, and sweat dripped down his face, soaking his white singlet and splotching his face. His big, capable hands trembled as he tried to manipulate the parts.

"How's it going?" I asked. The old man merely grunted.

I took the liberty of going over to the battered teakwood cabinet and taking out the bottle of aquavit. As I set a glass before him he looked up with a grin.

He said: "You think I bit off too much this time, my friend? It took me 20 years to get these captain's stripes, from cabin boy on a whaler up through steam, diesels, two wars . . . I spat in the ocean when Jensen was a baby. But times change. Jensen may be right. Now they want school-trained men, not blockheads like me."

Because Jensen had touched a sensitive spot in myself with his talk of specialists, I said: "You mean you quit?"

With an oath he slammed the glass hard on the desk.

"I don't quit!"

The captain defiantly picked up a piece of the watch and went on with his heartbreaking task.

As I went below to my cabin I said goodbye to my bet—and to the expensive pleasures of Singapore.

But I knew that was not the reason for my dry throat and throbbing head. This time the captain was going to be dragged down by the pack. He was going to be humiliated. A cheap broken watch was to be the weapon that killed a way of life.

The next morning, every ship's officer not on duty was at the breakfast table. And in the unaccustomed stillness of the ship—we were at anchor in Singapore—their voices sounded unnaturally loud as they made small talk.

The captain strode in, fresh-shaven, immaculate.

Jensen sneaked covert looks about him but said nothing.

There was little talk now, and the boys had started to clear away the meal when a seaman came to say that the quarantine launch was alongside.

The captain shoved his chair away from the table. Half-way to the door, he spun round on his heel.

"Jensen!"

"Yes, sir." Jensen sprang to his feet.

"Your watch."

Jensen took it and held it to his ear. A pleased look spread across his face. "It doesn't work, sir."

The captain fixed him with a cold blue stare. "No it does not—and I'll tell you why it doesn't work, mister. There's a cogwheel missing, in case you didn't know."

He tapped his cap firmly into place and left the ship.

At 7.30 that evening the captain and I were sitting at the bar of a hotel drinking gin slings.

I held a light to the captain's cigar and grinned at him.

"I wish you could have seen Jensen's face," I said happily. "The watchmaker in Change Alley told him, of course, that the watch wouldn't work because a wheel was missing."

Amusement lifted the corners of the captain's mouth. Resting his cigar on the edge of the bar he took out a small square of tissue paper which he placed before me.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My luck," he said lifting his glass.

I folded back the edges of the paper. Inside was a tiny cogwheel.

"Cheers!" said the captain.

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Please give me a name!

WIN ONE OF 50 DOLLS LIKE ME!

IT'S EASY! Just choose the **first** name you consider most suitable and explain why you have given her the name.

The doll is 18" high, and is dressed in the pretty pink and white striped dress that you see her wearing on the opposite page. She's cuddly! She's cute! She's pretty! You will love her. So send in your entry right away. Cut and post the entry form below.

HOW TO MAIL: Print plainly your name and address on your entry. Mail entry (on official entry form or a plain piece of paper) to: P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Submit as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by a wrapper from Dawn Toilet Tissue (except in those States where this is contrary to State laws).

CLOSING DATE: Entries must be received at P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W., by May 15th. Entries received after that date will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.

PRIZES: 50 winners will receive a beautiful 18" doll with nylon hair and a pretty pink and white dress. **Grand Prize** — for the entry judged best of all, the doll comes with 5 complete outfits of clothes.

JUDGING: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of:
1. Originality of name.
2. Suitability and originality, interest, and neatness of brief written statement.

Judges' decision is final and no correspondence relating to the competition will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., for any or all purposes, and none will be returned.

Employees (and their immediate families) of Kimberly-Clark, their Advertising Agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter the competition.

NOTIFYING WINNERS: Winners will be notified in writing about 6 weeks after the contest closes. This allows time to judge every entry. A complete list of winners will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on or about August 5.

I think Miss Dawn's first name should be

_____

BRIEF STATEMENT WHY _____

_____

_____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ STATE _____

KKD36

Lace-up Boots

A short story by OLIVE COX

SHE had grown away from them, of course. It was not to be expected, after so many years away, with only an occasional flying visit squeezed in for conscience's sake, that she would feel just the same.

She had grown out of their simple village talk; their narrow outlook, their anxious, fussy ways. And now the brooding quiet of the place pressed in upon her like a heavy hand.

She sat before the old-fashioned hearth in the one good armchair the room offered, her expensively shod feet on the coconut mat resting side by side with her father's round-toed, lace-up boots. He had always worn boots like that.

Her parents, beaming down at her from their hard, high seats, strove to make conversation.

"We saw you on the television, Julie. It was lovely."

Suppressing a yawn, she said: "Really? Which play was that? I've done so many — I lose count."

"Oh, we know that, don't we, Dad? But we never miss a single one." The old woman stooped to pluck another log from the heap in the hearth and push it into the already over-loaded grate. "I say, we've never missed a single one, have we, Dad?"

"Never a one," echoed the old man, sucking at his empty pipe. "That's why we had the telly put in, isn't it, Mother? Next best thing, we said, to having Julie here with us."

She tried to stiffle, not for the first time, the faint stirrings of guilt within her. She ought to have kept in touch and perhaps come down more often.

Though it had always been understood, hadn't it, that she was free to go, that her life was her own?

But there was no hint of malice in the old man's voice. He was smiling, contentedly, now. Then he said: "It was just like old times."

It would be no good, of course, trying to pursue even the subject of her work. To them everything she did would be "lovely" or "nice." They have absolutely no opinions of their own, just nods and smiles and unqualified praise. What a mercy she'd refused all the offers of the studio crowd to drive her down. She could never have endured the slightly raised eyebrows, the inane attempts at "jollying the old folk," before escaping after a decent interval to the nearest hotel.

Ah, well, she wasn't sure that she minded much about any of them, come to that. Actors, they said, made bad life partners, and as far as she was concerned that went for actresses, too.

But down here, a hundred miles and more from her flat in town, she felt trapped; betrayed by the insistent, unwelcome reminders of a childhood she had thought forgotten into a kind of irritable pity for those who had brought it back to her.

She became aware that her father's head was nodding and that her mother was putting out a protective hand lest he lean over too far. She got up, saying crossly:

"Dad, this is your chair. Why on earth don't you sit here if you want to go to sleep?"

Protesting, he allowed himself to be lowered into it and have the cushions plumped up. She turned resentfully to the old woman.

"Where's your chair? You used to have one like Dad's — one each side of the fire."

The old woman, musing, ignored the question.

"And you used to sit with Dad in his chair and help him do the toast . . . Quite a little girl you were then . . ."

Grudgingly, with the warmth of the flames on her face, Julie found herself saying:

"And we used to put it on the blue plate in the hearth—over the cracked tile." She stuck out one elegant, pointed toe. Incredibly, the cracked tile was there still.

Her gaze shifted speculatively around the room and came to rest on the bland, blind eye of the television set, looking absurdly out of place in its dark, shabby little corner. Again that nagging, aggravating stab of guilt. She could have bought that, if they'd let her know.

She shrugged her qualms away. It was probably only rented, and they had their two pensions. Old people didn't seem to need much. She might get her mother a chair, though, and a warm hearthrug, too, come to that. She would go along to one of the big stores, first thing when she got back to town.

The old man began to snore softly, blowing out each breath in little puffs between his pale lips. He still had the little crinkles round his eyes that she had known as a child, but now the fresh color was gone and his skin was slack and yellow-looking.

Her mother, too, had closed her eyes, but she sat erect, not nodding, like a trick she had learned from long necessity.

To Julie, already overwrought, this seemed the last straw. Serve them right if she were to pack her bag on the spot and go. After all she was their daughter. And she had made this long journey alone, put herself out, squeezed in this visit somehow between a host of pressing engagements, because she had believed they would be pleased to see her. And the best they could do to make her welcome was sit by the fire and go to sleep.

She felt like a sulky, neglected child. She wished she were a child, and then she could cry. Why must everything here be out of tune with

To page 46

The old man settled comfortably into the armchair and started nodding off to sleep.

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HIT PARADER ANN-NELL HARRIDEX

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SEE YOU ON TUESDAY

The best-laid plans can go awry . . . a romantic story

By IRVINE FORREST

OLIVER YORKE, six feet of contented bachelor, let himself into his well-appointed flat. His face bore a mildly serious expression. He sniffed the air for freshness to check that Mrs. Goswell had left sufficient windows open, put his neatly rolled umbrella into the stand, his evening paper in the paper-rack, and his town jacket into the wardrobe.

Then, whistling his way into the kitchen, he made for the fridge and his ritual dry martini. The mixing-glass with its measured contents he carried into the sitting-room.

There he began to churn the ice-cubes with his latest gadget, a battery-operated swizzle-stick. Fascinated, he stared at the tiny arctic whirlpool of his own creation, until the cubes had melted, then he poured and drank with obvious satisfaction. It was Wednesday and precisely six-thirty.

Edward Yorke, a large teddy-bear, was watching him, round-eyed, from the sofa, so he patted Edward on the head and meticulously straightened his mascot's blue ribbon.

The ivory telephone rang. Oliver reached to pick it up, then remembered that it might be Geraldine, so he let it ring until it gave up.

"Squash club tonight," he announced briskly to Edward; an unnecessary remark, because Wednesday night was always squash night.

Oliver reviewed his timetable. Seven-thirty due at club; leave flat seven-ten; wash and change six-fifty; there would just be time to phone the new girl for next Tuesday. Tuesday night was always girl night.

The pencilled note in his diary read: "Ann Brown, Firbank 2244." He thought about Ann. The name suited her. She was attractive with the kind of face that you looked at for the first time and thought you knew. She dressed quietly and had calm brown eyes. She appeared to be a well-ordered girl, no flightiness there. And that was important to Oliver.

He had edged toward her at last week's crowded cocktail party, to suggest that the air was unfit even for astronauts to live in, and she had followed him, without demur, on to the balcony. Yes, a sensible, matter-of-fact bachelor girl.

Then Oliver remembered wryly that he had thought much the same about Geraldine four months ago, and Joan and Sally before that. Yet they had all in turn become awkward and increasingly possessive, suggesting Saturdays (which of course were rugger nights) instead of Tuesdays; dropping hints about other people's weddings, or, worse still, talking about children and babies.

To page 47

"I think I ought to tell you I'm a confirmed bachelor," Oliver said to Ann.

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Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk – richness into all cooking. **Savoury Scones:** Sift 8 ozs. S.R. flour with 3 tbsp. Sunshine & pinch cayenne. Rub in 1½ ozs. butter, 2 ozs. grated cheese, 2 tbsp. chopped onion. Add chilled water to make a soft dough. Knead lightly. Pat to ½" thick; use 2" cutter. Glaze. Hot oven 10-12 mins.

Nestlé's Ideal Milk — best for creaming coffee. Try **Ideal Ice Cream** too: Turn 'fridge to max. Soften 1 tsp. gelatine in 1 oz. water, dissolve in 1 oz. boiling water. Cool. Mix 6 ozs. Ideal with 4 ozs. Nestlé's Reduced Cream, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla, gelatine. Freeze till thick. Beat to double quantity. Freeze at normal temperature.

WHEN YOU MAKE IT WITH MILK.

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Dance, listen, look ahead with 'Plymouth'

The entertainment centre of your home

Short of hiring a cabaret you couldn't get more versatile entertainment than Plymouth gives. Plymouth by ASTOR combines TV viewing at its best, the thrilling experience of stereo record playing, plus round-the-clock entertainment of radio. It brings glamorous 'look-ahead' styling. With elegant gold trim. With a range of imported veneers, including teak. Best of all, it costs little more than *one* TV receiver. Imagine, no more difficult-to-match individual units to crowd your room. One plug. No masses of untidy cord. Instead a long, low, graceful example of modern furniture that makes you wonder why you'd settle for anything less.

The vast resources of Electronic Industries spared nothing to make Plymouth the classic event of modern home entertainment. For you, unlimited hours of enjoyment — and the pride that comes from owning the ASTOR Plymouth TV-Stereogram yourself. Exchange your present TV — you'll be surprised how easy it can be to own Plymouth. See, hear Plymouth *now* being demonstrated at all electrical retailers and major stores.

It's an ASTOR *...that's the difference!*

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It's fabulous furniture

Timbers to match your scheme. Not imitation but authentic veneers of maple, walnut, mahogany or the rich charm of teak. This is, the cabinetry that has made the name 'Gainsborough' famous — and it's an ASTOR feature no one can match.

Exclusive Polyester finish. Here's a glass-hard, blemish-free surface that won't scratch or burn, and stains simply wipe off. Easy to care for with a depth and beauty that brings out natural colours of the timbers it protects.

Look at the difference in styling. See how well ASTOR designers have solved the problem of bulk. The slim lines, the clever magazine rack. It looks like a lowboy — moves like a console, on silent castors.

It's tremendous TV. You know why more people own ASTOR — because of its year-in - year-out service-free performance and its remarkably clear picture. Plymouth is designed to cater for all existing and *future* channels.

It's superb Stereo. The advanced record-changer brings you stereo with a realism that's quite astonishing. Four speeds, it plays all sizes (mono too) and the featherweight pick-up brings out the best your records are capable of. Concert-hall performance from twin double-cone speakers with impressive tone and volume. *And* there's a record storage closet too!

It's full-range Radio. This radio isn't included just as an 'extra' — it's a full-size, full-range radio in its own right. Its power and selectivity is matched by fade-free performance under all conditions. In-built ferrite rod aerial, combined on-off and tone switch, superheterodyne circuit combine with many other ASTOR proved features to bring you the best that radio can offer.

Another example of superb craftsmanship and technical skill from ASTOR — TV, Stereo and Radio in one glamorous unit.

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PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Teenagers are a lazy mob

IT is time the Australian teenager woke up and took a look at himself and his fellows. To say it mildly, we are a lazy mob (and I mean mob).

The average Australian teenager goes to high school, gains fair results in exams, and then leaves to go to a dead-end job and spends the rest of his life saying, "She'll be all right."

Meanwhile, teenagers in less prosperous lands work during their spare time to help ease family finances, and also slave at school to repay the sacrifices made by their parents.

This is evident in New Australian students, who work harder, and consequently take very high places in exams.

If we are to cope with a war, which is becoming increasingly likely, we must wake up and start to take life more seriously.—*"Aussie," Jervis Bay, N.S.W.*

Staying at school

EVER since the first issues of Teenagers' Weekly I have enjoyed, and learnt a great deal, from, the various educational, home-life, and fashion features (to mention a few).

As a 15-year-old student doing the Intermediate, it was through the many letters published that I really understood the meaning of a full education, and so decided to remain at school to do my Leaving.

Like many other teenagers I have spoken to, I found the past year at school most difficult, and at times so depressing that I really considered giving it all up.

But even though I know much of the same is in store for the next two years, I know I shall be able to see it through somehow.

For the confidence and determination T.W. has given me, I am most grateful. — *"Grateful Reader," Ermington, N.S.W.*

Steady friends

WILL male readers please give their views on whether it is all right for a girl to continue accepting regular invitations from a boy if they dance well together and are good friends but if the girl feels sure that she will never be able to think of him as more than a good friend.

It seems to me that this is quite a problem for girls who have just left school. — *"Fair Play," Mosman Park, W.A.*

Surfing rights

BOARDRIDERS are getting pushed into the far corner of the beaches, but I can't understand why. Bodysurfers haven't got rights to the whole beach.

A beach is for surfing, and since boardriding is surfing, I think that the beach should be divided equally.

Boardriders have their boards impounded for riding in bodysurfers' areas, so the bodysurfers should be fined for drifting into the boardriders' areas.

A better understanding for us boardriders would greatly help. I sincerely hope that boardriding becomes a number one sport in Australia. — *N. Sadler, Maroubra, N.S.W.*

All are needed

SOME teenagers seem to fret and feel inferior because they don't have the same talents and skills as their friends.

They can console themselves with the fact that in this world people have different talents and accomplishments—and just as well!

What would happen to the various industries and farms if everybody was a very, very good dancer or singer?

Glamor talents on their own don't keep this world going. A farm or factory job is just as important. — *Tina Macatob, Lyneham, A.C.T.*

Black marks

RECENTLY I became aware of the lack of care taken of their fingernails by boys in the 13-16 age group. At a gathering I noticed the broken, unkept, dirty nails of my friends.

I try to look after my own nails, and I think others would, too, if they could hear what their friends thought of them.—*"Nails," South Perth, W.A.*

Advice of 1870

A BOOK I bought at a secondhand-shop, entitled "Enquire Within For Everything," was published in 1870, and contains a chapter headed "Advice To Young Ladies."

Some of the items are: "If you have pretty feet there is no occasion to wear short petticoats. If you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting the petticoats be long.

"If you dance well, dance but seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all.

"If you sing well, make no previous excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when asked, for few people are judges of singing, but everyone is sensible of a desire to please.

"If you would preserve beauty, rise early. If you would preserve esteem, be gentle. If you would live happily, endeavor to promote the happiness of others."—*Sarah Greenberg, Croydon, Vic.*

This freedom

MUCH is said of freedom, but does this really exist in Australia? On the surface the answer would seem to be "yes," but on closer examination one is not so sure.

A free person is at liberty to act according to his own discretion. But can we? Our actions are restrained by laws, tradition, and public opinion.

Our only real freedom is in thinking. But of what use are ideas that cannot be put into practice because of the above reasons? —*A. J. Poznanski, Largs Bay, S.A.*

Good advice

THIS letter may help other students be saved from my fate. I passed the Leaving Certificate, but did not gain the pass I should.

This was because at the beginning of fourth year I chose two subjects in which I gained only B passes. I realise now that if I had heeded my teachers' advice I would have taken other subjects in which I would have done better.

They spoke to me on several occasions, and warned me, but I felt quite sure I was making the right choice.

I hope others will profit by my mistake, and take

Next week . . .

● Latest styles in winter coats for teenagers, with some cute little hats to match. ● American teenagers arrive to study at Australian schools. ● Pin-up of TV star Jimmy Hannan.

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more notice of teachers' advice.—*"Teachers Know Best," Glen Innes, N.S.W.*

Happiness game

A CRAZE going round overseas is called the Happiness Game. People say what their idea of happiness is: "Happiness is a small puppy," or "Happiness is a warm bath after a hard day's work."

I think some of my own ideas would be sunbaking on a beach on a summer day, or knowing that a boy I liked, liked me, too.

Let's have some suggestions from readers. — *"Teenager," Manly, N.S.W.*

First aeroplane

WILLIAM JOY'S article "First Aeroplane Like a Big Box Kite" (T.W., 15/1/64) was most interesting, but he does not mention that the first box kite was invented by an Australian, Lawrence Hargrave.

In 1884 Hargrave delivered an address before the Royal Society of New South Wales—the first public announcement of the possibility of achieving artificial flight.

In 1885 he described to the Society the flight of a plane built of paper and thin cane, with undulating wings, which when propelled by the contraction of rubber bands flew for 98 feet.

In Australia little notice was taken of Hargrave or his discoveries, but in 1900 *Wilbur Wright asked permission to use his patents,* and Hargrave told Wright he took out no patents and wished the brothers every success in applying his discoveries.

These covered the utilisation of flat and curved horizontal planes and straight vertical planes as used in the making of a Hargrave box kite.

This information comes from the "Australian Encyclopaedia" and surely proves that the invention of Wilbur and Orville Wright in America was greatly aided by the box-kite invention of Hargrave.

Hargrave died in Sydney in 1915. A monument to his memory is erected at Hargrave Heights, near Stanwell Park, N.S.W.

The original models of Hargrave's monoplane, and one box kite, are in the Sydney Technological Museum. — *Mrs. I L. Steadman, Engadine, N.S.W.*

Best years

AM I an oddity, or just a normal healthy person? I am a student teenager who enjoys being a student teenager, and the thing which annoys me is the constant preaching of adults that "You youngsters never realise that schooldays are the best days of your life."

Since my friends and I were about 13 we've had so much fun that each year we never wanted to be any older. But when the next year came it was always better.

I am 16 now and am wondering at what age the "reaction" sets in and one starts preaching to children about not realising the joys of being young. — *"Curious," Ipswich, Qld*

BEATNIK

"Temper, temper! You're protecting the maiden from an enemy, Mr. Lotto, not a critic."

Pocket-money—should it all be earned?

● Pointing out that some teenagers who don't even tidy their rooms are given pocket-money, S.T. (T.W., 22/1/64) said that she thought her parents should give her a weekly allowance in addition to what she "earns."

TEENAGERS should earn their pocket-money. I do, by doing housework and helping care for a young brother and sister. I find this is a great experience.

Teenagers shouldn't rely on parents giving them a large amount of money without earning it.

If children earn their pocket-money they gain a greater sense of value, and also learn how to budget so that it will last longer.

And we also gain a greater sense of responsibilty. — *Roani Brooks, Bridgewater, Tas.*

MY sister and I share a room. As she likes housework, she tidies the room, etc., and as I like being outside, I help my father by washing the car and mowing the lawns. For doing this we each earn a small amount.

If we don't do the work as well as we can, we don't get paid as much.

I think this is a very good idea, because a lot of parents give their children pocket-money for trivial tasks that are only half done, and this only teaches them to extract money from their parents without doing anything worthwhile for it. — *"Tomboy," Warrnambool, Vic.*

I RECEIVE pocket-money, but do my household chores through a sense of duty toward my parents, and not with any monetary gain in mind.

Although I would be surprised and annoyed if they stopped giving me my pocket-money, I would still do my chores.

I think the idea of doing work in the home for each other, and not just for ourselves, has helped to bring our family more closely together. — *Clive C. Mitchell, Bentleigh Vic.*

OUR family takes pride in keeping our house neat and clean, and I am ashamed if my room is below standard.

For nearly a year I have been given a weekly allowance of £2, which has to cover all expenses except school books and music lessons.

I am 16, and £2 may seem a lot, but clothes, holidays, presents, and hobbies make budgeting hard, and I certainly do not lose my sense of values. — *"Ann," Kensington Park, S.A.*

IF S.T. suggested to her parents that she be given a set sum each week in addition to what she earned, she could perhaps save a little each week for something she wanted badly, using the rest for her usual needs.

This idea may appeal to her parents, as they could see that she was responsible enough to set some aside, and so had gained a sense of values.

My parents were perhaps a little liberal in giving me £2 a week in return for my doing all the housework during the holidays, but I am saving for a trip. — *"Teen Too," Longreach, Qld.*

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AUTUMN

● The two raglan-style sweaters (pictured on our cover and at right) would go well together on any number of casual dates.

FOR HIM

Materials: 18 (19, 20, 21) balls Villawool Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 4 and 7 needles.

Measurements: Chest, to fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in.; length, 27in. (all sizes); sleeve, 19in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 sts. to 1in.

BACK

*Using No. 7 needles cast on 88 (92, 96, 100) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 4 needles and stocking-stitch. Cont. until work measures 18in. (or length required), ending on purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row * until 32 (34, 36, 38) sts. rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off loosely on next row.

FRONT

Work as back from * to * until 78 (80, 82, 84) sts. rem., ending on a purl row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 35 (36, 37, 38), k 2 tog., turn and purl back to raglan edge.

Cont. on these 37 (38, 39, 40) sts., shaping raglan edge as before on every 2nd row, **at the same time,** shape neck edge on every 4th row and 2 sts. (all sizes) rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, k 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Cont. as for other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles cast on 44 (46, 48, 50) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 4 needles and stocking-stitch. Inc. 1 st. each end of 7th row and every 6th row thereafter until 66 (68, 70, 72) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 19in. (or length required), ending on purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 10 sts. (all sizes) rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off on next row.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up two front and right back raglan seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 7 needles begin at left sleeve top, pick up and knit 9 sts. on sleeve top, 42 sts. on left side of neck, place marker for centre-front V neck, then pick up 42 sts. on right side of neck, 9 sts. on sleeve top, 31 (33, 35, 37) sts. across back neck (133, 135, 137, 139 sts.).

Next Row: (K 1, p 1), rep. 41 (42, 43, 44) times, (p 1, k 1), rep. to last stitch, p 1.

Cont. in established rib as follows:

Next Row: Rib to within 3 sts. of centre-front V, sl. 1, k 2, tog., p.s.s.o., k 3 tog., rib in pattern to end.

Cont. to shape at centre front as before on every 2nd row until ribbing measures 1½in., ending on wrong side of work. Cast off ribwise on next row.

To Finish Off: Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Press seam. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Brush, if desired, on the right side only.

FOR HER

Materials: 21 (22, 23, 24) balls Villawool Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length 24in. (all sizes); sleeve 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row: (P 4, k 1), rep. to last 4 sts., p 4.

2nd Row: (K 4, p 1), rep. to last 4 sts., k 4.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: (P 4, drop next st. down 4 rows, then knit this st. tog. with the 4 loops), rep. to last 4 sts., p 4.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 6 rows for patt. inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 84 (89, 94, 99) sts. and work in **single rib** of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 5 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 18in. (2in. allowed for hem) from beginning (or length required), ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: P 1, k 2, k 2 tog., patt. to last 5 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, p 1.

Next Row: K 1, p 2, patt. to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until 30 (33, 36, 37) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off in patt.

FRONT

Work as for back until 44 (47, 50, 51) sts. rem. in raglan shaping.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Patt. 15 sts., cast off centre 14, (17, 20, 21) sts., patt. 15 sts.

Cont. on last 15 sts., shaping **raglan** as before, and dec. 1 stitch on **neck edge** on next and every 2nd row thereafter until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 (44, 49, 49) sts. and work in **single rib** of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 5 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row thereafter until 66 (68, 71, 75) sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve measures 19in. (2in. allowed for double cuff) or length required, ending on the wrong side of work.

Shape Raglan as for back until 12 (12, 13, 13) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Sew up 2 front and back right raglan seams. Press seams. Flat-seam all ribbing. Using small back-stitch, sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 12 (12, 13, 13) sts. from left sleeve, 15 sts. each side of front neck, 14 (17, 20, 21) sts. from centre front, 12 (12, 13, 13) sts. from right sleeve, 30 (33, 36, 37) sts. across back neck—98 (104, 112, 114) sts. Work in single rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Press seam. Fold neckband, sleeve cuffs, and lower edge in half to inside and slip-stitch down.

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KNITTING

● Now that autumn is with us, here are three sweaters in the latest styles you can knit — all in mohair for that extra warmth and comfort. There is one for the man in your life (see cover) and two for you.

● The ski jumper (pictured below) has a polo neck inset which can easily be removed for after - ski occasions.

Materials: Jumper, 13 (14, 15, 16) balls "Panda" Italian, Bayadere or Fantasy Mohair, or 18 (19, 20, 22) balls "Panda" Drip-Dri; Polo-Neck Inset, 3 (4, 5, 6) balls "Panda" Italian, Bayadere or Fantasy Mohair, or 4 (6, 7, 8) balls "Panda" Drip-Dri.; One pair each Nos. 5 and 8 needles; 2 sets of 4 No. 8 needles and one set of 4 No. 6 needles; crochet hook; 6 press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. (Actual measurement 2in. larger to provide easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 23 (23¾, 24, 24¼) in.; length of sleeve seam, 12½ (13, 13, 13) in.

JUMPER

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 78 (82, 86, 92) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in. Change to No. 5 needles and work in st.-st. When work measures 15½ (16, 16, 16) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 5 (5, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 (5, 5, 5) rows. When armholes measure 7½ (7¾, 8, 8¼) in., shape neck and shoulders by casting off 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row, k 16 (16, 18, 18) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 16 (16, 18, 18) sts., casting off 2 sts. at neck edge of next and following alt. row, at the same time cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next and following alt. row. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 16 (16, 18, 20) sts., k to end. Work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 2½ (2¾, 3, 3¼) in. Shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 23 (24, 26, 27) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Cont. on these 23 (24, 26, 27) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 (5, 6, 6) times. When armhole measures 7½ (7¾, 8, 8¼) in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 14 (14, 14, 16) sts., k to end. Work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 44 (46, 48, 50) sts. Work in st-st. for 3in. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every 7th row until inc. to 60 (62, 64, 66) sts. When sleeve seam measures 14 (14¼, 14½, 14¾) in. or 1½in. longer than required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end every 2nd row until decreased to 40 sts. (all sizes), then every row until decreased to 22 sts. (all sizes). Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using the 2 sets of 4 No. 8 needles, pick up and knit about 128 (130, 132, 134) sts. round neck. Work in rounds in st-st. for ¾in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Make 1½in. hem around lower edge of sleeve. Fold neck facing back on to wrong side and slip-stitch into position. Sew press-studs on, one on each shoulder and one 5in. down each side of armhole. Brush as required. Vigorous brushing of Bayadere is recommended for best mottled, colored effect.

POLO-NECK INSET

BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 60 (62, 66, 70) sts. Work in st-st. until work measures 5in. Shape shoulders by casting off 7 (6, 7, 8) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 36 sts. (all sizes). Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every row until inc. to 60 (62, 66, 70) sts. Continue in st-st. on these sts. When straight edge measures 2½in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 24 (25, 26, 28) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 24 (25, 26, 28) sts. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 3 rows (all sizes), then every 2nd row 2 (2, 2, 3) times. When straight edge measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 (6, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 12 (12, 14, 14) sts. loosely, k to end. Work to correspond with other side.

POLO-NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 8 needles, pick up and knit about 92 (92, 96, 96) sts. round neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½in. Change to 4 No. 6 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 5in. or required length. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Work 1 row of double crochet round outside edge. Sew on press-studs to correspond with those on jumper. Brush as required. Vigorous brushing of Bayadere is recommended for best mottled, colored effect.

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YOU can study better — part 6

By education experts PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, and R. D. WALSHE

HOW TO MAKE GOOD NOTES

● Making good notes is like taking good photographs. A little more care and a little more skill make all the difference.

IN photography you focus to capture the best features of a scene; in note - making you thoughtfully select the main points of a topic.

YOU select them. No one can make good notes for another person. Why? Because no two minds are alike. Each person's notes are his own very personal arrangement of a topic.

Obviously, we are talking here about making notes from a textbook or from several books. If a teacher dictates notes to you, then these are not your notes, they are his; and you must summarise them (or at the very least underline key points in them) in order to make them your own.

Success formula

We gave you a reading formula (S-I-R-E) and a listening formula (T-I-L-E) to make you a more efficient reader and listener.

Here is the formula S-I-M-E, which will improve the effectiveness of your note-making:

S—Scan the pages or chapter.

I—Inquire by setting a question.

M—Main points set down.

E—Edit the notes.

1. SCAN. Spend a minute or two in scanning or skimming the pages from which the notes are to be made. Look only at the title, first paragraph, sub-headings, topic sentences of paragraphs, and the concluding paragraph.

2. INQUIRE. Set yourself a question that your notes should clarify—such as, in History, what were the main causes of this event? This will give your note-making a goal, and it will reduce mind-wandering.

3. MAIN POINTS. You now read the pages carefully and record the main points. Usually the structure of your notes will look something like this:

INTRODUCTION
(a) .....
(b) .....
(c) .....

FIRST MAIN IDEA
(a) .....
(b) .....
(c) .....

SECOND (ETC.) MAIN IDEA
(a) .....
(b) .....
(c) .....

CONCLUSION
(a) .....
(b) .....
(c) .....

4. EDIT THE NOTES. This is the brief final step. You tidy up the notes before you leave them by reading them back, correcting any errors, underlining key words and phrases, adding a point if need be, and so on — anything to make the notes your summary of the topic.

The pattern given may not suit all needs.

In the junior years of secondary school your teacher will probably want you to write full sentences and a full paragraph under each sub-heading. You will progress by degrees toward briefer notes.

Senior secondary students, however, will usually adopt the pattern we have indicated — that is, abbreviated or summary-type notes.

University and other tertiary students will have to cope with **note-taking** from lectures. They can easily change the above formula to this: **T-I-M-E.** They **Tune-in** to the speaker, **Inquire** his purpose, catch and record the **Main ideas**, and **Edit** their notes at the end of the lecture.

Check-list

Here is a check-list of questions by which you can critically assess your note-making.

● Do I take a pride in the setting out of my notes?

● Do I get rid of non-essentials, using the briefest expression?

● Do I use plenty of sub-headings?

● Do I write down anecdotes and apt quotations which assist the memory?

● Since cramped notes are difficult to revise, do I space my notes generously?

● If I miss a point in a talk do I stop taking notes —or leave a blank and ask about it later?

● Can I make use of abbreviations in notes (not in essays): e.g., i.e., viz., N.B., &, ∴ (therefore); and personal ones such as —c'tee (committee), dev. (development), govt. (government), Xn (Christian), N. (Napoleon), 19th C. (nineteenth century), punisht (punishment), leavg (leaving).

● Am I summarising the whole of my notebook, topic by topic, as part of my long - range exam preparation?

What to do

Decide at once whether the notes you have made this year are good ones.

Don't make any mistake about this! If notes pile up in a slipshod way, the result will be confusion at the end of the year.

Remember, your skill in note-making is the most important single element in deciding how you will perform at the exams, for it is your written notes that you will know best in the exam room, not what you happen to remember from general reading and listening (valuable though that can be).

Put the ideas of this article into operation from tomorrow.

Continuously improve the quality of your notebooks.

Nothing will give you more confidence to face exams than the knowledge that you have studied from first-rate notes.

NEXT WEEK: IMPROVE YOUR CONCENTRATION.

There is a definite relationship between students' note-making ability and their exam results. When you make notes you in fact ORGANISE a subject, on paper and in your mind. And that is what study itself is—an effort to get the many facts of a subject into just that shape that enables you to understand it in your individual way. Thus note-making is a fundamental act of study, and exam results usually reflect the skill with which it has been done.

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First bowls fashions by Tinling

● Teddy Tinling, king of Wimbledon Centre Court fashions, has gone into a new field of sports clothes design.

FAMOUS for his often spectacular creations for the world's top tennis stars, he caught the tenpin bowling craze six months ago.

And now he has produced his first collection of the latest styles for tenpin bowling alleys for 1964.

On this page are three of his designs, modelled by Jackie Perrin at his London show last month.

NECK-TO-ANKLE outfit in form-fitting leopard-spotted jersey has matching shoes and black trim at neck and wrists.

BOWLS SUIT of ribbed cotton corduroy, with knee-length breeches and matching cap. Note knitted stockings.

TWO-PIECE in black and white jersey, with strong horizontal stripes, has three-quarter length sleeves and high black collar.

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GIRL STARTS HER OWN TEEN CLUB

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● When Toni Knipe was born her mother named her Antoinette — such a suitable name for a future ballet dancer. Sixteen years later Antoinette the ballet dancer is Toni the champion twist dancer, and proprietor of her own teenage dance hall, the Mocambo.

SNACK BAR, where Toni's mother and a family friend, Mrs. Carmel O'Connor, serve soft drinks and potato chips to the teenage customers.

WHEN the commercial daytime bustle of Crown Street, the main shopping thoroughfare of booming Wollongong, N.S.W., is over, the twang of guitars and the thud of stompers' feet float from the second-storey windows of a modern building which houses a finance company on the ground floor.

Since the middle of December, Wollongong's teenagers have found Toni's Mocambo a bright haven where they can sit and talk, drink lemonade, catch up with the latest magazines, listen to the jukebox . . . or dance.

And Toni is there to show them how.

In 1961 she was State Twist champion, and just over a year ago was a part-time dancing teacher at the studio which she now runs.

When, about three months ago, her former employer gave up the studio, Toni's parents rallied round and lent her £200 so that she could take over the premises.

Now the Mocambo is a teenage dance hall by night and a dancing school by day.

Toni teaches ballroom and Latin-American dancing (mostly to adults) and her ambition is to get the teenagers as interested in that side of dancing as she still is.

Family helps

First, though, she is concentrating on making the place pay.

Her father is a foreman rigger at the steelworks and the £200 she borrowed made quite a hole in the family coffers.

"I could really have done with more money," she told me. "We had to have a small stage built at one end for the band, a snack - bar for serving drinks, a dozen or so wrought-iron tables and chairs.

"We did the decorating ourselves — all in one day — Mum, Dad, and my two brothers, Kerry and Christopher, and my sister Phillipa."

On the off-white wall they made circular splodges of black, green, red, and blue — very bold and bright.

At night the hall is lit with a row of lampshades with red, orange, and yellow globes throwing soft pastel lights on the stompers, and streams of colored crepe paper fluttering in the sea breezes.

"By the time we'd bought the furniture and put in the essentials, I had enough left over to pay two weeks' rent in advance," said Toni.

"I pay £25 a week rent. Then there's the band to be paid two nights a week.

"On the other nights the jukebox provides the music — that's installed free and we get a percentage of what goes into the box.

"The bands who come here are boys I've known for a long time and they've been really wonderful to us.

5/- a night

"Some nights when there have been only a few people here they've taken half fees or even given their services free.

"But now the place is becoming known we're getting more customers. About 80 on most week nights and about 120 on Fridays and Saturdays.

"We charge five shillings and the kids come at eight o'clock and stay until midnight."

So far, with no staff to pay and not too many overheads, book-keeping for Toni is simple. "But it may get more complicated if the place goes as well as I hope," she said.

Staff at the moment is her family. Mrs. Phyllis Knipe, her mother, serves soft drinks at the counter, helped by a family friend, Mrs. Carmel O'Connor, whose son is also a member of The Astroneers, the regular band at the Mocambo.

On television

Mr. Keith Knipe, Toni's father, and her two brothers, Christopher and Kerry, collect the admission money at the door,

THE CLUB is a family affair. Toni's father (above) and her brother Christopher take the 5/- admission fee at the door.

TEENAGE customers like to stomp in slacks or shorts to the regular band, The Astroneers, a talented combination of local boys.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796832

TONI KNIPE, aged 16, is making a success of her night-club for Wollongong's teenagers. By day her club, the Mocambo, is a dance studio.

and 13-year-old Phillipa helps wherever she can.

To give the club a good send-off, Johnnie Devlin was guest of honor on opening night, and Toni has since had invitations to be interviewed on the local television and radio stations.

"All good publicity, which is what we really need," said Mrs. Knipe, who is wholeheartedly behind her talented daughter in this venture.

"I'd really like to get the parents to come along to see what their youngsters are up to here," she said.

"I think they'd be happy to see how well behaved and how little trouble their teenagers are. Keith and I keep an eye out for possible trouble, and so far there has been none.

"One of the most popular nights is pay night at the steelworks. Then all the young boys come here and they complain that there aren't enough girls.

"Most of the teenagers who come here are neat, tidy, and amenable to reasoning if you have to ask them not to be too noisy."

All the clothes Toni wears — skirts and blouses for teaching during the day, shorts and slacks for stomping at night — are made for her by Mrs. Knipe, and she gets through about six pairs of dancing and stomping shoes a year.

On the weekend sessions the stompers like to dance in slacks, shorts, or stomp dresses, and bare feet.

Future plans

"But I'd like to introduce a Latin-American or jazz group on Wednesday evenings for more formal dancing — ballroom and Latin," said Toni.

"I think the girls, particularly, like to dress up at least one night a week.

"Then I'd like to put on special gala nights . . . perhaps a Hawaiian evening or piracy and fancy-dress evenings so that the kids will have something different to look forward to."

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Bob Rogers' POPLINE

Little Pattie tries for second hit

● Little Pattie became the Princess of Popland in Australia with just one big hit, and she has been reigning happily over the local disc scene for the past four months.

NOW her second disc is out, and the big question is: Can she repeat her initial success with this new disc, "We're Gonna Have a Party Tonight"?

The tune was specially written for Pattie by the team that composed her first hit, **Jay Justin** and **Jce Halford**, and for my money it's even better.

Pattie is now passing through a most difficult time for a 14-year-old artist. In fact, I think that the fantastic success of her debut disc, "My Blond-Headed Stompie Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy," may not have been good for her career in the long run.

It makes it just so much harder to come up with comparable hits, and this Pattie must do to stay on top.

This is a crucial stage in her career. However, I think this new disc has great potential, but just how big it will be is up to you, the record-buyers.

Helpmann hit

A DISC which easily earns my vote for the most unexpected effort of the year is **Robert Helpmann's** "Surfer Doll."

On his way to Australia for the Adelaide Arts Festival Helpmann stopped off in Hawaii to visit an old friend, Mr. Bob McGoon.

McGoon is a millionaire whose hobby happens to be songwriting, and he has already made a try for Broadway with his own musical, "Thirteen Daughters."

Together, Bob McGoon and the famous ballet dancer came up with "Surfer Doll."

Helpmann promptly recorded it in Honolulu for the Blue Pacific label with a simple guitar backing.

The tapes were sent to the mainland, where a big backing and chorus were added. The result is definitely hit material, and you can buy it now on H.M.V.

Don't miss

Disc

The great new five-page pop music review in Everybody's magazine

*

NEWS • PICTURES • AUSTRALIAN AND OVERSEAS CHARTS • REVIEWS • STAR DOSSIER • UP-TO-THE-MINUTE U.S., BRITISH AND LOCAL RECORD NEWS.

*

Now in Everybody's Out tomorrow 16

GUESS WHO is hiding behind the moustache! It's none other than Cliff Richard, all dressed up as a cowboy in a hilarious scene from his new film, "Wonderful Life." Plans are afoot to bring Cliff and The Shadows to Australia toward the end of the year.

No Beatle mop for this girl

THERE is one Liverpool artist who doesn't wear a Beatle jacket, sport a mop-top hairdo and tapered trousers.

This singer wears pastels and has hairdos straight from top coiffeurs of London's West End.

She's a girl, of course, and her name is Cilla Black, 20, the only female star yet to emerge from the Mersey scene.

Like **The Beatles, Gerry and The Pacemakers,** and **Billy J. Kramer,** Cilla is under contract to **Brian Epstein,** the man who turned the Liverpool sound into an institution and unknown Liverpudlians into the stuff screams are made of.

It all started like this.

About a year ago, the night Brian Epstein signed up The Beatles, he dropped in at the Cavern Club, where they were playing after returning from Germany.

"I was then the cloakroom attendant at the Cavern," said Cilla, "but lots of my friends knew I was keen on singing and that I had already had two shots at a stage career.

"As The Beatles were playing these friends called out, 'Go on up and sing with 'em, Cilla!' — as though I could have done that without being invited.

"But Paul McCartney heard my pals, and between numbers he yelled down, 'Listen, girl, are you going to come up and sing or aren't you?'

"So I got up on the stage and asked if they knew 'Summertime.' They said they did but in what key?

"I didn't know anything about music, so I shouted back 'Yale.'

"That was my lucky night, for Brian Epstein heard me and offered to manage me soon afterwards."

Before this encounter Cilla had been very friendly with **Ringo Starr,** who was then drummer with **Rory Storm** and **The Hurricanes.**

Cilla earned 5/- an hour as a typist when she left school and most of her salary went on clothes for her singing jobs in her spare time.

Now things are different. Cilla White, the redhead from the Liverpool suburb Everton, has changed her name to Cilla Black and has a big hit in England called "Anyone Who Has a Heart."

A fortnight ago it hit the top of the charts, making Cilla the first girl to reach that peak since Helen Shapiro did two years ago.

Folksingers

GOOD news for folkniks.

America's most popular folksinging group, **Peter, Paul, and Mary,** will be here in May for a series of concerts.

Gardening Book — page 176

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796834

PETER, PAUL, AND MARY, the famous U.S. folksingers who will visit Australia in May, are Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, and Mary Travers.

The two bearded balladeers and their far-out blonde companion, pictured hereabouts, had their first hit in Australia with "Puff the Magic Dragon."

Next they switched to songs of social consciousness with "If I Had a Hammer" and "Blowin' in the Wind."

Although they have been adopted by almost every university in the U.S.A. as the favorite trio of undergraduates, they have an act which is sure to appeal to all Australians.

Col's new song

NEWS has just come to me on my hotline from America that **Frank McNulty,** the American songwriter who gave **Col Joye** two of his biggest hits—"Bye Bye Baby" and "Moonlit Night" — has another up his sleeve for Col with the same successful sound.

Though Col's popularity has never waned, as evidenced by the crowds currently packing the Col Joye Spectacular tour of South Australia, it has been quite a time since Col had a tune in the Top Ten.

Maybe the McNulty magic can do the trick.

Still surfing

THE BEATLE binge has almost banished surfing music from the Top Ten, but **The Delltones** are determined to keep a local theme in their records.

Their next will be another surfing number, written by the man who gave them "Hangin' Five," **Ben Acton.**

The boys put this one down at a session shortly before they took off a few weeks back on their tour of all States. Title of the new disc is "Out the Back."

Sure shots

"Little Crooked Man," Serendipity Singers (Philips), "Anyone Who Has a Heart," Dionne Warwick (Philips).

"I don't care how he does it, as long as he pops the question."

Quartet for Condon show

WHEN Australian jazz pianist Dick Hughes opens the Eddie Condon Show at Sydney Stadium on March 13 and 14, he'll be realising a boyhood dream.

"I BOUGHT my first Eddie Condon record when I was 11 years old," he said, "and I've been a follower of him ever since.

"But I never thought I'd have the chance to play on the same programme. I guess I'll bore my grandchildren one day with the story of how my quartet opened his show."

Eddie and his All Star Jazz Group will appear at the Adelaide Arts Festival from March 6 to March 10, and in Melbourne on March 11 and 12.

Eddie Condon, a guitarist, is an uncompromising jazzman who began playing in the 'twenties, when musicians like Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa were experimenting with new jazz forms.

He has played at the U.S. Newport Jazz Festival several times and made a very successful tour of England six years ago.

He recently formed The All-Star Jazz Group specially for the Adelaide Festival tour.

Dick believes that his quartet was asked to open the Sydney Show because its music was sympathetic to Condon's style.

"We play mostly mainstream jazz," he said, "which is neither very trad nor very modern.

"We play some Dixieland, and some Jump music, which is jazz with a strong negro influence which began back in the 'thirties."

The Dick Hughes Quartet has been playing together for years. They were together in the Port Jackson Jazz Band, and when that group disbanded they decided to continue as a quartet.

● **For a pin-up of the Dick Hughes Quartet, turn to page 16. From left, Dick Hughes, John Costelloe (trombone), Bryan Kelly (drums), and John McCarthy (clarinet).**

WORTH HEARING

TCHAIKOVSKY: First Piano Concerto.

WITHOUT much doubt the vote for the most popular of all piano concertos would go to the first piano concerto of Tchaikovsky. Few critics would suggest that it is therefore the greatest of its kind, but most of its popularity is well deserved, nevertheless.

Its two fast movements (the first and third) have an infectious enthusiasm, a fine romantic sweep, and an abundance of appealing melodies (the opening theme, like so many of Tchaikovsky's tunes, was transformed into a hit song about 20 years ago). The central movement has a gentle charm and a touch of whimsicality. And the work as a whole is a wonderful display piece for a virtuoso pianist.

Few living pianists, if any, would be better qualified to play this work than Artur Rubinstein, who is a master in the romantic tradition. Rubinstein has recorded it (for the fourth time) in a new R.C.A. release in which he collaborates with conductor Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is in every respect a splendid recording; in the solo interpretation, the orchestral playing, and the technical quality. One of the most attractive features of Rubinstein's and Leinsdorf's interpretation is its restraint. Even at the climaxes it is always musical: it never degenerates into mere applause-getting noise and excitement.—**Martin Long.**

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TEENA

by Wilda Tenny

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TOPS IN SPORT

No chance of going stale

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Champion athletes spend so much time training hard that the prospect of "going stale" is their greatest enemy — but this is no problem for Helen Frith.

HELEN — a 24-year-old typist at the Sydney G.P.O.—stars in the pentathlon, a tough five-sport event which includes the high jump, long jump, 80-metres hurdles, 200-metres sprint, and the shot-put.

Though she devotes five nights a week, Monday to Friday, to track and field work, she trains for a different sport each night.

That gives her a week between training sessions in each sport, and prevents her going stale in any one.

It's Helen's great ambition to win a medal for Australia at the Tokyo Games this year when the pentathlon will be on the programme for the first time in Olympic history.

A world-class jumper who has represented Australia both in the Empire and Olympic Games, Helen first came into the sporting spotlight about nine years ago when her family moved from Darwin to Bathurst, N.S.W.

In Darwin she had been an enthusiastic runner, and running became her main sport at her new school until Lady Luck stepped in.

"A schoolmate was to have contested the high jump at a country carnival, and when she dropped out the teacher told me to take her place," said Helen.

"It was the first time I had given it a go, but I cleared 4ft. 6in. and won the title.

"From then on I thought I had better prospects at high jumping than sprinting. For one thing, there's not as much competition," she added with characteristic frankness.

In 1958 she made the Cardiff Empire Games team, and won a bronze medal in the high jump; and at the 1960 Rome Olympics she finished a creditable sixth.

By 1962, Helen had broken the Commonwealth and Australian Pentathlon records (with a tally of 4431 points), and in the Perth Commonwealth Games she won two silver medals — high jump and long jump.

Though her athletic career has already been so successful, Helen is determined that her best results are yet to come, and she has certainly never shown more promise than this season.

An oh-so-slim brunette of 5ft. 10½in., Helen hopes that at Tokyo she will be able to compete in the high jump and long jump events, as well as in the pentathlon.

For all her talent, however, Helen's track to Tokyo isn't easy.

She travels by train from Wahroonga every week day to the city, where she does a full day's work at the G.P.O., then sets off for training, getting home about 10 p.m.

And on Saturdays she has always got to produce her best form for competition.

It leaves no time for any other hobbies, and Helen finds that even doing fancywork (her favorite way of relaxing) is restricted these days to travelling in the train to and from work.

Recently Helen became engaged, and she plans to marry in 1966.

And when did she find time to meet romance?

"Well, he is an athlete I met at training," she said.

"After all, where else would I find a man willing to put up with a girl who had a steady date five nights a week with the training track?"

NEXT WEEK: Bob Cowper.

HELEN FRITH, the Sydney typist who is training hard in the five separate sports of the pentathlon.

Beauty in brief

NICE SHOULDERS

EVER looked at your back and shoulders and wondered if you could make them look nicer in a hurry?

If by nicer you mean smoother and better in texture, a week or two of special attention will certainly improve them quite a lot, and even banish an odd spot or so.

Clean-up treatment for shoulders and backs that are oily-skinned and spotty starts with a daily bath.

With lots of warm water, a long-handled bath-brush or a loofah, and bland soap, scrub the skin gently all over until you raise a rich soap lather. This will improve circulation and help to banish spots and blackheads.

It will also smooth over particles of rough skin that accumulate and clog the pores and cause blemishes.

After each soap-and-water treatment splash all over with cold water and pat dry. If need be, smooth a little medicated cream or lotion over hard-to-discourage spots.

And try wearing a cosmetic cape whenever you brush or comb your hair; dust and dandruff that falls and settles on the shoulders and back is a frequent cause of troublesome spots and blemishes. — **Carolyn Earle.**

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Economy drive

"I AM trying to save my money and economise with it, as I want to learn singing and go for a holiday in Queensland in September. I am 15 years old and earn £5/19/4 a week. I pay £3 a week for board, £1 train fares, and £1 church and banking money, which leaves me 19/4 for personal needs. Could you please tell me a way in which I can ask my mother to drop my rent to £2 a week without offending her?"

"Many Problems," N.S.W.

You have the right idea in trying to budget. You do need more money if you want both the holiday and the singing lessons.

But isn't your mother depending on getting your £3 a week? If she needs the money to run the household, why not get a part-time job on Saturday morning or on one or two evenings a week — babysitting, perhaps — to earn some extra money. First, have a heart-to-heart talk with her about it.

Embarrassed blonde

"I'M a 15-year-old girl who made a terrible mistake. Two weeks ago I put peroxide in the water when I washed my hair. Not just a little peroxide—a whole lot. I meant for my hair to be a few shades lighter, but it turned out much lighter than I expected. My parents went wild when they saw me. I got orders to get a short haircut at once. Now my hair is blond on the ends but close to the scalp it's dark brown, and I look like a field animal. My mother won't let me go to the hairdresser to have anything done—she says I have to 'sweat it out.' I previously promised a school-friend's brother I'd go to a church teenage social. He is a very shy type and does not know many girls. I would not like to turn him down, but! Should I go to the dance, which will only cause embarrassment? How am I to get back on friendly terms with my parents?"

"Desperate," Vic.

Your mother is trying to teach you a lesson by embarrassing you. If you can show her that you are sincerely sorry she may feel the lesson has gone far enough.

Why not ask her to go to the hairdresser with you to see what can be done to make you look better, and how much the treatment would cost.

If she still refuses, you are obliged to go to the dance as you promised. By now everyone is probably used to seeing your hair, and it shouldn't cause too much of a stir. Don't part it, and try wearing a wide band to hide the worst of it.

Getting acquainted

"WE are two rather shy 15-year-old girls. Recently we returned from a holiday at a seaside resort where we met two boys whom we like very much, and we think they like us. Every time they saw us they would smile and say hello, but that is as far as it got, as they were just as shy as we were. We are going back at Easter and want to get to know them better. Could you suggest any way we could get better acquainted with them?"

"S.S. and S.S.," N.S.W.

The boys may have been afraid of offending you and left it up to you to show that you were willing to be friendly.

You seem to know their habits, so make sure to be in the places they go. When they say hello, smile, look them in the eye and answer them.

They'll be sure to hesitate, and that's your opportunity to ask them something about their town. If you know what interests them, get on to that topic, such as how to find a shop with a new surfing magazine.

But from there, it will be up to them. Girls always lose out if they get too eager.

Boyish looks

"I AM going with a very nice boy whom I met while on recent holidays. I have brought him home several times, but my mother, after he leaves, tells me he looks about 12 and should still be in short pants. At first I laughed this off, but on his last visit I realised she was quite serious, as she passed a few remarks to that effect. How can I get her to stop? I realise he is rather young looking, but I hadn't really noticed it until she remarked on it."

"Too Young," Vic.

Your mother may be only teasing you. Why not ask her? Talk quite seriously. If she is teasing you she will say so. If she has some other objection, that will come out, too.

Safety in numbers

"I AM desperate! Please help me! I'm in love with one boy, but I go out with another. The boy I love lives in another State, and we write to one another. I have already broken up with the second boy once, and I would hate to hurt him again, as my parents thought I was terrible when I broke up with him the first time. Do you think I should keep going out with him? (He hasn't asked me to go steady, but he told my parents he's in love with me.) Or should I break off now before he gets serious? My fellow

A word from Debbie . . .

● *For flowers all year round, try experimenting with some of the everlasting plastic flowers.*

THEY'RE easy to manage and washable — just dip in a lukewarm solution of detergent and water.

A waxy waterlily floating in a shallow glass dish is a charming table decoration.

A bunch of lily-of-the-valley on the window-sill of your bathroom will survive the steamy atmosphere and look fresh and pretty.

For your bedroom, stitch a chain of daisies around the rim of your bedside lampshade, or round the top of your waste-paper basket.

Hold back your white curtains with some ivy, finishing the effect with a green velvet bow.

Use a bunch of artificial cherries to make a serviette ring.

Put a single flower in a specimen vase for your desk — maybe a pale pink rose.

Or why not try a daffodil on the handle of your shopping basket?

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knows I go out with this boy, and that it's not serious."

"Cathy," Qld.

It sounds as though the poor boy is already serious, and if you are sure you don't care for him the only thing to do is to stop seeing him before he gets even more involved.

If you want to go out while separated from the other boy try dating a variety of lads—that makes it easier to keep things light and gay.

Teasing mates

"I'VE been out with many boys, and for the past eight months I've been very keen on a boy who lives in a nearby town but often comes and stays here in my home town. He has told friends he likes me, and I've been out with him, but my problem is I'm afraid he'll turn against me because of his cousins teasing him about me all the time. Even when we're together they tease us both and make us blush. Now he looks away when he's with his cousins because of their teasing. Do you think he still likes me if he looks away from me when he's with them, or do you think it's because of their teasing?"

C.T., S.A.

Young men are not very sure of themselves and are quite sensitive to teasing from their mates. In front of them he's bound to be embarrassed and unwilling to be openly affectionate toward you.

Don't take any notice of it, and be equally matter-of-fact with him. The others will get used to the situation and stop teasing before long.

Cricket rival

"I AM very much in love with a 17-year-old boy. The trouble is that I'm not sure if he has the same feelings about me. He isn't very interested in girls, but he puzzles me sometimes, because one day he is all smiles and goes for a drive with me. The next day he is just the opposite, despite the fact that he says hello. I would like to know how to ask him if he loves me, because he never has time to come out now, as he is captain of a cricket team and spends nearly every minute of his time playing cricket. I forgot to mention, if it's any help, he is a very, very good and honest boy."

"On the Sidelines," Vic.

There's a time for everything, and this is the cricket season. But it's nearly ended. Bide your time, watch him play cricket, show you're keen for him to do well.

He seems to be fond of you, but there's room in both your lives for interests besides each other. Keep busy, and see what happens after the cricket season.

SPYING IS A PIECE OF (WEDDING) CAKE

● I see that British Secret Servicemen have decided that marriage is a security risk.

CIVIL Servants at the Government's Communications Headquarters must notify department heads if they plan to marry.

The Secret Service apparently fears that husbands will blab hush-hush stuff to wives — and need I say any more?

Apparently, if department heads aren't happy with the security risk of the bride-to-be — say, she has a family behind the Iron Curtain — they will move the groom to a less-responsible post.

I'm surprised that the Secret Service has taken so long to wake up to the dangers.

Most men have known always that a wife is a risk to security — the man's!

Still, the ruling will make communications headquarters blokes' love-lives pretty awkward.

I suppose a feller could be sacked for lovingly scribbling on his blotter, "Roses are red . . ."

And arranging a marriage will be more complicated.

It's always been messy enough with the girl's father asking, "Are you able to keep my daughter in the manner to which she has been accustomed?"

Now, probably, a suitor's department head will ask the groom-to-be: "Are you able to keep your trap shut in the manner to which you've been accustomed?"

The relationship between such a couple would be rather strained and formal, too.

"Have a bad day at the office, dear?" a wife would ask.

"I'm sorry, I'm not permitted to discuss classified material," hubby would have to reply.

A courting couple, of course, might welcome the restrictions.

They would have a good excuse to passionately kiss non-stop.

What better way to make sure their lips are sealed.

— Robin Adair

Sorry borrower

"RECENTLY I borrowed my sister's expensive bracelet to wear to a party. While I was dancing the catch must have broken somehow, and I lost it. I have not told her about it yet, as she only wears it on special occasions and hasn't noticed that it is missing. As the party was several weeks ago, I have lost all hope of finding it. It is much too valuable for me to replace, and I'm getting desperate about it. Please tell me how to own up about it. I have not told my parents yet. Please help me."

"Little Sister," W.A.

The mistake has been made, and now it's for you to face up to it and admit that you borrowed the bracelet without permission. The longer you put it off the worse it will be.

Your mother may be able to help you to tell your sister in the way which will upset her least.

You should offer to repay the price of the bracelet gradually from your spending money, or from a part-time job.

Perhaps your sister would be pacified if you offered her something of yours to partially replace the bracelet. Don't forget: Everyone makes mistakes—everyone.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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GOLD MEDALS FOR TREE AND SHRUB

● Australian-bred varieties of a shrub and small tree — a Pieris japonica and a pencil pine — this year have been awarded the first gold medals given by the Federation of Australian Nurserymen's Associations for an outstanding plant. The Federation was formed 19 years ago.

PIERIS JAPONICA CHANDLERII

THIS beautiful plant was first raised from a batch of Pieris japonica seedlings in 1934 by Mr. Bert Chandler, Como Nurseries, The Basin, Victoria, and was selected for further observation.

It proved to be outstanding, with distinct coloring, so cuttings were taken and the progeny has been marketed in Australia and abroad for many years.

Its distinctive feature, apart from its similarity in flower to the japonica variety, is the brilliant coloring of the spring foliage. This starts off as a lovely shade of pink, then changes through to gold as the leaves mature, to end in the rich glossy green so characteristic of the Pieris.

The leaves last well, and so are suitable for decorative work, and the white flower is larger than the normal japonica types.

The delicate foliage is very disease-resistant and does not burn in the sun. The Pieris enjoys a cool climate, but will grow in Sydney's North Shore area and does very well in the tablelands. Many successes have been reported in cool, shady spots in otherwise unlikely climates.

● Picture above was taken in spring.

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SWANE'S GOLDEN PENCIL PINE

SWANE'S golden pencil pine (Cupressus sempervirens stricta) is a fine addition to the conifer group. It has all the good points and none of the faults of the ordinary green pencil pine.

It is a slim, erect column of bright gold with a neat, regular outline and closely packed foliage. (The original plants are 20 years old and only about 15ft. in height.) It can be kept lower by an annual light shearing.

The original plants were grown at Swane Bros. Pty. Ltd., Ermington, N.S.W., 20 years ago. They were produced from seed collected from a pencil pine growing in Canberra; this plant had a section of gold, and was discovered by Mr. Ben Swane. From the seed a thousand young pines were produced, and 10 or more showed the golden tendency. Nine years later cuttings were taken to produce this outstanding variety.

Eight years ago the first plants were distributed to places as different in climate as Perth and Hobart. All have grown well, retaining their compact, erect habit with a glorious golden color. This conifer is excellent for ornamental pots as well as rock garden and specimen positions.

The gold medal awards for the Pieris japonica and pencil pine are being presented at the annual conference of the Federation of Australian Nurserymen's Associations, currently held in Melbourne.

Gardening Book — page 278

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Candelabras 65/-. Ice Jug 210/-. Fruit Bowl 155/-. Gravyboat 97/6. Vegetable dishes from 47/6. Serving platters from 95/-

Stainless comes to dinner. And pays a silent compliment to you. WMF holloware brings warmth and elegance to your table. Minted of the very finest Cromargan stainless and crafted with the deft touch of Germany's master artisans. It is the rare and beautiful blend of age-old skills and modern design. The holloware you will prize . . . for a lifetime. Leading stores will show you selections from the latest WMF range, some of which you see pictured above.

WMF HOLLOWARE

Within the curve of your palm rests beauty. The satin simplicity of WMF stainless. The rare blend of function with elegance. Sculptured to fit your hand. Each piece balanced to perfection. Lustrous. And minted of the finest Cromargan stainless. Here you see "Finesse" — one of many such graceful patterns. 42 piece cutlery suite £32.10.0. Others from £25.17.6. Accessories are available.

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Leading stores will be pleased to show you more from the wonderful WMF collection. For the name and address of the store nearest you, simply write to incorporated Agencies Pty. Ltd., 400 Kent Street, Sydney, or 'phone Sydney 29 1827. — Melbourne 32 3912. The Store names will be supplied.

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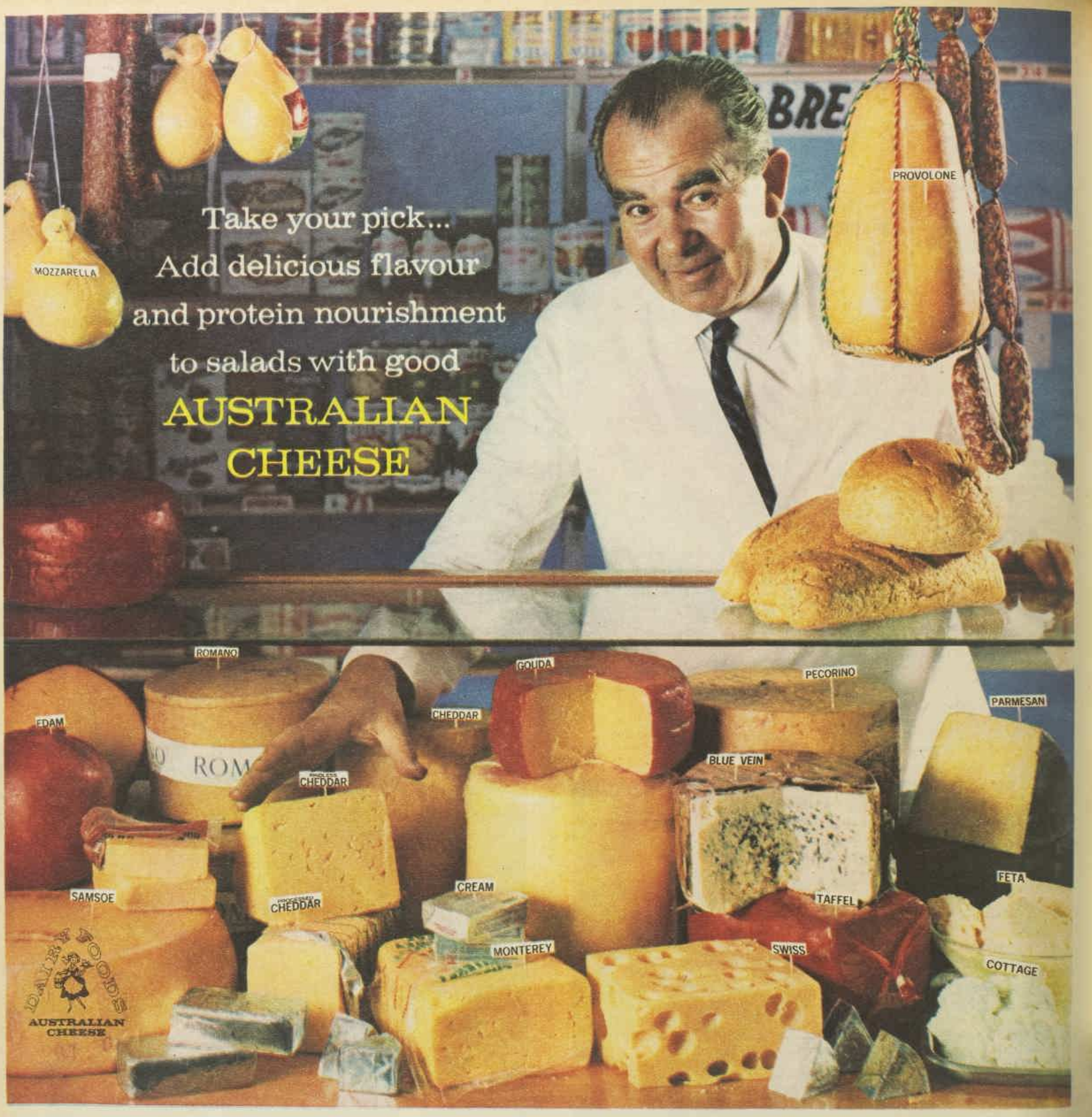

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AUSTRALIAN FIRM CHEESES

Cheddar and Rindless Cheddar. Flavour ranges from very mild to sharp. Cut from the block or pre-packed in plastic.

Processed Cheddar is a pre-packaged cheese mild uniform flavour makes it a popular all-purpose cheese.

Edam (pronounced E-dam). A mild rather nutty flavoured close textured cheese, relished as a dessert cheese with fruit or crackers.

Gouda (pronounced Gow-da) has a delicate flavour resembling mild cheddar and is enjoyed much the same way as Edam

Provolone (pronounced Pro-vo-lo-nee) has a robust flavour, excellent for hors d'oeuvres, snacks and hearty cheese dishes.

Swiss with its sweet, nutty flavour is popular for salads and sandwiches. It is used in special dishes such as Swiss Fondue.

Taffel has a texture similar to Gouda and Edam. Suitable for sandwiches, snacks and generally, as Cheddar.

Monterey is similar to mild Cheddar, made by a slightly different process, with the same uses as Cheddar.

Samsoe (pronounced Sam-so). Sweet nutty flavour with small evenly spaced "eyes" is suitable for salads, sandwiches, snacks.

AUSTRALIAN HARD CHEESES

Parmesan (pronounced Par-ma-san) is one of the world's best-loved cheeses. Generally grated, adds much flavour to soups, sauces, spaghettis, meat dishes and savouries.

Pecorino is a grating cheese like Parmesan with a sharper, sometimes biting flavour. Uses are the same as Parmesan.

Romano the mildest grating cheese is available – like Parmesan and Pecorino – in the piece, pre-packaged or ready-grated.

AUSTRALIAN SOFT RIPENED CHEESES

Blue Vein is one of the most popular foreign-type cheeses made in Australia. Its distinctive flavour is excellent for dips, dressings, spreads and appetisers.

Feta (pronounced Fetta) a moist very white cheese, more salty than other cheeses; always delicious particularly with dark bread or olives.

Mozzarella (pronounced Mote-za-rella) melts quickly on heating. Excellent on toasted sandwiches or as a topping for casseroles.

AUSTRALIAN SOFT UNRIPENED CHEESES

Cottage Cheese is made from skim milk. It is perfect for cheese cakes, sandwiches, dips and salads.

Cream cheese is made from cream and is excellent for cheese cakes; is also suitable for dips, spreads and as a dessert cheese.

PRESENTED IN THE INTERESTS OF GREATER CHEESE ENJOYMENT BY THE AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

M. André Simon world famous gourmet and Founder of London's Food and Wine Society says, "I think Australian Cheese is very good . . . it doesn't have to be frozen or carried vast distances through extremes of climate . . . it is better than imported cheese."

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FIVE-PAGE FEATURE

Cooking with CHEESE

● A little cheese can add a lot of rich, savory flavor to main meals, to snacks, to party foods. And in many delicious desserts, cream or cottage cheese is an essential ingredient.

MAROONED on Treasure Island, Ben Gunn made the wistful comment "Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese — toasted mostly." And it's true that when really hungry, or when the appetite just needs tempting, cheese gives savory satisfaction.

A crunchy biscuit, the filling for a savory pancake dish, a smooth mellow cheesecake — the right choice of cheese gives a special quality to these and the other recipes in this feature.

MAIN DISHES

FRENCH CHEESE SOUP

One crusty french loaf, ½ pint cream, ½lb. grated cheese, 2 cups sherry, ¼lb. tomatoes (skinned), ¼lb. butter or substitute, ¼lb. white onions, ¼lb. bacon, ½lb. cheddar cheese, salt, pepper, ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 3 cups chicken stock, extra grated cheese.

In large ovenproof dish place layer of french bread, sliced ¼in. thick. Sprinkle with half the grated cheese, pour over half the cream and half the sherry; repeat layers. Set dish aside at least 2 hours. In large pan melt butter, add chopped onions, bacon, and tomatoes, saute until onions are transparent and lightly browned. Add stock, stir thoroughly. Add cheddar cheese, roughly chopped, salt, pepper; place over low heat to simmer gently until cheese has melted, stir frequently; stir in chopped parsley. Pour cheese mixture over bread layers, sprinkle with a little grated cheese, place in oven just to heat through. If desired, dish can be placed under griller to brown cheese topping.

ITALIAN SPINACH PIE

One baked 8in. shortcrust pastry-case, 2 bunches spinach, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, freshly ground pepper, ½lb. cottage cheese, 3 eggs (beaten), 2oz. grated parmesan cheese, 6 tablespoons cream, nutmeg.

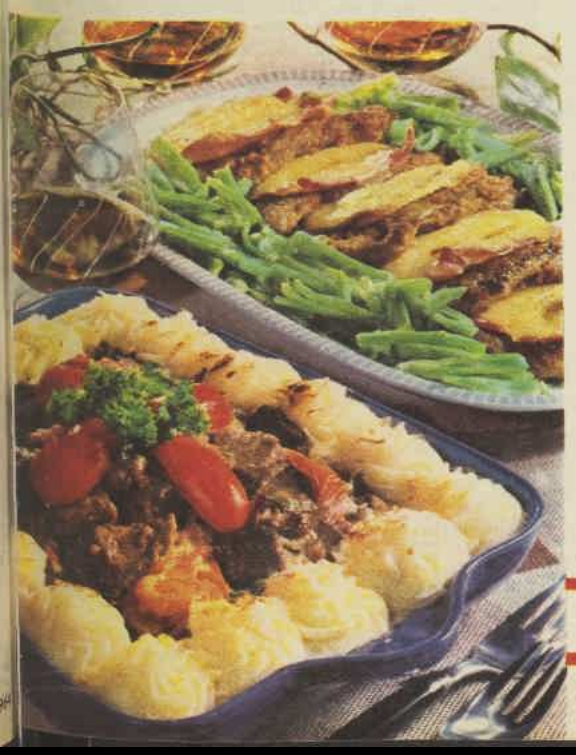
Wash spinach well, chop finely, cover with boiling water, and bring just to boil again; drain very well. Melt butter in pan, add spinach, salt, pepper; cook until spinach is tender. Add cottage and parmesan cheeses, beaten eggs, and cream; season to taste with nutmeg. Spread mixture into baked pastry-case, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until cheese custard is set and golden brown. Serve hot, cut into wedges.

VEAL ESCALOPES MOZZARELLA

Six very thin scallops of veal, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, fine breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 6 slices of ham, 6 thin slices mozzarella cheese.

Beat eggs, season with salt and pepper. Dip veal pieces in egg then in crumbs. Saute in heated butter until golden brown on both sides. Drain well, arrange in shallow ovenproof dish. Top each scallop with slice of ham and slice of cheese. Bake in moderate oven until cheese is melted. Serve immediately.

Continued overleaf



***MAIN DISHES** above are Savory Layered Flan, French Cheese Soup, Chicken with Asparagus. The Cheese Dipped Puffs recipe is in Party Foods section.*

GOLDEN CRUST BEEF PIE and Veal Escalopes Mozzarella are two of the Main Dish recipes in this feature which make good use of cheese as an ingredient.

HOW TO MAKE PERFECT WELSH RABBIT

● This delicious savory dish, for all its simplicity, is one of the best known and most popular of cheese recipes.

IF you've heard controversy rage over the name of this dish — "rabbit" or "rarebit — we quote Webster's definition, which should settle all arguments.

"WELSH RABBIT." A dish, variously made, of melted or toasted cheese, often mixed with ale or beer, poured over toasted bread or crackers; a jocose term . . . that through failure to recognise the joke is commonly modified in cookbooks to Welsh Rarebit."

THE RECIPE

Two egg-yolks, 1½lb. cheddar cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ cup ale, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Melt butter in chafing-dish or double saucepan over simmering water and very low heat, then add paprika, the dry and prepared mustard, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper; mix well, add ale and cheese (cut into ½in. cubes). Cook, stirring frequently, until cheese is completely melted. When mixture is very hot, beat the 2 egg-yolks slightly and fold into the mixture. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly, then pour over toast (allowing 2 slices per person). Serve immediately.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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Five-page cookery feature . . . continued.

EASY GALA DESSERT MADE WITH CHEESE

CREAM cheese adds a rich smoothness to the texture of the easily prepared strawberry souffle shown below. It makes a wonderful party dessert.

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLE

Three cups fresh or quick-frozen strawberries, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 4 eggs, ¾ cup castor sugar, pinch salt, 8oz. packaged cream cheese, extra strawberries to decorate.

Put cream cheese aside to soften at room temperature. Mash strawberries and set aside. Separate eggs.

Soak gelatine in the cold water. In top of double saucepan, over hot water, mix together beaten egg-yolks, salt, and ½ cup of the sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add gelatine (which has been dissolved over hot water) and cream cheese; stir until dissolved; cool. Mix in strawberry puree. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Continue beating until mixture is smooth and satiny. Fold into strawberry mixture.

Fasten band of greased aluminium foil or paper round edge of ungreased souffle-dish so paper stands 3in. above rim. Pour in strawberry mixture; refrigerate several hours until firm. Carefully remove foil or paper just before serving. Garnish with halved additional strawberries.

Main dishes . . . continued

GOLDEN-CRUST BEEF PIE

One and half pounds round steak, 2 tablespoons hot fat, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 green pepper, 2 large tomatoes, ½ cup diced celery, 2lb. cooked potato, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon flour, milk for glazing, tomato wedges.

Cut steak into small cubes. Saute with onions in hot fat until well browned, stirring occasionally; add stock and seasonings, simmer 1½ hours. Add chopped pepper, celery, and tomatoes during last 30 minutes of cooking time. Beat cooked potato to a fluff with little milk and butter. Add flour, half the cheese. Turn meat into ovenproof dish, spoon or pipe cheesed potato round edge. Glaze with milk, sprinkle with remainder of cheese. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with tomato wedges.

CHICKEN WITH ASPARAGUS

One chicken, 1 sliced onion, 1 stick celery, ½ cup flour, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 3 packets potato crisps, 1 can asparagus pieces, ½ cup sliced almonds, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 large can evaporated milk.

Place chicken in saucepan and cover with water, add onion, celery, a little salt and pepper; bring slowly to the boil, skimming off any scum. Cover, simmer until almost tender; cool. Cut chicken into serving sections, dip in mixture of flour, salt, pepper, paprika. Fry in hot fat or oil until brown, drain. Arrange drained asparagus, chicken, almonds, and ¾ cup cheese in layers in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Pour over evaporated milk. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, then arrange slightly crushed potato crisps round edge of dish and sprinkle with remaining cheese; bake further 5 minutes or until crisps are heated.

SALAMI-CHEESE PIE

Half-pound shortcrust pastry, 3 eggs, 3 cups shredded mozzarella cheese, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped salami, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, salt, pepper.

Roll out pastry thinly, line 9in. pie-plate; trim edges, pinch frill round edge. Beat eggs well, mix in remaining ingredients. Carefully spoon into pie-case; bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, continue baking until filling is firm (about 25 minutes). Serve hot or cold.

CHEESED NOODLE ROUND

Six ounces noodles, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups grated cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, vegetables or cooked meat for filling, bacon rolls and parsley for garnish.

Cook noodles in plenty of fast-boiling water; rinse, drain in cold water. Beat eggs, add to warmed milk; stir in grated cheese, salt, pepper, and noodles. Pour into greased 8in. ring-mould. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Unmould, fill centre with cooked meat or vegetable filling. Garnish with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

SAVORY LAYERED FLAN

One 8in. cooked flan-case, 1½lb. minced steak, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon oregano, 1 onion (chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), ½lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup stock, 2 large tomatoes, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, ¼lb. mushrooms, butter, chopped parsley.

Melt butter in pan, add onions, saute until transparent. Add the skinned, chopped tomatoes, green pepper, steak, and seasonings. Cook, stirring occasionally, until meat is well browned; add stock, simmer 5 minutes. Cool. Spoon into cooked flan-case, arrange layer of tomato slices over top. Sprinkle with the grated cheese. Heat in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes or until cheese has melted. Spoon over the mushrooms, which have been chopped and sauteed in a little butter. Garnish with parsley.

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FIVE-PAGE COOKERY FEATURE . . . continued

DICTIONARY OF CHEESES

● This cheese dictionary has been compiled to simplify selection from the wide variety of interesting cheeses now available in Australia. They are grouped under the various types to enable you to choose the one that suits you best.

AUSTRALIAN-MADE Gouda, Swiss, Cheddar, and Feta.

BLUE VEIN Cheese, also Australian-made.

AMONG the many types of cheese now on sale in Australian shops are locally made versions of 19 famous overseas cheeses as well as the imported originals.

FIRM CHEESES

CAERPHILLY (British): Mild-flavored, creamy white, made originally in the Welsh village of Caerphilly. Now made extensively throughout southern England.

CHEDDAR (British): Originally made in the Somerset village of Cheddar, this cheese has become universally popular — in fact, "cheddar" means "cheese" to more than half the English-speaking world. All-purpose, used for sandwiches and snacks and as a pleasant addition to soups, meat dishes, etc.

Sixty-nine natural cheddars are made in Australia — 21 in N.S.W. alone, 11 in Victoria, 15 in Queensland, eight in South Australia, eight in Western Australia, and six in Tasmania. Some are sold in other States besides their home States.

Food stores can supply the names of these local cheddars.

Processed cheddar is also available; this is rindless — an advantage because entire cheese can be eaten.

CHESHIRE (British): There are three varieties — Red, White, and Old Blue, although the latter is rarely seen now. Red and White Cheshire are mellow-flavored, popular for snacks, sandwiches.

EDAM (Dutch): Round, ball-shaped, with distinctive red rind. Mild, rather salty flavor, is an excellent dessert cheese.

EMMENTALER (Swiss): Similar to Gruyere in appearance, taste. Made in huge wheels, each weighing about 200lb.; is good for snacks, essential ingredient in Swiss fonde.

GOUDA (Dutch): All-purpose with flat, cylindrical shape; flavor similar to cheddar.

GRUYERE (Swiss): Similar to Emmentaler in appearance, but made in smaller "wheels." Has same characteristic holes or "eyes," and mild, nutlike flavor.

LANCASHIRE (British): Creamy-colored, crumbly, is excellent toasted or as topping for soups, casseroles. Becomes more pungent with age.

LEICESTER (British): Good dessert cheese with mild flavor. Has rich orange color, rather flaky texture..

NEW ZEALAND EPICURE: Well-flavored "cheddar" type from N.Z.

PROVOLONE (Italian): Smooth, hard, in pear, cone, or sausage shapes. Robust flavor, excellent for canapes and snacks. As it ages and moisture evaporates it makes good grating cheese.

SAMSOE (Danish): Known as the "Swiss cheese of Denmark"; sweet, nutty flavor similar to Gruyere. Now manufactured in Australia.

TAFFEL (Danish): Mild-flavored "table" cheese ("taffel" is German for table); similar texture to Gouda and Edam. Imported and Australian-made varieties both available.

WENSLEYDALE (British): Large, white, with rather creamy texture, mild flavor. Delicious with wedges of warm apple pie.

SEMI-SOFT CHEESES

BEL PAESE (Italian): Semi-soft, cylindrical-shaped, with elastic consistency. Used in cooking (as topping for pizza, lasagne, etc.) or for dessert.

BURRINO (Italian): Egg-shaped, unique because of the piece of butter found in the centre. Mild flavor, similar to Mozzarella.

FETA (Greek): Moist, white, traditionally made from ewe's or goat's milk. Distinctive salty taste due to dry salt rubbed into the curd during manufacture. Good for snacks with brown bread and black olives.

FYNBO (Danish): Rounded, cylindrical-shaped, with mild flavor. Good for snacks, salads, etc.

GJETOST (Norwegian): Goat's-milk cheese, pleasantly flavored, is distinguished by its dark caramel color. Slice wafer-thin and serve with brown bread or biscuits.

HARVARTI (Danish): Flavor similar to the more familiar Port Salut, for which it makes a pleasant substitute.

LIMBURGER (German): Semi-firm, strong-smelling, and strong-tasting; best served as a dessert or, if mixed with other milder cheeses, as spread for canapes.

MOZZARELLA (Italian): Mild flavor and slightly resilient texture: Usually sold in pear-shaped cheeses weighing about 1lb.; makes delicious topping for pizza, meat loaves, casseroles, etc.

MONTEREY (OR JACK) CHEESE (American): Cheddar type, has similar flavor to cheddar, but manufactured in slightly different way. An Australian Monterey is now available.

PORT SALUT (French): Rectangular-shaped with deep yellow rind and porous texture. Delicious, with rather strong aroma and flavor.

TILSIT (Danish): Has porous texture similar to Port Salut.

TOME AUX RAISINS (French): Cylindrical-shaped, rather like a white Port Salut. Outside is closely covered with grape pips, which form distinctive black "rind." Occasionally available in Australia.

SOFT-RIPENING

BRIE (French): Soft, creamy texture. Traditionally packaged in flat pancake-shape, but is sometimes sold in Australia in small, foil-wrapped triangles.

CAMEMBERT (French): Soft, ripened cheese; Danish Camembert also available. Small and cylindrical-shaped, it is usually sold in Australia in cans. A popular dessert cheese.

BLUE-VEINED

DANISH BLUE (Danish): Has distinctive marbling or blue mould, rather sharp flavor. Best as dessert cheese or as appetiser with pre-dinner drinks. A similar cheese (Australian Blue Vein) is made locally.

GORGONZOLA (Italian): Famous "blue" cheese. Strong flavor, greatly appreciated by connoisseurs as dessert cheese.

ROQUEFORT (French): Generally recognised as the aristocrat of French cheeses, is made from ewe's milk. The genuine article is matured in limestone caves near the village of Roquefort. Expensive, but delicious at all times.

STILTON (British): Famous "blue"-type, with rich, strong flavor and aroma. A whole Stilton is a handsome object weighing about 15lb., but individual jars and slices are also available. Really good dessert cheese, appreciated by the connoisseur who prefers full-bodied cheese.

GRATING CHEESES

PARMESAN (Italian): Its age can be determined by the color — the longer it is allowed to age the whiter it becomes. Available in pieces or ready grated in packets; has delicious flavor. Add to soups, pastas, meat dishes, risottos, etc.

PECORINO (Italian): Similar to Parmesan but with stronger, more pungent flavor. Usually sold in pieces or pre-packaged portions.

ROMANO (Italian): Milder flavor than Parmesan or Pecorino. Used extensively in cooking (particularly Italian dishes), is available ready grated, in packages, or in bulk.

CREAM TYPE

COTTAGE CHEESE: Similar to cream cheese, but is made from skim milk and, therefore, has low fat content; is a rich source of protein. Creamed cottage cheese (to which cream has been added) is also available. This is generally sold in bulk.

CREAM CHEESE: Made from the fresh curds of whole milk with cream and salt added. Extremely versatile, can be used in sweet and savory dishes, salads, etc.

RICOTTA: Italian-style fine-curded cream cheese, available locally. The only cream cheese made from whey; all the others are made from curds. Use for continental-type cheesecakes, pancakes, etc.

Party foods overleaf

SAVORY TOMATO-CHEESE PANCAKES (shown at right)

Pancakes: One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Filling: Quarter-pound Mozzarella cheese, 2½ cups cottage cheese, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg.

Sauce: Half cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 1½lb. skinned and chopped tomatoes, salt and pepper, 2 cups stock or water, 1 tablespoon butter.

Pancakes: Sift together flour and salt. Combine eggs and milk, add to dry ingredients, mix until smooth. Pour batter, 2 tablespoons at a time, into hot, greased small pan; tilt pan to make round, thin pancake. Brown about 1 minute on each side. Continue until all batter is used. Cut Mozzarella cheese into as many strips as there are pancakes; place strip on each pancake. Combine all remaining filling ingredients, place 1 to 1½ tablespoons of filling over cheese strip on pancake, roll up. Pour ¾ cup sauce into shallow, greased oven-proof dish, add pancakes, cover with additional ¾ cup sauce. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with reserved sauce.

Sauce: Melt butter in pan, add onion, celery; saute 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper, cook further 5 minutes, add stock. Simmer 15 minutes.

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TIGER

GRUYERE CHEESE

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MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS

OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS, Cheese Party Crisps, and Cheese Straws. See recipes in Party Foods section.

SAVORY SNACKS TO SERVE HOT

TOASTED CHEESE

Four ounces well-flavored grated cheese, ½oz. butter, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, freshly ground pepper, little beer or cider, slices of buttered toast or fried bread.

Combine cheese, butter, mustard, and pepper and add sufficient beer to make a paste. Spread on to slices of toast or fried bread and brown under the griller. Serve immediately.

GOLDEN WEST SANDWICH

Bread slices, mustard, thinly sliced cheddar cheese, thinly sliced ham, sliced tomatoes, salt and pepper, chutney, softened butter.

For each sandwich, spread 1 slice of bread with prepared mustard. Top with slice each of cheese and ham and layer of sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Spread a second slice of bread with chutney. Place chutney side down on top of tomatoes. Spread outside of sandwich with softened butter. Saute sandwiches in frying-pan until golden brown on both sides; serve.

SWISS PANCAKE

Four eggs, 1¼ cups sifted flour, 4oz. gruyere cheese (grated), salt and freshly ground pepper, ½ cup milk, 5 dessertspoons butter, green salad.

Beat eggs, gradually add the flour, mixing until smooth. Add cheese, salt, and freshly ground pepper to taste, milk, and 2 dessertspoons melted butter. Heat another 2 dessertspoons butter in large frying-pan, add all the batter. When pancake is well cooked on one side, add remaining butter to pan and turn pancake to cook on other side. Cut into wedges, serve with green salad.

CHEESE — ANCHOVY EGGS

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup dry white wine, salt and cayenne, 6 eggs, ½ cup grated cheese, 6 slices buttered toast, anchovy fillets.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in shallots and parsley; cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Then add wine and seasonings, stir until mixture begins to bubble. Add beaten eggs and cheese, stir over low heat until soft and blended. Pile on to toast slices, top each with criss-cross of anchovy fillets. Serve immediately.

CHEESE OMELET WITH CROUTONS

Approximately 1 dozen small squares of bread, oil for frying, 4 eggs, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Fry the bread squares in hot oil until golden brown on all sides; drain well. Beat eggs, adding salt and pepper to taste. Heat butter in frying-pan, pour in the eggs, cook as for an omelet. Sprinkle croutons and cheese across middle of omelet, fold it over quickly, slice on to hot dish, serve immediately. Serves 2.

SAVORY CHEESE LOAF

One small loaf bread, thin slices of cheddar or Mozzarella cheese, softened butter, 1 small tin anchovy fillets, ½ teaspoon oregano.

Slice bread almost through at ½in. intervals, being careful to keep it intact. Place slices of cheese between bread slices, spread top of loaf with softened butter. Drain anchovy fillets, arrange in thin strips along top of loaf. Sprinkle with oregano, bake in a hot oven 10 minutes or until cheese melts and bubbles and bread becomes golden brown.

This is an excellent accompaniment to a soup-and-salad meal.

PARTY FOODS

RECIPES in this section will give you lots of ideas for tasty cheese dishes to serve at your next party.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature. Plain flour is used, unless otherwise stated.

Quantities are sufficient for 4 to 6, unless otherwise stated.

SURPRISE POTATO BALLS

Four medium-sized potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½lb. swiss or cheddar cheese, extra 3oz. butter, 1 clove garlic.

Peel and cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender; drain and mash. Add salt, the dessertspoon butter, eggs, and nutmeg; beat until smooth. Let stand until cold. Cut cheese into ¾in. cubes. Mould beaten potatoes round cubes to form balls about the size of walnuts. Melt 3oz. butter in frypan; add cut clove garlic, stir into butter to flavor; remove garlic. Fry potato balls in butter over low heat, turning gently with spatula until lightly browned on all sides. Add more butter to pan if required. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

HAM AND CHEESE CANAPES

Small rounds of freshly made toast, garlic butter, thinly sliced ham, slices of swiss or cheddar cheese, paprika.

Spread bread with garlic butter, top with round of ham and slice of cheese. Place under griller until cheese is brown and bubbly. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve hot.

CHEESE-DIPPED PUFFS

One loaf firm unsliced white bread, 3oz. cream cheese, ¾lb. cheddar cheese (grated), ½ cup butter or substitute, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten).

Trim crusts from bread, cut bread into 1in. cubes. Melt cheeses and butter or substitute in top of double boiler over hot water until of rarebit consistency. Remove from heat, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Dip bread cubes into cheese mixture until well coated, place on scone-slide; refrigerate overnight. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until puffy and golden brown.

ALMOND-CHEESE BALLS

Eight ounces cream cheese, 3 dessertspoons finely chopped or minced mint, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons brandy, finely chopped almonds.

Mash cream cheese, combine with all remaining ingredients except almonds. Shape into a ball (or mould into small balls), coat with finely chopped almonds. Makes approximately 1 dozen small balls.

VEGETABLE - AND - CHEESE DISHES

BAKED TOMATOES WITH CHEESE

Six ripe tomatoes, salt and pepper, 3 tablespoons grated gruyere cheese, 3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, 2 shallots (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons fine breadcrumbs, butter.

Halve tomatoes, season with salt and pepper and place in baking-dish. Cover each with mixture of parmesan and gruyere cheese, finely chopped shallots and few breadcrumbs. Dot with butter, bake in moderately hot oven until soft.

SPINACH AND MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN

Two pounds spinach, boiling salted water, 4 tablespoons butter, 1lb. mushrooms, salt and pepper, 1 cup grated gruyere cheese.

Wash spinach, and blanch in small amount of boiling salted water. Drain well, cool, chop finely. Melt tablespoon butter in saucepan, add spinach and saute lightly until moisture evaporates. Wash and slice mushrooms, saute in another 2 tablespoons of butter about 5 minutes. Combine spinach and mushrooms, season to taste, stir in half the cheese. Put mixture into shallow ovenproof dish, cover top with remaining cheese. Dot with remaining butter, brown under heated grill. Serve immediately.

GRATIN DAUPHNOIS

One pound new potatoes, ½ pint cream, 8 tablespoons grated gruyere cheese, 4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, butter, salt and freshly ground pepper.

Peel potatoes, slice finely, and rinse in cold water. Drain and dry thoroughly. Place layer of potatoes in buttered fireproof dish; pour over a little cream, sprinkle with mixture of gruyere and parmesan cheeses, season with salt and pepper. Dot with butter and continue in this manner until all ingredients are used, finishing with layer of cheese. Dot with butter, cook in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until potatoes are soft and top brown. Serve very hot.

CAMEMBERT CANAPES

Trimmings of puff pastry, salt, pepper and cayenne, camembert cheese, cream.

Roll out pastry and cut into thin strips. Bake in hot oven until light brown; keep warm. Meanwhile mix camembert with equal quantity of whipped cream; season to taste with salt, pepper, cayenne. Sandwich pieces of pastry with this mixture, serve hot.

WINE-SOAKED CAMEMBERT

One camembert cheese (approximately 4oz.), dry white wine, 2oz. softened butter, finely chopped toasted almonds, small savory biscuits.

Soak cheese overnight in sufficient dry white wine to cover. Next day remove any discolored portions of rind, and mash cheese with the butter until mixture is smooth. Chill, then re-form cheese into original shape. Cover top and sides with almonds. Remove cheese from refrigerator about 30 minutes before serving. Serve as dessert, with biscuits which have been warmed in slow oven.

CHEESE STRAWS

Six ounces flour, 3½oz. butter, 1½oz. grated parmesan cheese (or use mixture of parmesan and gruyere cheese), salt, pepper, cayenne, yolk of 1 egg or little beaten egg.

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter lightly. Add cheese and seasoning, bind with egg-yolk or beaten egg, and little water if necessary. Roll out, shape into rectangle; cut across into strips. Bake on paper-lined baking-tray in moderate oven, until golden brown. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

CHEESE PARTY CRISPS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ cups shredded cheddar cheese, 1 small egg, ½ cup milk, extra salt.

Sift together dry ingredients, stir in cheese. Combine slightly beaten egg with milk, sprinkle over cheese mixture until particles will cling together. Roll out on floured surface to 12in. squares. With pastry-wheel, cut into 1in. or 2in. squares. Sprinkle with salt. Place on greased baking-sheets, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

CHEESE AND OLIVE SPREAD

Half pound blue-vein cheese, ¼lb. cream cheese, 2oz. softened butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 tablespoon brandy, ½ cup finely chopped black or green olives, small savory biscuits.

Cream together the cheeses and butter, stir in chives, brandy, and olives. Serve as a dip or spread mixture on crisp cracker-type biscuits and serve with pre-dinner drinks.

Note: For smaller parties, the mixture can be halved.

OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight ounces fine oatmeal, 4oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, water to bind.

Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt, rub in butter, add oatmeal and cheese. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk and water. Roll ¼in. thick, cut into finger-lengths. Place on oven-slide, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. Makes approximately 3½ dozen.

Note: These biscuits are delicious served with celery.

Dessert recipes overleaf

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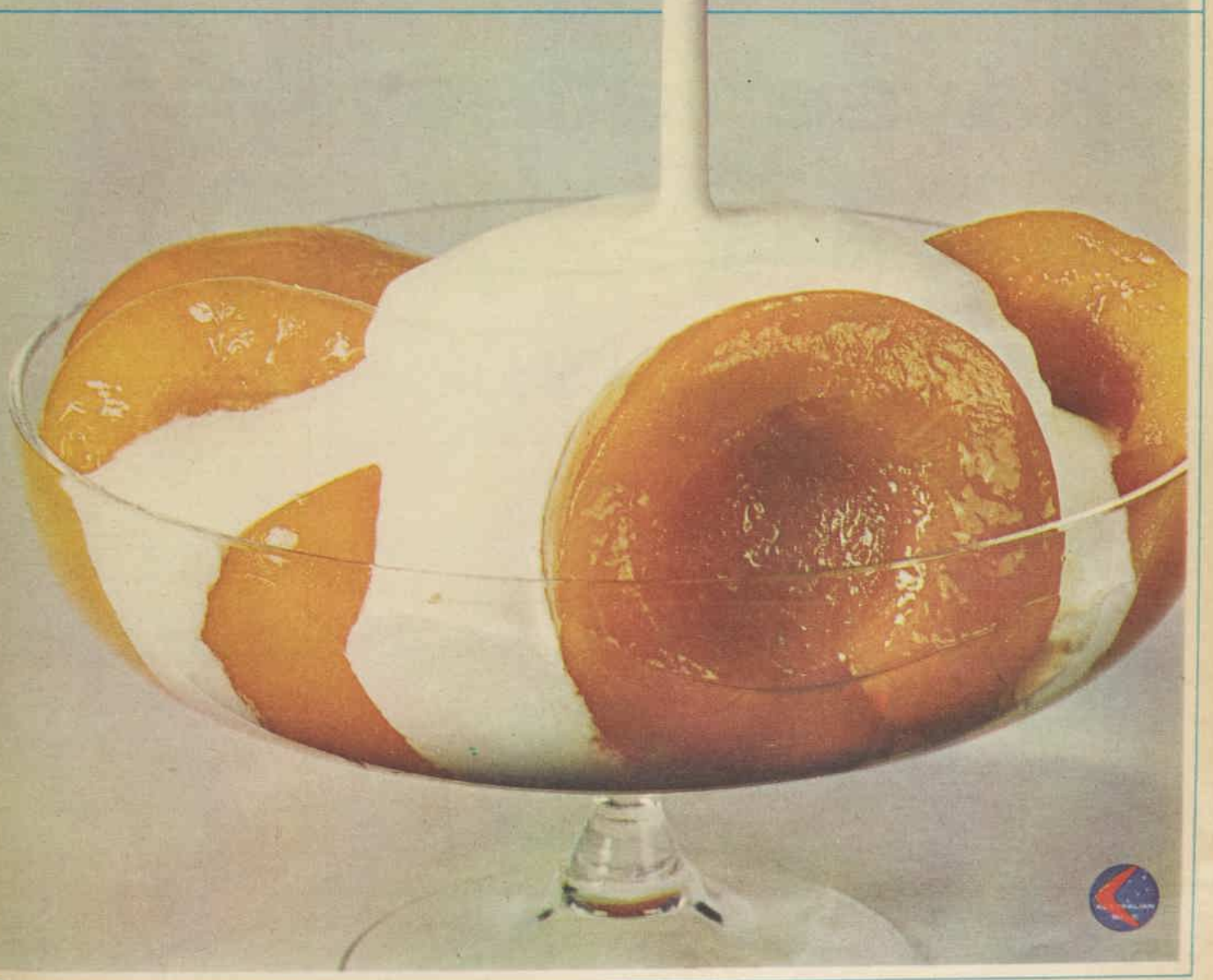

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FIVE-PAGE COOKERY FEATURE . . . concluded

Cheese makes glamor desserts

CREAM and cottage cheeses form the basis of simple, enjoyable, any-time desserts, as well as desserts for special occasions, such as the luscious cheesecakes in this section.

WONDERFUL CHEESECAKE

Biscuit-crumb Case: Half pound sweet plain biscuits, 4oz. butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: One and half pounds cream cheese, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 large eggs, 1 cup sugar.

Case: Crush biscuits finely, combine with melted butter and cinnamon; blend well. Press over base and sides of 8in. spring-form pan; firm on well, refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Filling: Press cheese through strainer, blend with vanilla. Beat eggs until thick, beat in sugar gradually. Continue beating while adding cheese mixture in small portions, mixing each time until smooth. Spread into crumb case, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate. Just before serving, top with whipped cream, sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg.

APPLE-CHEESE PIE

Two cups sliced apples, 1 tablespoon water, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 eggs, extra ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup cream, ¾ cup milk, 1 cup sieved cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 9in. shortcrust pastry-shell (unbaked).

Put apples into saucepan with water and a pinch of salt. Cover and cook gently until tender. Remove from heat, stir in half the sugar and the cinnamon and nutmeg; set aside.

Beat eggs with remaining salt. Heat cream and milk together and slowly pour on to eggs, stirring briskly. Add cottage cheese, remaining sugar, and vanilla.

Spoon cooked apple slices into prepared pastry-shell. Pour over cottage cheese mixture, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer, or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean. Cool and serve.

CREAM CHEESE FUDGE CAKE

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 3oz. cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, 1 large or 2 small eggs, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. dark chocolate, chocolate icing.

Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter until light and fluffy, gradually add cream cheese, mixing thoroughly. Stir in sugar, beat well. Beat in the eggs, stir in the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and vanilla. Add the melted chocolate, blend well. Put into well buttered loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Cool, ice with chocolate icing.

LEMON-TANG COTTAGE CHEESECAKE

Filling: One and a half pounds cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon rum, 4 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar.

Biscuit-crumb Case: Half-pound sweet plain biscuits, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Lemon Topping: Two-thirds cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, pinch salt, ¾ cup boiling water, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Case: Make crumb-crust by crushing biscuits very finely, combining with melted butter and cinnamon. Spread over base and sides of 8in. spring-form pan; refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Filling: Press cottage cheese through strainer, mix with rum; beat until soft and creamy. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks, then gradually beat in sugar to make meringue. Fold egg-whites into cheese until well blended; spoon into chilled pastry-case. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, spread over Lemon Topping, then refrigerate.

Topping: Mix together sugar, cornflour, and salt. Slowly stir in boiling water, and cook, stirring, until thick and smooth. Add some of hot mixture to beaten egg, then stir back into pan with butter; cook further 2 minutes. Remove from heat, blend in lemon juice, rind, and vanilla. Cool before spreading on top of cheesecake.

CONTINENTAL SULTANA-CHEESE SLICES

Pastry: Five ounces flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, egg glazing.

Filling: Ten ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, finely grated rind of 1 lemon, 2oz. sultanas.

Pastry: Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Add milk and lightly beaten egg, mix lightly. Turn on to floured board, knead gently; refrigerate 30 minutes. Divide into 2 portions (approximately 2-3rds and 1-3rd). Roll out larger portion to fit 7 x 11in. greased, shallow tin, bringing the pastry up a little at the sides. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; remove from oven, cool.

Filling: Press cream cheese through fine sieve. Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg-yolks. Add the cream cheese, milk, lemon rind, and sultanas. Beat egg-whites until stiff, then fold into cheese mixture. Spread on the cooled, partly cooked pastry. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into ¼in. strips, place them lattice-fashion on top of filling. Glaze pastry with little beaten egg-yolk, bake in moderate oven further 20 to 25 minutes; cool. Cut into squares to serve.

CHERRY CREAM PIE

Pastry: One cup flour, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute.

Filling: Three ounces cream cheese, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream.

Topping: One can or jar dark cherries, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, few drops almond essence.

Pastry: Blend together all ingredients until just crumbly. Press evenly over bottom and sides of buttered 9in. piedish. Prick well with a fork. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned; cool.

Filling: Beat together until smooth the cream cheese, sugar, and vanilla. Whip cream until stiff, carefully fold into cream cheese mixture. Turn into cooled pie-shell, spread evenly. Spoon the cooled topping over; refrigerate until set and well chilled.

Topping: Drain cherries; put syrup into saucepan together with sugar; cook over high heat until syrup is well reduced; remove from heat. Stir in cornflour, previously blended with a little water; cook, stirring until mixture is thickened and clear. (Add few drops of red food coloring, if necessary, to give bright cherry color.) Stir in essence and cherries; cool.

RUM-CREAM CHEESECAKE

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon rum, 1½lb. cottage cheese, 1 cup cream; biscuit-crumb case.

Prepare biscuit-crumb case (see recipe for Wonderful Cheesecake); refrigerate.

Mix gelatine, salt, and ¾ cup of the sugar in top of double saucepan. Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks well, add milk, blend into gelatine mixture. Cook over boiling water, stirring, until gelatine dissolves, and the mixture is slightly thickened—about 10 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon rind, juice, and rum; cool.

Whip cottage cheese until very smooth (or push through sieve); stir in cooled gelatine mixture. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture has thickened sufficiently to mound slightly when dropped from spoon. Beat egg-whites until stiff, but not dry; gradually beat in remaining sugar, beat until stiff. Fold into cheese mixture; fold in whipped cream.

Spoon into chilled pie-shell. Refrigerate until filling is nicely firm.

To serve with coffee

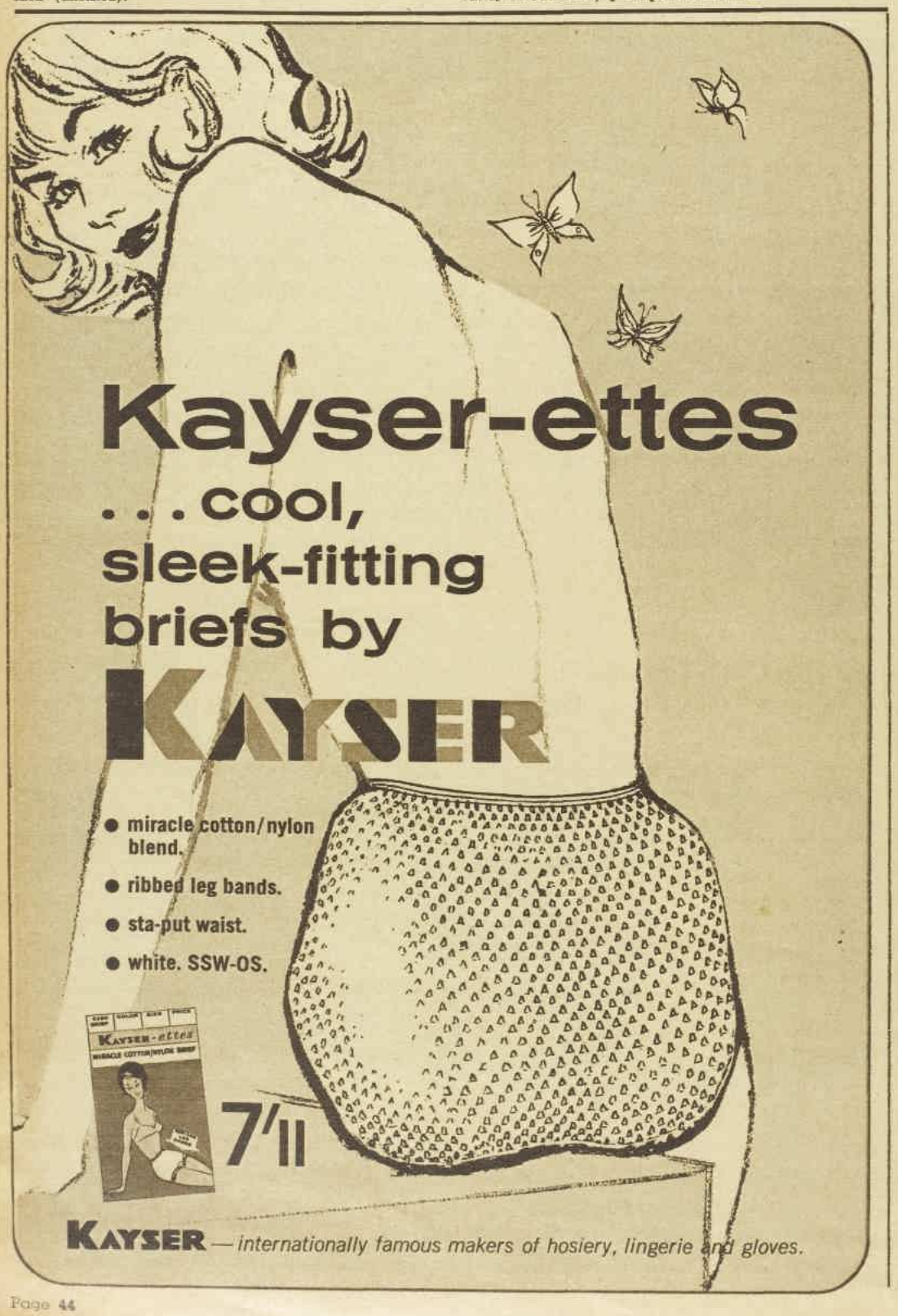
Here's a new, simply made fondant—shape it into tiny bonbons to serve with after-dinner coffee. The basic recipe is given below; flavor it the way you like best—with instant coffee, peppermint, almond, vanilla, brandy, rum.

FONDANT

Four ounces packaged cream cheese, 4 cups sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Beat cream cheese until smooth, gradually beat in remaining ingredients (and any other flavoring); mix until well blended.

Break into pieces the size of walnuts, form into rounds or ovals. Press an almond firmly into the centre of oval shapes and a cherry or walnut half into round ones. Coffee-flavored fondant teams particularly well with walnuts. Serve the bonbons in small individual paper cups.



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Make garden mosaics from pebbles

● A delightful way to use a collection of smooth waterwashed pebbles is to set them in concrete as the early Romans did long ago.

LARGE areas of brick or concrete paving can be made more interesting by introducing contrast, such as small groups of plants, or by laying a pebble mosaic to give contrasting color and texture.

The pebbles for the mosaic can be collected from beaches and rivers or bought by the bag from sand and gravel merchants for approximately £1.

POINTS of compass are worked in pebbles round a garden feature.

Pebbles should be sorted into sizes and colors and stored separately.

Because of the time factor and the quick-drying properties of cement, it is better to plan the mosaic in panels which can be left to dry and later placed in position.

Where ever the mosaic is to be built (patio, pathway, or round a pool), the design should first be drawn on brown paper. Designs should be kept simple because too much detail will result in confused and meaningless composition.

PATH DESIGNS

The path sketched below combines small areas of mosaic with brick. Using narrow sides of bricks uppermost, they are grouped in an alternating squared pattern, each square measuring 9in. x 9in.

Measure length of path, determine how many mosaic panels will be needed, and cast the required number of concrete slabs.

With sufficient stones and concrete slabs ready, you can begin.

Using one part cement to two parts sand, mix a little at a time, adding enough water to make mixture of spreading consistency.

Have pebbles thoroughly wet so they will adhere to the cement. Spread about ½in. to ¾in. of cement on the slab, and, following the drawn design, place pebbles carefully in position as close together as possible.

In the path sketched below, a simple design of paletoned pebbles has been laid against a background of dark stones with plants added to soften the edges.

The pebbles have been laid flat, with centres of four-leafed motifs worked in red pebbles.

BIRD BATH SURROUND

The sketch at top left shows a bird bath surround, using 9in. x 9in. units.

The four compass points make the simple decoration, but, as seen in the sketch, the slabs in between have been worked out evenly so the letters are aligned.

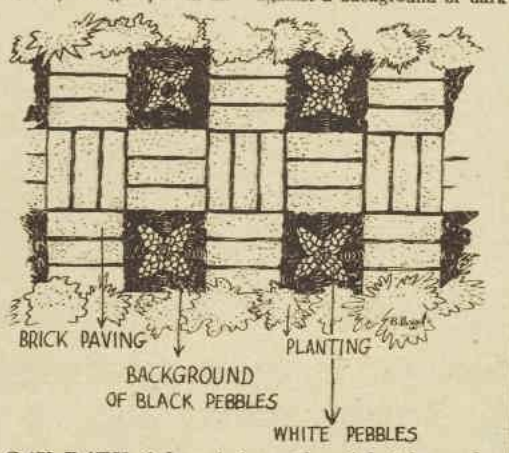
When forming the letters N., S., E., and W., arrange stones as closely as possible edgeways. This gives greater contrast to the background of flat placed pebbles.

This system is repeated with corner motifs, where the background color has been reversed.

The next step is to smash some stones (with a piece of timber) and tamp them between pebbles with dry sawdust. This levels off mosaic.

When cement is quite dry, hose off remaining sawdust.

Cement smudges can be removed with a wire brush.



GAY PATH (above) is made of bricks and pebble mosaics, lined at sides with low plants.

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LACE-UP BOOTS

Continued from page 31

her; her mother with her big white apron spread over her dark skirt, her father in shirt sleeves, and wearing those comical, ridiculous lace-up boots?

Her voice split the silence, petulantly:

"Hasn't he got any slippers?"

Her mother's eyes opened immediately as if she had never been asleep.

"Yes, he's got slippers, but you know he always did like his boots best. They help his feet."

"Isn't he well? He doesn't look very well." She knew she had to be aggressive because in her heart she was afraid; afraid of the yellowing skin and sunken cheeks and the pale, thin hands that twitched feebly in sleep. This was not how she had known him. She wanted to remember only the laughing eyes and deep, kind voice of her childhood — the firm, smooth hand which had held hers, and the walks across the fields together on Sundays.

Her mother was twisting her hands nervously on her lap.

"Don't leave it so long next time, Julie. If you're not too busy. Your Dad's getting on now — he's turned seventy — and that old trouble of his is getting worse. Doctor comes once a month, but he said yesterday —" She began picking at her apron, eyes downcast, her lips working.

"Yes? Said what?"

"Said—said it couldn't be long."

Julie heard herself laugh, a hard, dry little laugh of disbelief. She even patted her mother's hand.

"Oh, don't be silly! Dad's always been well! You said yourself he was picking the fruit in the summer. You must have got the wrong doctor!" She was the only child of their doting old age. She had never yet seen death.

"It's a bit difficult to leave now, you see, with this new West End thing just going into production. There'll be no let-up once we start rehearsing."

"Perhaps a weekend? Or just a Sunday, Julie? Don't leave it too long."

"Yes, I'll try, of course. Don't worry so, Mother. Everything'll be all right.

The old man stirred and opened his eyes, smiling immediately into her face.

"Must'a dropped off a minute. I do, sometimes. Getting old, eh, Mother?"

"Course you're not old," the woman protested. "It's just the heat of the fire draws you off."

Stiffly, the old man spread his knees apart and, bending forward, began fumbling with the laces of his boots. The veins in his hanging head bulged thick and blue; his withered, shaking hands struggled with the knots.

For one terrible moment Julie watched, hating the boots, hating, almost, the poor wizened, weakened thing that had been the gay and laughing father of her earlier years.

The next, she was down on her knees in front of him on the kitchen floor, with the silly boots gathered up to her silk dress, her head bent low over his feet.

One could not be other than gentle with such a frail little old thing. It was necessary to ease the boots off, carefully, and stand them aside, and then to smooth the creases out of the thick, darned socks, and coax the slippers on. He made no thanks, only a muttered: "Ah, that's better."

She did not look at him as she stood up, shaking out her skirt.

It was nearly a week later that the telegram came. She remembered then, with a pang of shame, the chair and the rug which she had promised herself she would give them.

She was actually on stage when a messenger boy handed it up. "Dad very ill. Please come," it said.

It was unthinkable that she could just walk out, just like that. What everyone at this end would say or do simply didn't bear thinking about; they didn't even know she had a mother or father alive.

She pushed the crumpled telegram into the pocket of her sweater. She would leave at the lunch interval. She would feel more like facing the journey then. In any case, a couple of hours one way or the other couldn't matter. There was no need to panic.

It was getting dusk when she reached the village, and the front curtains of the little cottage in the lane were already opened before she was halfway up the path, and there stood her mother, waiting for her in the doorway with the light behind her, just as she had always done when she came home in the evenings from school.

SHE drew a quick sigh of relief. Everything was the same. Everything was always the same. Briskly she stepped into the narrow passageway and stooped to kiss her mother.

The old woman clung to her, patting her arm, over and over.

"There, Julie, there . . . I'm glad you've come . . . And he lies so peaceful and quiet now — so peaceful and quiet . . ."

"You don't mean he's . . . ?"

"About two o'clock. Just as you were starting out, I daresay."

Julie allowed herself to be ushered through, like a visitor, into the firelit kitchen, with the black grate, and the coconut mat, and the hearth with the cracked tile, just as it had been less than a week ago. She thought again of the new chair and the rug. Too late, too late, something seemed to scream inside her.

But she couldn't scream, not with the drawn curtains and the hushed house and the empty armchair on one side of the fireplace. So she sat down on one of the hard little chairs, and laid her head on her arms and wept till she could weep no more.

Later, as they sat together by the fire with cups of tea, warm and comforted, she asked, timidly:

"Mum — I suppose Dad didn't ask for me — before he died?"

"Oh, no dear. We knew you'd come when you could." There was not a trace of reproach in the old woman's voice.

"And he didn't say anything — not anything at all — about me?"

"Yes, he did. He said something to the vicar."

"To the vicar?"

"Ah, you wouldn't know him. He's new here. He's been very good to me and Dad, specially this last week."

"Yes?"

"Yes . . . Well, when the vicar came to see him this morning he said to me 'Haven't you got any family? Haven't you got a daughter in London? She ought to be sent for.' But Dad heard him, you see, and he said —"

"Yes? Dad said what?"

"He said, 'Vicar,' and he was getting weak then, you know; it was only a whisper, but I heard it. 'Vicar,' he said, 'I've got the most wonderful daughter in the world.'

"And the vicar smiled and said: 'I've seen her on television.'

"And Dad said yes. 'Yes. And do you know what she did for me the last time she was here She knelt down on that rough old mat in our kitchen, and her in all her lovely new clothes,' he said, 'and she took off my lace-up boots'."

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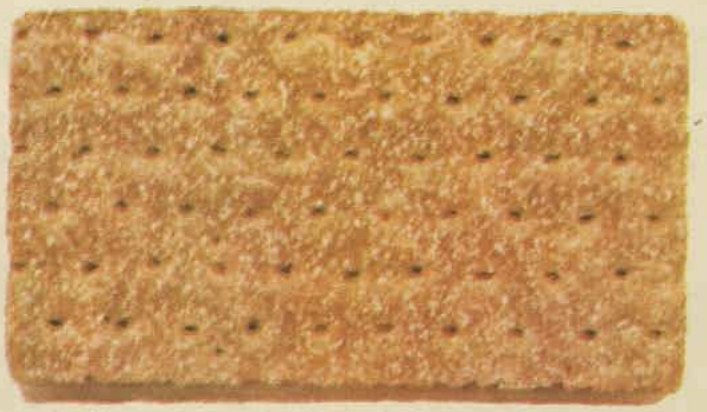
slimming!



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SEE YOU ON TUESDAY

Continued from page 33

Oliver shook his head ruefully. "Women are inconstant," he remarked aloud, before picking up the telephone. When Ann's soft voice answered, he said smoothly: "Oliver Yorke here. You may not remember me, Ann, but we expired together at Freddie's party last week."

"Yes, of course, I remember," she said. She spoke in a normal voice, he noted; not too eager, which would have boded future ill, but without any insulting hesitation.

"I was wondering if you were free next Tuesday for dinner?"

Ann's voice became a shade uncertain. "Tuesday is a little difficult."

"Oh," said Oliver unhelpfully, and he waited.

There was a short wire-fizzing pause before Ann spoke again hesitantly. "Could you possibly make it Monday?"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid not." Monday was his home-chores night, but Oliver wasn't going over his sacrosanct weekly routine on the telephone.

"I suppose I could switch," said Ann doubtfully. "Very well, then, Tuesday it is."

"Splendid!" said Oliver. After he hung up he wrote Ann's name and telephone number at the back of his diary, this time in ink, and with a genuine twinge of regret crossed out Geraldine's.

He left the flat for the squash club at exactly seven-nine. And he remembered to take his umbrella, in case of rain.

ANN sat on the sofa, one arm round Edward's furry shoulders, sipping a long drink. Oliver was facing her. They had enjoyed a pleasant evening at Torbino's, from the first moment of her gratifyingly punctual arrival. She had been relaxed, easy company and they had discovered several interests in common.

Now, however, it was time to broach certain important matters; vital, indeed, to the continued success of their friendship.

Oliver spoke above the stereophonic music slowly oozing from his record-player. "I think I ought to tell you that I'm a bachelor," he said firmly. That remark had in the past startled Tuesday girls.

Ann laughed. "I should hope so." Her brown eyes danced into his serious blue ones. "What you mean is, you intend to stay a bachelor."

Her quick perception pleased Oliver and he regarded her with new respect.

"Exactly," he said. "I always like to play fair, and make this clear at the outset. Just to save, er — misunderstandings later." He sighed inwardly. Of course, there were always misunderstandings later. He hadn't met a girl yet, who . . . He resumed his well-practised speech.

"Some confirmed bachelors eliminate women altogether. But I think women have a certain place, even in a bachelor's life. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I would," said Ann. Her eyes had narrowed slightly.

"I don't wish to sound priggish," continued Oliver, "just realistic. For some reason, my relationships with girls, however ideal, never seem to remain satisfactorily static." As Ann shook her head in obvious sympathy, Oliver added: "Anyway, cards on the table and all that — saves trouble in the long run."

He looked at her, feeling somehow that his speech had misfired. "I think you're very sensible," declared Ann solemnly. A quiet, enigmatic smile flitted over her face before she added: "Personally, I don't intend to get married for three years."

"You mean at least three years," corrected Oliver indulgently.

"No, three years will do very nicely," she said crisply, "give or take a month."

Oliver sat forward on the edge of his armchair. This was interesting. Never before had he encountered such feminine precision. On the other hand, he felt that the pronouncement was vaguely insulting to his sex.

"What would happen," he said, "if you suddenly became very fond of someone?" He instinctively avoided the word love.

"But I won't," replied Ann, "not for at least two and a half years." Her face remained expressionless.

Oliver sat back, contentedly swilling his brandy glass, thinking: Most satisfactory, a very realistic outlook. Their relationship showed decided promise of lasting beyond the usual four-month average.

"I was intrigued by your own system," continued Ann. "Every day a different interest." She paused thoughtfully. "You didn't tell me what you did on Sundays."

"Family. They live out of town," Oliver answered most cautiously. He had never risked taking any girl with him in case of provoking a "misunderstanding."

"I visit mine on Sundays, too. We play bridge then. What day is your bridge night?"

"Thursday," said Oliver. "As a form of relaxation before Friday, all-chums together in the local, and my Saturday Rugby."

"For physical fitness I go in for fencing," Ann responded, "not too much, because, like ballet, it thickens the ankles." Oliver glanced down automatically at her slender legs. No obvious thickening there. "And amateur dramatics help poise and deportment. Rehearsals are usually twice weekly."

"Ye-es," said Oliver absently. He was still looking at her ankles.

He roused himself. "I believe in a seven-day pattern, with seasonal variations, of course."

Ann sighed with apparent admiration. "What beautiful planning. Edward and I think you are very clever." She played with the teddy-bear's ribbon while Oliver registered the reference to Edward.

He hoped she wasn't going to be one of those girls who kept dropping hints about his mascot, in the hope of being allowed to carry him off, like a trophy.

Oliver glanced at the clock; eleven-fourteen. Time to find a taxi for her, to end a most enjoyable meeting, full of promise.

"See you on Tuesday," he reminded her before he closed the cab door. He stood at the kerb waving as Ann's taxi drew away. Back in his flat he sat listening to the syrup end of the record. Quite a remarkable girl, he reflected. And a safe liaison for some time to come. He couldn't remember when he had felt so pleased with life.

Ann arrived as promised at seven to cook him supper in the flat. Restaurants could be tedious, with endless wavings at seemingly blind waiters. Oliver always enjoyed a home-cooked meal. It put him on temporary level terms with his married friends; also it gave him an opportunity of demonstrating his swizzle-stick.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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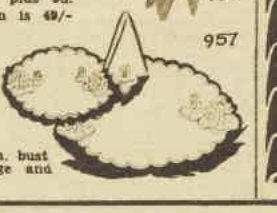

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Continued from page 47

SEE YOU ON TUESDAY

"It's electric," he explained to Ann. "You press here and the little propeller whizzes round. I picked it up on my business trip to the States, together with a liking for martinis." They tasted extra good that night.

"What have you brought for supper?" he asked eagerly. Ann had gone bumping into the kitchen, with two laden baskets, refusing help. "Wait and see," she was looking very attractive in a coral wool dress. "In my schedule, Monday nights are cookery class nights, remember? So I thought of you, and made preparations. The other girls helped."

"How splendid!" said Oliver. "I'm devoted to girls who can cook."

"Oh, I'm only a beginner," said Ann, solemnly, "but if I take winter classes for a year or two, I hope to be an expert in two or three years."

"Just in time to face the prospect of matrimony, is that it?" added Oliver, admiringly. Whether he was admiring her dress or her systematic mind, he was not at all sure.

"Precisely," nodded Ann.

"What a good thing that you should be free on Tuesdays like me."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Ann, brightly.

"Now to work. Don't move. I like working on my own and men get in the way."

Oliver watched her slender legs twinkle about, thinking what a well-organised girl she was.

They dined royally at the little candle-lit table, on schnitzel with mushrooms, followed by lemon meringue pie. Then they sat quietly contented in armchairs.

Ann was dandling Edward on her lap, when Oliver, to his astonishment, broke one of his conversational rules for Tuesday girls. "Are you fond of children?" he asked, abruptly. Afterwards he wondered if he had been bemused by the Italian wine, or Ann's long eyelashes.

The merest smile tugged at Ann's mouth before she looked up. "I think so," she said quietly. "I haven't had much experience of them. You see, my own schedule leaves little room for baby-sitting."

"Of course," agreed Oliver, quickly. Inwardly, he berated himself for raising the dangerous subject, fraught with misunderstandings.

But later, there was much worse to come. Ann was stroking Edward's head, saying goodnight to him, her dark hair had fallen over her face as she bent forward, and suddenly he heard himself saying: "I've loved this evening, Ann. I'd like you to accept Edward as a present from me."

Immediately he could have ground out his tongue with his own swizzle-stick. Ann turned to him, her brown eyes glowing with a new warmth. "Oh, but I couldn't," she said gently. "He's your mascot." Oliver choked slightly. He could hardly rescind the offer without appalling loss of face.

"No, no," he said weakly. "I mean it." He picked up the teddy-bear and thrust him into Ann's arms.

When the cab-driver glanced at Edward's furry bulk in the back seat he grinned at Oliver. "I'll have to charge for an extra passenger, chum."

Oliver was barely amused. "See you on Tuesday," he said to Ann, then made his way back to the flat.

He flopped on to the empty sofa, pondering what could have possessed him to give his mascot away to a girl he'd met only three times. He was behaving very oddly. There was danger here. Danger to squash, bridge, and all other facets of a neatly planned existence.

He took out his diary. He wondered if he ought to cancel next Tuesday, then symbolically delete Ann's telephone number; bury her with the Geraldines and the Sallys. If Ann got round to thinking that her possession of Edward gave her some hold over him, she would quickly be disillusioned.

Ann's remarkably similar outlook on life had temporarily dulled his awareness of the eternal power of the female. He had been lulled into a sense of false security. Oliver looked grimly up at the ceiling considering. Ann and he were going to a concert next Tuesday. He had bought the tickets. Concerts were harmless enough; there was ample time yet to cut and run.

His old jauntiness returned to him as he prepared meticulously for bed. He re-rolled his ubiquitous umbrella, dry again after the day's showers, and then looked over his squash clothes for the following evening. The comfortable schedule was back in running order.

ON the following Tuesday, as he changed and made ready to meet Ann at the concert hall, he remembered his ruthless resolve. If Ann made one whit of capital out of his absurd generosity in parting with Edward she would be formally struck off the roll of Tuesday girls. But he hoped this need would not arise.

When the doorbell unexpectedly rang, he frowned and hastened into the hall. Edward stood swaying on the doorstep supported by Ann. Oliver's eyes widened. "What . . . ?" he said.

"Edward was homesick," announced Ann, carrying the teddy-bear past him into the sitting-room.

"I'd have returned him earlier, only I knew you were busy every other evening." She placed Edward back on the sofa. "There, doesn't he look pretty? And he's got a new ribbon."

But Oliver was staring at Ann, thinking: Doesn't she look pretty, with her amber coat matching her gentle eyes? And how woefully he had misjudged her. He could only stand silent while she smiled at him.

"You're not cross with me?" she asked anxiously, coming close. "He's your mascot and his place is here." During the past week Edward had sat in her bed-sitting room, reminding her of Oliver. And her awareness had grown that Oliver's all-round organisation was possibly only a stockade built to ward off loneliness.

"No . . . no, I'm not cross," he replied, almost brusquely, puzzled by his own reactions.

Her delicate perfume faintly reached him, and when she hesitantly pressed his arm, Oliver jumped. Then he realised that he was standing in his shirt-sleeves, with a half-knotted tie.

"Be ready in a second," he mumbled, fleeing the room.

In his bedroom he stared at the mirror, thinking furiously. Just why had Ann returned Edward? Was she being thoughtful or merely anxious not to get too involved?

Whatever the reason, her action had caught him off-balance. Tuesday girls hitherto had been predictable. Ann Brown was not.

Waiting for him, Ann had sat down on the sofa, and her brown eyes clouded.

Now I've insulted him, she thought sadly, because I've brought Edward back here.

She smoothed Edward's neck ribbon. "Men are such complicated creatures," she whispered.

At the concert, Oliver had difficulty in settling to enjoy the music.

To page 49

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Even Mozart failed to hold his attention.

From time to time he fidgeted and glanced at Ann's profile, at her lips, half parted as she listened raptly to the orchestra.

But before the national anthem was played he had argued himself to a hard decision. Ann must have sensed Oliver's mood, because when they returned to his flat for coffee, she was unusually quiet.

Oliver helped himself to an extra large brandy, drank it quickly, then said jerkily: "I'm afraid I won't be able to manage next Tuesday. Business appointment. Perhaps I could ring you sometime next week?" He glanced away to avoid seeing any possible hurt in her eyes.

"Yes, of course, I quite understand," replied Ann quietly. She had been anticipating this development, ever since his peculiar response to Edward's return.

Oliver glanced at the clock, "I'll go down and fetch a taxi for you." He hurried from the room, feeling slightly sick.

Ann put on her coat, then shook Edward's paw in farewell. "Men are inconstant," she advised him.

When Oliver returned to his flat, he sank into the sofa with a sigh of relief. That was a narrow shave, he thought. Things might easily have got out of hand.

He took out his diary. With staunch determination, born of years of contented bachelorhood, he inked out Ann's entry, almost savagely, until it was quite indecipherable. He gazed at the ugly blot without satisfaction, then poured himself another drink.

During the night, Oliver slept fitfully, tossing and turning.

HUNDREDS of Edwards came marching through the front door of his flat; then they clustered together round his bed, gazing down at him, all with new ribbons round their necks, and hurt brown eyes. But not bears' eyes; they were Ann's eyes, wistful, as she had looked at him and whispered "Goodnight," in a tiny voice through the taxi window.

And once, when he half-waked, Ann Brown — Firbank 2244 appeared scrawled across the ceiling. He groaned, reminded himself to call in the decorators, and drifted off to sleep again.

"Not in your usual form, are you?" declared Oliver's jovial opponent, as they showered-off after their Wednesday squash game.

"No," admitted Oliver. "Had a disturbed night."

His bridge partner grimaced on Thursday. "I make us fifteen hundred down."

"Sorry," said Oliver. "I made one or two silly bids." His partner nodded in grim agreement.

"You need a double twenty," urged his Friday darts team. Which reminded Oliver of double two double four, and he lost the range completely — and the game.

On Saturday, he fluffed two vital passes, and decided he was getting too old for Rugby.

Sunday with his parents was more relaxing until neighboring friends called. Mr. and Mrs. Thorn brought their daughter Jean, a fifteen-year-old, full of ballet and fencing and high spirits. Oliver listened to her with gloomy inattention.

Continued from page 48

SEE YOU ON TUESDAY

Monday dawned, wet and miserable, but despite the weather Oliver greeted his home-chores night with relief. He arrived home slightly damp from the office to prepare his favorite dry martini. The tiny propeller of his electric swizzle-stick revolved weakly several times, then the battery died.

Oliver stared blankly at the bobbing ice-cubes, then bowed his head. It was the last straw. His whole beautifully organised, well-integrated life was crumbling around his carpet slippers, ruined by a chit of a girl with dark tumbling hair, slim ankles, and tender brown eyes.

And a fearfully blank Tuesday loomed ahead. The worst had happened. He had fallen in love. And with a girl whose matrimonial plans were strictly long-term.

With a cold hand he picked up the telephone and dialled her number.

"Oliver here," he said, when Ann answered. "I find that I can be free tomorrow after all. I was wondering if we could meet."

He listened acutely for any catch of the breath, but Ann's voice was mellow and cool.

"I'm sorry, Oliver," she replied, "but I'm fixed up for Tuesday."

"Couldn't you break it?"

"I'm afraid not." Her regret sounded genuine.

"What about Friday then?"

"Rehearsals," said Ann.

"Oh." More reflection, interrupted by Ann saying in a somewhat surprised voice: "I thought Friday night was bachelor night?"

"We-el," said Oliver. "I think it's a bad thing to be too organised. What about tonight?"

Ann chuckled. "I'm washing my hair. It's a dreadful mess."

"Damn!" said Oliver with feeling. Then he remembered something. "I thought Monday was your cookery class?" he asked.

There was the merest hesitation before Ann replied cautiously: "Not every Monday. As you say, one can be too organised."

Oliver took a deep breath. It was time for decisive action. "I'm coming round to see you," he said.

"What, now?" was Ann's really startled response.

"Right this minute," said Oliver firmly. "Put a towel round your head or something . . . and, by the way, when did you plan to marry?"

"In three years," Ann replied. "Two years, nine months, to be exact." Her voice, nevertheless, sounded slightly breathless.

"Indeed" said Oliver crisply. "How are you on long engagements?"

"On what?" Ann's voice climbed an octave.

But Oliver was already replacing the receiver to head for the door. Halfway down in the lift he remembered that he was still wearing his carpet slippers. So he reversed direction. This gave him time to pat Edward's head for luck, before diving out of the flat again. He quite forgot his umbrella.

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Love affair ...you &

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● A team of American psychologists are trying to put Cupid in his place by setting up an "anti-romance" centre for the scientific sorting out of marriage partners.

THIS is not to be a lonely-hearts centre or a marriage bureau, but a "scientific introduction centre."

"The romantic love fallacy, with its illusory promise of everlasting love, has been responsible for an alarming number of unhappy marriages," the Centre's director says.

"Our clients will be given a series of detailed tests to assess their personalities, likes and dislikes, and chances of marriage. Emotional Stability, Energy Levels, and Sociability are important factors to be considered before marriage."

Well, yes, up to a point; but does *telling* people achieve very much?

If anyone had told me about Hugh's fluctuating Energy Level (morose and hard to wake on weekdays and given to shouting, "Come on, everyone, get weaving," on Sunday mornings when they want to sleep in a bit) would I have believed for a moment that I couldn't change that?

Energy Levels, according to the clinic, are a very important aspect in match-making. Differences should be discovered before a marriage is arranged, or else one partner is going to be continually frustrated because the other seems lazy and indolent.

"One moody, high-strung partner is all that a marriage can stand," the experts say. Personally, I'd be inclined to say that even that was one too many, unless you believe that marriage is a bargain and somebody has to get the worst end of it.

The new Centre expects to attract a clientele of "modern sophisticates who crave steady companionship but do not have the time to go to parties and clubs in the hope of meeting a partner."

I think that definition of the clientele would wipe them right out as possible candidates for successful marriage.

And any man who didn't have a sufficiently high Energy Level to do his own courting and deciding might be a pretty poor bet for keeping his sense of humor during domestic crises and remembering anniversaries and the garbage-tin.

The interesting thing would be to see how these carefully measured and metered marriages work out after seven years. Or it might be even more interesting to check up on them after 12 years, since some British investigators have now discovered that the Twelve-year Itch is a much more troublesome disease than the Seven-year Itch.

What it takes to make the grade in marriage

A HUNDRED married couples were asked to "grade" their marriages, grade one being very satisfactory, grade two satisfactory, grade three showing signs of stress, and grade four really on the rocks.

(Anyone present who has been married over five years and can't remember at least one day when he couldn't have run through the whole list of grades from one to four?)

The married couples "graded" their marriages secretly so that their partner couldn't know what their rating was, and the investigating psychiatrists found that top ratings were awarded significantly less often in marriages that had passed the 12-year mark.

Differences between husband and wife in religion, social class, nationality, and education were found to be unimportant, but there was "open conflict" in five out of 21 marriages with an age gap of more than five years.

There was a higher "happiness rating" in marriages where decisions were made jointly by the husband and wife, and there was a low "happiness rating" (interestingly enough from both partners) where the husband dominated the wife and made the decisions.

I sometimes think the best form of censorship we could impose on what our children read would be to alter "and so they were married and lived happily ever after" to read "and so they were married and lived a good deal more happily than they would have if they hadn't married."

And by that I'm not meaning to suggest that the *unmarried* aren't happy but only that those who *want* to marry will be happier married than unmarried, even if the marriage doesn't sustain its grade one rating for long.

If it takes two to make a quarrel, then it certainly takes two to make a marriage whatever it is, and anyone who grumbles because his or her marriage isn't perfect must have a million tickets on himself or herself.

Of all the definitions of marriage made by all the wits, I like best Sydney Smith's, made about the year 1800.

He said, "Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them."

FOR any woman who wants to feel like a million dollars, a London dress-hire firm has a new service.

For the big occasion when you've hired a dress and a mink coat and all the accessories to go with it, you can also hire a skilled dresser who will arrive an hour before you have to go out to button you up and pat and push you into band-box condition.

The big question is, if you're not used to that sort of service, just how long would you spend first tidying your bedroom and your bathroom and your dressing-table so that it was fit for your dresser's eyes?

In New York you can go one better. You can hire an "imported royal guest" for your parties.

You pay about £500 a night for the service, but your royal "guest" provides you with a concise history of his family and his title and his background and estates (if any) so that you can introduce him to your other guests as an old friend that you've known for donkey's years.

If you can't afford £500 for royalty, you can get "a nice, friendly, lovable lion" as a conversation piece for as little as £100 a night.

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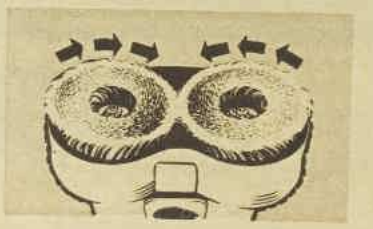

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A wife learns to be a widow

● "Take care of yourself, Jim. Your old ticker's not as good as it used to be." The doctor's words, concerning my husband, jarred like an alarm bell on my ears. "Remember," he went on, "you're not a young man any more, Jim. Relax, take it easy, and don't worry."

By ANNE ARMITAGE

IT had started the afternoon we were driving home from our weekly visit to town. My husband, Jim, and I, both in our fifties, were in our comfortable little car.

Jim, red puffed hands clenching the steering wheel, was negotiating the stony corrugates, potholes, and highway traffic. Suddenly he coughed and I felt the weight of his shoulder slumping against mine. I saw his hands sliding helplessly off the wheel, and my heart lurched.

It lurched in horror that something terrible had happened to Jim, and it lurched in sudden fear as the car (luckily doing no more than 35 m.p.h.) left the road.

A white guide post "bit the dust" before I could make myself do something. Then I grabbed the wheel and managed to turn the car back into the water-course.

And like lightning flashes in my brain were the questions, "What'll I do? What and where is the brake? How do I stop the motor? And how, oh how, can I help Jim?"

I am still on bended knees to our lucky stars that the road was level and the car stalled before we reached the steep down-grade less than a hundred yards ahead.

Rude awakening

A good samaritan motorist came to our aid. Jim had had a heart attack. He was hospitalised and allowed to leave later—weeks later—with the doctor's caution, "No more hard work and above all no worry."

To say I was pulled up with a jerk was putting it mildly.

I had been drifting through life in a more or less lackadaisical way—making my country home pretty and comfortable; rearing my three girls and seeing them through school, a good position, debut, engagement, and marriage.

That Jim and the problems of our sheep property were pushed to the back of the picture, pushed out of it at times, I hadn't noticed.

I was busy, I told myself, and, after all, the messy, smelly animals were his part of the business. The car, to me, was just a conveyance to get places. The driving of it was Jim's problem. That also went for the truck, tractor, etc. In fact, the whole management of the property was Jim's responsibility.

Remembering and noting income-tax items, insurances, licences, bills, came under the same category.

Of course, each year when the wool was sold I demanded a good cut of the cheque.

If Jim tried to explain about the cost of super, pasture improvement, machinery, or that the wool clip was not as good as the year before, I didn't want to and wouldn't listen.

Meeting our commitments was Jim's worry, I selfishly thought.

Later when the family had all gone Jim tried again to get me to take an interest in and help him with the property. But I was too busy now with dressing up and going places.

I'll admit it though if I weren't buying new clothes or going out I was bored, lonely, and sorry for myself.

Then the doctor's words, "You're not a young man any more, Jim," shattered my easy-going world. I thought, what would I do if I didn't have Jim to do all these things?

What, indeed, if I didn't have Jim? What if I became a widow?

I can assure you I did some deep thinking in the long hours of night with Jim, suddenly very dear and precious, sleeping under sedatives beside me.

And the idea emerged, slowly and frighteningly.

I knew that I had to do more, much more, to help make Jim's life easy.

I also knew I must learn to be a widow—while I had the help, understanding, and love of a fine husband.

First of all I tackled the car. Fortunately it was automatic and easy to drive.

Ominous words

But nobody knows how my heart thumped and my knees "jellied" and what an effort it was, at first, to inch my way through the widest gate. And nobody knows how many times I wanted to "chicken" out. But always the ominous sound of those words "heart attack" and "widow" goaded me on and I stuck to it.

I had to be able to relax Jim from the burden of driving, to be able to cope with an emergency — and to be prepared for the terrible day when I might have to drive alone.

Well, I have my driver's licence now. I know I'll never be the quick-on-the-uptake modern driver, but I can drive our car where I want to, slow, maybe, but sure.

And, what is more important, Jim can relax beside me on our motor trips instead of gripping that wheel with tense hands and staring at the road ahead with red, tired eyes.

I left the dishes in the sink and explored the paddocks with Jim. I learnt the sheep-carrying capacity of our property. I learnt about drenches and when they should be administered—the care of cattle—pasture improvement.

The more I learnt the more interested I became. Soon I took over the books to discover for myself the whys and wherefors of credit and debit.

Jim and I formed a partnership. Now I truly feel that the stock, plant, and crops are not Jim's any longer but "ours."

What is most important is that Jim says that I have lifted a load from his mind.

He says that worries that are shared have a habit of melting like dropped stitches. He is happier and more carefree than he has been for years and, thank God, he seems in better health, too.

As for me, new clothes and gadding about have lost their appeal.

My life is full and happy. I can see it now here with the good things close to the earth: wet spring grass, flowing golden grain, moistly warm new-born animals, and deep, satisfying love and companionship.

It is three years ago since the word "widow" froze me in my tracks. Jim is still with me and I pray that he will be for years yet.

But I know that if the tragic day should come and he passes on I am capable of supervising our station-hands' work and keeping alive that dream of Jim's that our grandsons will take over the property, one day, where he, and then I, left off.

It is a good thought.

The changing beach

By INDEBORG BROWN

From a diary:

There's nothing else
But sand and sky
And sea and sand
And you and I.
There's no tomorrow
And no past,
These moments will
Forever last.
The sun, the sea,
The sky and we
Are part of the
Eternity.

Same diary, ten years and five children later:

Sorting shells along the shore,
Building castles by the score,
Watching waves with straining eyes,
Cocking ears for screams and cries.
Buying ice-creams, drinks, galore,
Greasing noses, burned and sore,
Finding towels and thongs for each . . .
That's my vision of the beach.

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LEMON TART WINS PRIZE

● A recipe for a lemon tart with an unusual shell made of fruit and coconut wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a recipe for quickly made cheese fingers to serve as a snack or with salad and for a piquant curry dish.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUIT CRUST LEMON SNOW

Half cup chopped seedless raisins, ½ cup currants, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ cup water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups shredded coconut, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Place raisins, dates, currants, and spice in saucepan with water, stir over low heat until mixture is soft and thick. Add butter, stir until melted. Fold in coconut and nuts and mix well. Press into 9in. pie-plate and allow to set.

Lemon Snow filling: Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons arrowroot, 1 pint water, 2 eggs, whipped sweetened cream, slivered lemon rind.

Heat lemon rind, water, and sugar in saucepan, add arrowroot, which has been blended with lemon juice. Stir until mixture boils and thickens; remove from heat, add egg-yolks, allow to cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites; fill into fruit case. Chill until set. Garnish with whipped sweetened cream and thin slivers of lemon rind.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Brennan, Church Road, Birdwood, S.A.

FROSTED CHEESE AND HAM FINGERS

Three ounces flour, 3oz. grated tasty cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, salt, good squeeze of lemon juice.

Frosting: One egg-white, 1 cup finely minced ham.

Mix in a bowl the sifted flour, salt, pepper, and cheese, work in butter with fingertips. Mix to dough with beaten egg-yolk and lemon juice. Roll out to oblong shape. Cut into fingers, bake 8 to 10 minutes in moderate oven. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold in the ham, spread on fingers, return to oven until frosting turns golden brown.

Consolation prize to £1 to Mrs. J. Blackstock, Private Bag 92, Warracknabeal, Vic.

CURRIED MEATBALLS AND CURRANT RICE

One onion, 3 dessertspoons salad oil, 3 teaspoons curry powder, pinch each of mustard, ginger, and mace, 1 clove garlic, 1½ cups water, ½ cup currants, 2 slices bread, 2lb. finely minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup tomato soup, 1½ cups water, 1 cup uncooked rice.

Chop onion finely, brown in salad oil. Mix together the curry powder, mustard, ginger, mace, and finely minced garlic, blend in water to make smooth paste, add to onion. Cook until brown, stirring constantly. Set aside, prepare the meatballs: Crumble bread into little extra water, add minced steak; season with salt and pepper. Shape into balls, brown well in oil. Add tomato soup and the 1½ cups water, browned spices, and onion. Blend until smooth, bring to boil, cover, and simmer about 1 hour. Serve with currant rice (made by steaming the currants and tossing into freshly boiled rice).

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Shelverton, Kingston Heights, Kingston Beach, Tas.

FRUIT CRUST LEMON SNOW. See prize recipe at left.

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OUR LOW-CALORIE RECIPE FOR DIETERS

HERE'S a famous dessert, adapted for dieters. Omit the vanilla sauce, if you wish (or ladle it out generously for non-dieters).

SWEDISH APPLE CAKE WITH VANILLA SAUCE

Two cups (about 4 slices) soft breadcrumbs (made with starch-reduced bread), 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 medium-sized cooking apples, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons liquid sweetening solution.

Blend together the crumbs, cinnamon, lemon peel, and salt. Peel apples, removing cores, and cut into slices. Spread 1-3rd of crumb mixture over bottom of lightly greased casserole. Cover with half the apples. Repeat, then top with remaining crumbs. Mix together the water, lemon juice, and sweetening solution, drizzle over top. Bake in moderate oven until apples are tender (about 30 minutes). Serve warm. Serves 6; calories per serving 84.

Vanilla Sauce: One egg, 1 cup skim milk, ¾ teaspoon liquid sweetener, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

In top of double saucepan, combine well-beaten egg, milk, sweetener, and salt. Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until thickened, cool; stir in vanilla.

One serving, ¼ cup; calories 27.

HOME HINTS

● Housewives will find these hints from readers valuable in their daily routine. Each hint wins £1/1/- prize.

TO reheat meat or fruit pies: Wet the inside of a large paper bag, slip pie inside, screw up end and place in moderate to hot oven for seven to 10 minutes. — Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, via Taree, N.S.W.

After lining kitchen cupboard shelves with fancy waxed paper, use the left-over pieces to cover recipe books. The matching covers look attractive and help to prevent the books becoming greasy.—Mrs. E. Y. Askew, 15 Herbert Street, Ringwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Plastic and enamel sinks can easily become drab looking and stained. To clean, fill with warm water and add household bleach, leaving the solution to soak for half an hour. Rinse, and the sink is as good as new. — Mrs. E. Croft, Box 33, P.O., Ettalong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When bottling fruit, fill three or four jars with a mixture of different varieties, sliced fairly thin. When opened they make instant fruit salad—try adding sliced fresh bananas.—Mrs. R. M. Hill, 51 Victoria St., Levin, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

A good idea for using up egg-whites: Make a jelly, using only half the stated amount of water; when almost set, fold in a well-mashed banana and one egg-white beaten stiffly with a tablespoon of sugar. — Mrs. R. Daglish, 162 Flinders St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

★ ★ ★

If you run out of silver polish, apply a little tooth-paste on a soft nail-brush to the silver. Rinse off with warm water. You will be pleased with the result. — Mrs. R. Lawrence, Kanyan, N.C. Line, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A coat of clear varnish on beach hats and bags prevents the straw from splitting and preserves their life.—Lynette Yelverton, R.S.M. 369, Busselton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

A useful spray for plants and shrubs in the garden can be made from empty plastic detergent containers. All that is needed are three or four holes pierced in the cap with a hot needle.—Mrs. R. Chapman, "Owensdale," Howes Valley, via Singleton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Don't discard your old tea-tray. Paint it a vivid color, punch several holes through it, and attach artificial flowers by lacing wire through holes. It makes an attractive picture to hang on the wall. — Mrs. M. Turner, 31 Station St., Griffith, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Keep sewing-machine oil in a nail-polish bottle. It is less likely to spill and the little brush is invaluable for reaching difficult spots in the machinery. The whole job of oiling your machine can be done easily.—Mrs. R. M. Wilkins, 48 Nevitt St., Stafford, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

If you run short of chutney, try this: To every heaped tablespoon of apricot or plum jam, add a dessert-spoon of worcestershire sauce. Mix well and serve. —Mrs. L. E. Collins, Border St., Wallangarra, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Men's discarded white poplin shirts can be made quickly and easily into a woman's half-slip. Remove backs from two shirts, join side seams and you have a slip with already-shaped side slits. The only expense is for elastic at waistline.—Mrs. D. Minter, 3 Furness St., Blackburn, Vic.

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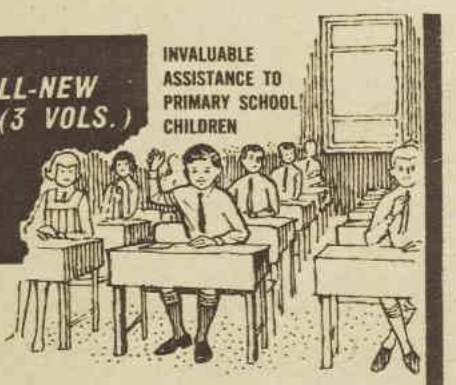

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"Gerald is delighted with his new teeth."

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

unpleasant feeling you get sometimes that centipedes in large numbers are sauntering up and down your spinal column. I feared the worst.

"But what's happened?" I faltered, if faltered's the word.

"I regret to inform you, sir, that Miss Bassett has insisted on Mr. Fink-Nottle adopting a vegetarian diet. His mood is understandably disgruntled and rebellious."

I tottered. In my darkest hour I had never anticipated anything as bad as this. You wouldn't think it to look at him, because he's small and shrimplike and never puts on weight, but Gussie loves food. Watching him tucking into his rations at the Drones, a tapeworm would raise its hat respectfully, knowing that it was in the presence of a master.

Cut him off, therefore, from the roasts and boileds and particularly from cold steak-and-kidney pie, a dish of which he is inordinately fond, and you turned him into something fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, as the fellow said—the sort of chap who would break an engagement as soon as look at you. At the moment of my entry I had been about to light a cigarette, and now the lighter fell from my nerveless hand.

"She's made him become a vegetarian?"

"So Mr. Fink-Nottle informed me, sir."

"No chops?"

"No, sir," replied Jeeves ponderously.

"No steaks?"

"No, sir."

"Just spinach and similar garbage?"

"So I gather, sir."

"But why?"

"I understand that Miss Bassett has recently been reading the life of the poet Shelley, sir, and has become converted to his view that the consumption of flesh foods is unspiritual. The poet Shelley held strong opinions on this subject."

I picked up the lighter in a sort of trance. I was aware that Madeline B. was as potty as they come in the matter of stars and rabbits and what happened when fairies blew their wee noses, but I had never dreamed that her goofiness would carry her to such lengths as this.

But as the picture rose before my eyes of Gussie at the dinner table picking with clouded brow at what had unquestionably looked like spinach, I knew that his story must be true. No wonder Gussie in agony of spirit had said that Madeline made him sick. Just so might a python at a zoo have spoken of its keeper, had the latter suddenly started feeding it cheese straws in lieu of the daily rabbit.

"But this is frightful, Jeeves!"

"Certainly somewhat disturbing, sir."

"If Gussie is seething with revolt, anything may happen."

"Yes, sir."

"Is there nothing we can do?"

"It might be possible for you to reason with Miss Bassett, sir. You would have a talking point. Medical research has established that the ideal diet is one in which animal and vegetable foods are balanced. A strict vegetarian diet is not recommended by the majority of doctors, as it lacks sufficient protein and in particular does not contain the protein which is built up of the amino acids required by the body. Competent observers have traced some cases of mental disorder to this shortage."

"You'd tell her that?"

"It might prove helpful, sir."

"I doubt it," I said, blowing a despondent smoke ring. "I don't think it would sway her."

"Nor on consideration do I, sir. The poet Shelley regarded the matter from the humanitarian standpoint rather than that of bodily health. He held that we should show reverence for other life-forms, and it is his views that Miss Bassett has absorbed."

A HOLLOW groan escaped me. "Curse the poet Shelley! I hope he trips over a loose shoelace and breaks his ruddy neck."

"Too late, sir. He is no longer with us."

"Blast all vegetables!"

"Yes, sir. Your concern is understandable. I may mention that the cook expressed herself in a somewhat similar vein when I informed her of Mr. Fink-Nottle's predicament. Her heart melted in sympathy with his distress.

"She instructed me to apprise Mr. Fink-Nottle that if he were agreeable to visiting the kitchen at some late hour when the household had retired for the night, she would be happy to supply him with cold steak-and-kidney pie."

It was as if the sun had come smiling through the clouds or the long shot on which I had placed my wager had nosed its way past the opposition in the last ten yards and won by a short head. For the peril that had threatened to split the Bassett-Fink-Nottle axis had been averted. I knew Gussie from soup to nuts. Cut him off from the proteins and the amino acids and you soured his normally amiable nature, turning him into a sullen hater of his species who asked nothing better than to bite his n. and dearest and bite them good.

But give him this steak-and-kidney pie outlet, thus allowing him to fulfil what they call his legitimate aspirations, and chagrin would vanish and he would become his old lovable self once more. The dark scowl would be replaced by the tender simper, the acid crack by the honeyed word, and all would be hotsy-totsy once more with his love life. My bosom swelled with gratitude to the cook whose quick thinking had solved the problem and brought home the bacon.

"Who is she, Jeeves?"

"Sir?"

"This life-saving cook. I shall want to give her a special mention in my evening prayers."

"She is a woman of the name of Stoker, sir."

"Stoker? Did you say Stoker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Odd!"

"Sir?"

"Nothing. Just a rather strange coincidence. Have you told Gussie?"

To page 58

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Continued from page 56

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

"Yes, sir. I found him most co-operative. He plans to present himself in the kitchen shortly after midnight. Cold steak-and-kidney pie is, of course, merely a palliative—"

"On the contrary. It's Gussie's favorite dish. I've known him to order it even on curry day at the Drones. He loves the stuff."

"Indeed, sir? That is very gratifying."

"Gratifying is the word. What a lesson this teaches us, Jeeves—never to despair, never to throw in the towel and turn our face to the wall, for there is always hope."

"Yes, sir. Would you be requiring anything further?"

"Not a thing, thanks. My cup runneth over."

"Then I will be saying good night, sir."

"Good night, Jeeves."

After he had gone, I put in about half an hour on my Erle Stanley Gardner, but I found rather a difficulty in following the thread and keeping my attention on the clues. My thoughts kept straying to this epoch-making cook. Strange, I felt, that her name should be Stoker. Some relation, perhaps.

I could picture the woman so exactly. Stout, red-faced, spectacled, a little irritable, perhaps, if interrupted when baking a cake or thinking out a sauce, but soft as butter at heart. No doubt something in Gussie's wan aspect had touched her ("That boy needs feeding up, poor little fellow"), or possibly she was fond of goldfish and had been drawn to him because he reminded her of them. Or she may have been a Girl Guide.

At any rate, whatever the driving motive behind her day's good deed, she had deserved well of Bertram, and I told myself that a thumping tip should reward her on my departure. Purses of gold should be scattered, and with a lavish hand.

I was musing thus and feeling more benevolent every minute, when who should blow in but Gussie in person, and I had been right in picturing his aspect as wan. He wore the unmistakable look of a man who has been downing spinach for weeks.

I took it that he had come to ask me what I was doing at Totleigh Towers, a point on which he might naturally be supposed to be curious, but that didn't seem to interest him. He plunged without delay into as forceful a denunciation of the vegetable world as I've ever heard, oddly enough being more bitter about Brussels sprouts and broccoli than about spinach, which I would have expected him to feature. It was some considerable time before I could get a word in, but when I did my voice dripped with sympathy.

"Yes, Jeeves was telling me about that," I said, "and my heart bled for you."

"And so it jolly well ought to have done—in buckets—if you've a spark of humanity in you," he retorted warmly. "Words cannot describe the agonies I've suffered, particularly when staying at Brinkley Court."

I nodded. I knew just what an ordeal it must have been. With Aunt Dahlia's peerless chef wielding the skillet, the last place where you want to be on a vegetarian diet is Brinkley. Many a time when enjoying the old relative's hospitality I've regretted that I had only one stomach to give to the evening's bill of fare.

"Night after night I had to refuse Anatole's unbeatable eatables, and when I tell you that two nights in succession he gave us those Mignonettes de Poulet Petit Duc of his and on another occasion his Timbales de Ris de Veau Toulousaine, you will appreciate what I went through."

As it is my constant policy to strew a little happiness as I go by, I hastened to point out the silver lining in the c's.

"Your sufferings must have been terrible," I agreed. "But courage, Gussie. Think of the cold steak-and-kidney pie."

I had struck the right note. His drawn face softened.

"Jeeves told you about that?"

"He said the cook had it all ready and waiting for you, and I remember thinking at the time that she must be a pearl among women."

"That is not putting it at all too strongly. She's an angel in human shape. I spotted her solid merits the moment I saw her."

"You've seen her?"

"Of course I've seen her. You can't have forgotten that talk we had when I was in the cab, about to start off for Paddington. Though why you should have got the idea that she looks like a Pekingese is more than I can imagine."

"Eh? Who?"

"Emerald Stoker. She doesn't look in the least like a Pekingese."

"What's Emerald Stoker got to do with it?"

He seemed surprised.

"Didn't she tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"That she was on her way here to take office as the Totleigh Towers cook."

I goggled. I thought for a moment that the privations through which he was passing must have unhinged this newt fancier's brain.

"Did you say cook?"

"I'm surprised she didn't tell you. I suppose she felt that you weren't to be trusted to keep her secret. She would, of course, have spotted you as a babbler from the outset. Yes, she's the cook all right."

"But why is she the cook?" I asked.

"She explained that fully to me on the train. It appears that she's dependent on a monthly allowance from her father in New York, and normally gets by reasonably comfortably on this. But early this month she was unfortunate in her investments on the turf. Sunny Jim in the three o'clock at Kempton Park."

I recalled the horse to which he referred. Only prudent second thoughts had kept me from having a bit on it myself.

"The animal ran sixth in a field of seven and she lost her little all. She was then faced with the alternative of applying to her father for funds, which would have necessitated a full confession of her rash act, or of seeking some gainful occupation which would tide her over till, as she put it, the United States Marines arrived."

"She could have touched me or her sister Pauline."

"My good ass, a girl like that doesn't borrow money. Much too proud. She decided to become a cook. She tells me she didn't hesitate more than about fifty seconds before making her choice."

I wasn't surprised. To have come clean to the paternal parent would have been to invite hell of the worst description. Old Stoker was not the type of father who laughs indulgently when informed by a daughter that she has lost her chemise and foundation garments at the races. I don't suppose he has ever laughed indulgently in his life. I've never seen him even smile.

Apprised of his child's goings-on, he would unquestionably have blown his top and reduced her to the level of a fifth-rate power. I have been present on occasions when the old boy was going good, and I can testify that his boiling point is low. Quite rightly had she decided that silence was best.

It was quite a load off my mind to be able to file away the Emerald Stoker mystery in my casebook as solved, for I dislike being baffled and the thing had been weighing on me, but there were one or two small points to be cleared up.

"How did she happen to come to Totleigh?"

"I must have been responsible for that. During our talk at that studio party, I remember mentioning that Sir Watkyn was in the market for a cook, and I suppose I must have given her his address, for she applied for the post and got it. These American girls have such enterprise."

"Is she enjoying her job?"

"Thoroughly, according to Jeeves. She's teaching the butler rummy."

"I hope she skins him to the bone."

"No doubt she will when he is sufficiently advanced to play for money. And she tells me she loves to cook. What's her cooking like?"

I could answer that. She had once or twice given me dinner at her flat, and the browsing had been impeccable.

"It melts in the mouth."

"It hasn't melted in mine," said Gussie bitterly. "Ah well," he added, a softer light coming into his eyes, "there's always that steak-and-kidney pie."

And on this happier note he took his departure.

. . . . . .

It was pretty late when I finished the perusal of my Erle Stanley Gardner, and later when I woke from the light doze into which I had fallen on closing the volume. Totleigh Towers had long since called it a day, and all was still throughout the house except for a curious rumbling noise proceeding from my interior. After bending an ear to this for a while, I was able to see what was causing it. I had fed sparsely at the dinner table, with the result that I had become as hungry as dammit.

I DON'T know if you have had the same experience, but a thing I've always found about myself is that it takes very little to put me off my feed. Let the atmosphere at lunch or dinner be what you might call difficult, and my appetite tends to dwindle. I've often had this happen when breaking bread with my Aunt Agatha, and it had happened again at tonight's meal.

What with the strain of constantly catching Pop Bassett's eye and looking hastily away and catching Spode's and looking hastily away and catching Pop's again, I had done far less than justice to Emerald Stoker's no doubt admirable offerings. You read stories sometimes where someone merely toys with his food or even pushes away his plate untasted, and that substantially was what I had done. So now this strange hollow feeling, as if some hidden hand had scooped out my insides with a tablespoon.

This imperative demand for sustenance had probably been coming on during my Erle Stanley Gardnering, but I had been so intent on trying to keep tab on the murder gun and the substitute gun and the gun which Perry Mason had buried in the shrubbery that I hadn't noticed it. Only now had the pangs of hunger really started to throw their weight about, and more and more clearly as they did so there rose before my eyes the vision of that steak-and-kidney pie which was lurking in the kitchen, and it was as though I could hear a soft voice calling to me, "Come and get it."

It's odd how often you find that out of evil cometh good, as the expression is. Here was a case in point. I had always thought of my previous visit to Totleigh Towers as a total loss. I saw now that I had been wrong. It had been an ordeal testing the nervous system to the utmost, but there was one thing about it to be placed on the credit side of the ledger. I allude to the fact that it had taught me the way to the kitchen.

The route lay down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, and through the door at the end of the last named. Beyond the door I presumed that there was some sort of passage or corridor and then you were in the steak-and-kidney pie zone. A simple journey, not to be compared for complexity with some I had taken at night in my time.

With the Woosters to think is to act, and scarcely more than two minutes later I was on my way.

It was dark on the stairs and just as dark, if not darker, in the hall. But I was making quite satisfactory progress and was about halfway through the

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

Continued from page 58

latter when an unforeseen hitch occurred. I bumped into a human body, the last thing I had expected to encounter en route, and for an instant . . . well, I won't say that everything went black, because everything was black already, but I was considerably perturbed. My heart did one of those spectacular leaps Nijinsky used to do in the Russian Ballet, and I was conscious of a fervent wish that I could have been elsewhere.

Elsewhere, however, being just where I wasn't, I had no option but to grapple with this midnight marauder, and when I did so I was glad to find that he was apparently one who had stunted his growth by smoking as a boy. There was a shrimplike quality about him which I found most encouraging. It seemed to me that it would be an easy task to throttle him into submission, and I was getting down to it with a hearty goodwill when my hand touched what were plainly spectacles and at the same moment a stifled "Hey, look out for my glasses!" told me my diagnosis had been all wrong. This was no thief in the night but an old crony with whom in boyhood days I had often shared my last bar of milk chocolate.

"Oh, hello, Gussie," I said. "Is that you? I thought you were a burglar."

There was a touch of asperity in his voice as he replied: "Well, I wasn't."

"No, I see that now. Pardonable mistake, though, you must admit."

"You nearly gave me heart failure."

"I, too, was somewhat taken aback. No one more surprised than the undersigned when you suddenly popped up. I thought I had a clear track."

"Where to?"

"Need you ask? The steak-and-kidney pie. If you've left any."

"Yes, there's quite a bit left."

"Was it good?"

"Delicious."

"Then I think I'll be getting along. Good night, Gussie. Sorry you were troubled."

Continuing on my way, I think I must have lost my bearings a little. Shaken, no doubt, by the recent encounter. These get-togethers take their toll. At any rate, to cut a long story s., what happened was that as I felt my way along the wall I collided with what turned out to be a grandfather clock, for the existence of which I had not budgeted, and it toppled over with a sound like the delivery of several tons of coal through the roof of a conservatory. Glass crashed, pulleys and things parted from their moorings, and as I stood trying to separate my heart from the front teeth in which it had become entangled, the lights flashed on and I beheld Sir Watkyn Bassett.

It was a moment fraught with embarrassment. It's bad enough to be caught by your host prowling about his house after hours even when said host is a warm admirer and close personal friend, and I have, I think, made it clear that Pop Bassett was not one of my fans. He could barely stand the sight of me by daylight, and I suppose I looked even worse to him at one o'clock in the morning.

My feeling of having been slapped between the eyes with a custard pie was deepened by the spectacle of his dressing-gown. He was a small man . . . you got the impression, seeing him, that when they were making magistrates there wasn't enough material left over when they came to him . . . and for some reason not easy to explain it nearly always happens that the smaller the ex-magistrate, the louder the dressing-gown. His was a bright purple number with yellow frogs, and I am not deceiving my public when I say that it smote me like a blow, rendering me speechless.

Not that I'd have felt chatty even if he had been upholstered in something quiet in dark blue. I don't believe you can ever be completely at your ease in the company of someone before whom you've stood in the dock saying "Yes, your worship" and "No, your worship" and being told by him that you're extremely lucky to get off with a fine and not fourteen days without the option. This is particularly so if you have just smashed a grandfather clock whose welfare is no doubt very near his heart. At any rate, be that as it may, he was the one to open the conversation, not me.

"Great Scott!" he said, speaking with every evidence of horror. "You!"

A thing I never know, and probably never will, is what to say when somebody says "You!" to me. A mild "Oh, hello" was the best I could do on this occasion, and I felt at the time it wasn't good. Better, of course, than "What ho, there, Bassett!" but nevertheless not good.

"Might I ask what you are doing here at this hour, Mr. Wooster?"

Well, I might have laughed a jolly laugh and replied, "Upsetting grandfather clocks," keeping it light, as it were, if you know what I mean, but something told me it wouldn't go so frightfully well. I had what amounted to an inspiration.

"I came down to get a book. I'd finished my Erle Stanley Gardner and I couldn't seem to drop off to sleep, so I came to see if I couldn't pick up something from your shelves. And in the dark I bumped into the clock."

"Indeed?" he said, putting a wealth of sniffiness into the word. A thing about this undersized little son of a bachelor I ought to have mentioned earlier is that during his career on the bench he was one of those unpleasant sarcastic magistrates who get themselves so disliked by the criminal classes. You know the type. Their remarks are generally printed in the evening papers with the word "laughter" after them in brackets, and they count the day lost when they don't make some unfortunate pickpocket or some wretched drunk and disorderly feel like a piece of cheese.

I know that on the occasion when we stood face to face in Bosher Street Police Court he convulsed the audience with three solid yaks at my expense in the first two minutes, bathing me in confusion. "Indeed?" he said. "Might I inquire why you were conducting your literary researches in

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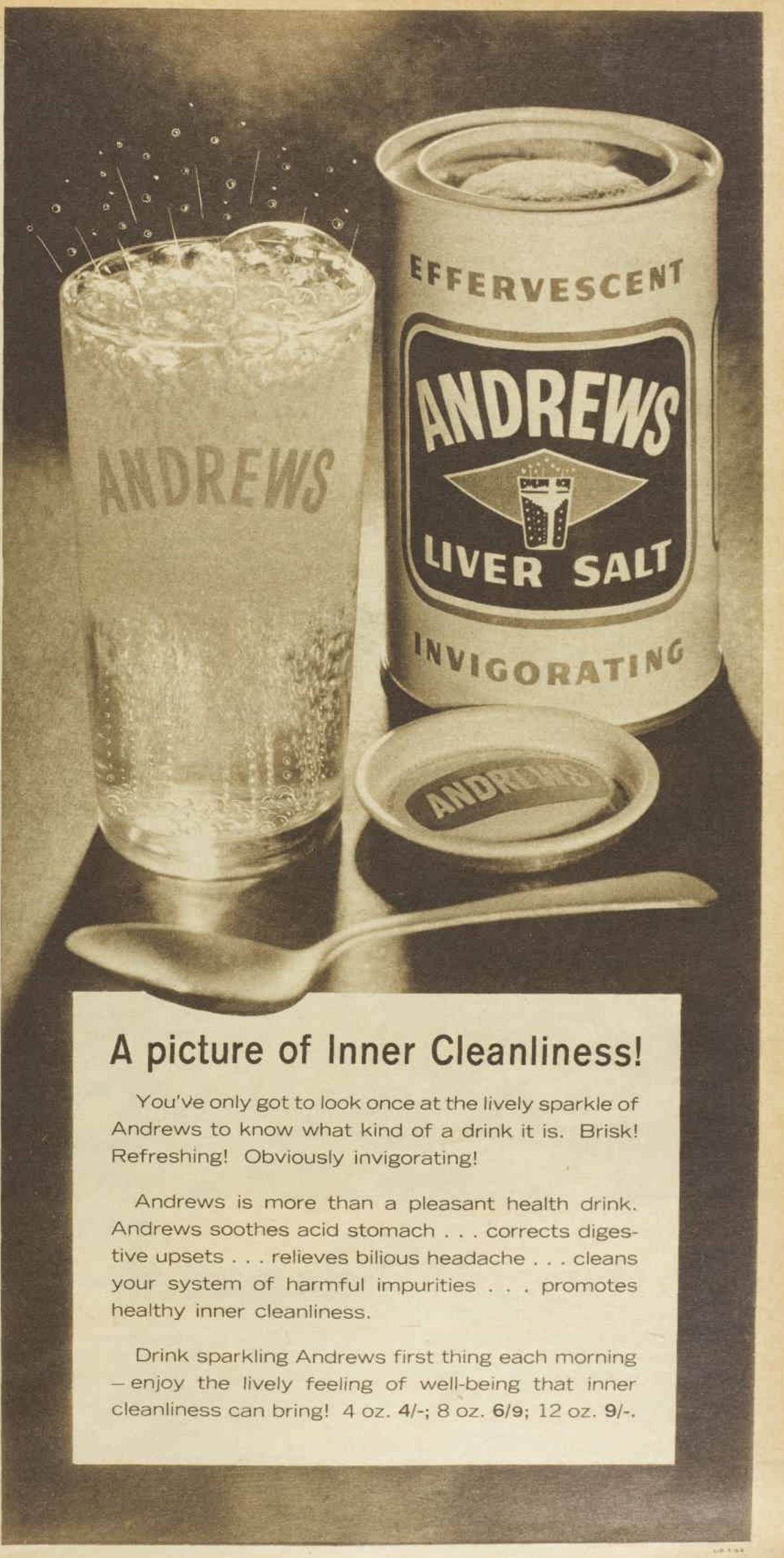
FROM THE BIBLE

● *"My friends, never tire of doing right."*

Thessalonians 3:13



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the dark? It would surely have been well within the scope of even your limited abilities to press a light switch."

He had me there, of course. The best I could say was that I hadn't thought of it, and he sniffed a nasty sniff, as much as to suggest that I was just the sort of dead-from-the-neck-up dumb brick who wouldn't have thought of it. He then turned to the subject of the clock, one which I would willingly have left unventilated. He said he had always valued it highly, it being more or less the apple of his eye.

"My father bought it many years ago. He took it everywhere with him."

Here again I might have lightened things by asking him if his parent wouldn't have found it simpler to have worn a wristwatch, but I felt once more that he was not in the mood.

"My father was in the diplomatic service and was constantly transferred from one post to another. He was never parted from the clock. It accompanied him in perfect safety from Rome to Vienna, from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to Washington, from Washington to Lisbon. One would have said it was indestructible. But it had still to pass the supreme test of encountering Mr. Wooster, and that was too much for it. It did not occur to Mr. Wooster . . . one cannot think of everything . . . that light may be obtained by pressing a light switch, so he—"

THERE he broke off, not so much because he had finished what he had to say as because at this point in the conversation I sprang on to the top of a large chest which stood some six or seven feet distant from the spot where we were chewing the fat. I may have touched the ground once while in transit, but not more than once and that once not willingly. A cat on hot bricks could not have moved with greater nippiness.

My motives in doing so were founded on a solid basis. Toward the later stages of his observations on the clock I had gradually become aware of a curious sound, as if someone in the vicinity was gargling mouthwash, and looking about me I found myself gazing into the eyes of the dog Bartholomew, which were fixed on me with the sinister intentness which is characteristic of this breed of animal. Scotch terriers, possibly owing to their heavy eyebrows, always seem to look at you as if they were in the pulpit of the church of some particularly strict Scottish sect and you were a parishioner of dubious reputation sitting in the front row of the stalls.

Not that I noticed his eyes very much, my attention being

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

riveted on his teeth. He had an excellent set and was baring them, and all I had ever heard of his tendency to bite first and ask questions afterwards passed through my mind in a flash. Hence the leap for life. The Woosters are courageous, but they do not take chances.

Pop Bassett was plainly nonplussed, and it was only when his gaze, too, fell upon Bartholomew that he abandoned what must have been his original theory — that Bertram had cracked under the strain and would do well to lose no time in seeing a good mental specialist. He eyed Bartholomew coldly and addressed him as if he had been up before him in his police court.

"Go away, sir! Lie down, sir! Go away!" he said, rasping, if that's the word.

Well, I could have told him that you can't talk to a Scotch terrier in that tone of voice for, except perhaps for Doberman pinschers, there is no breed of dog quicker to take offence.

"Really, the way my niece allows this infernal animal to roam at large about the—"

"House" I suppose he was about to say, but the word remained unspoken. It was a moment for rapid action, not for speech. The gargling noise had increased in volume, and Bartholomew was flexing his muscles and getting under way. He moved, he stirred, he seemed to feel the rush of life along his keel, as the fellow said, and Pop Bassett, with a lissomeness of which I would not have suspected him, took to himself the wings of the dove and floated down beside me on the chest. Whether he clipped a second or two off my time I cannot say, but I rather think he did.

"This is intolerable!" he said as I moved courteously to make room for him, and I could see the thing from his point of view. All he asked from life, now that he had made his pile, was to be as far away as possible from Bertram Wooster, and here he was cheek by jowl, as you might say, on a rather uncomfortable chest with him. A certain peevishness was inevitable.

"Not too good," I agreed. "Unquestionably open to criticism, the animal's behaviour."

"He must be off his head. He knows me perfectly well. He sees me every day."

"Ah," I said, putting my finger on the weak spot in his argument, "but I don't suppose he's ever seen you in that dressing-gown."

I had been too outspoken. He let me see at once that he had taken umbrage.

"What's wrong with my dressing - gown?" he demanded.

"A bit on the bright side, don't you think?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, that's how it would strike a high-strung dog."

I paused here to chuckle softly, and he asked what the devil I was giggling about. I put him abreast.

"I was merely thinking that I wish we could strike the high-strung dog. The trouble on these occasions is that one is always weaponless.

"It was the same some years ago when an angry swan chased self and friend on to the roof of a sort of boathouse building at my Aunt Agatha's place in Hertfordshire. Nothing would have pleased us better than to bung a brick at the bird, or slosh him with a boathook, but we had no brick and were short of boathooks. We had to wait till Jeeves came along, which he eventually did in answer to our cries. It would have thrilled you to have seen Jeeves on that occasion. He advanced dauntlessly and—"

"Mr. Wooster!"

"Speaking."

"Kindly spare me your reminiscences."

"I was merely saying—"

"Well, don't."

SILENCE fell. On my part, a wounded silence, for all I'd tried to do was take his mind off things with entertaining chitchat. I moved an inch or two away from him in a marked manner. The Woosters do not force their conversation on the unwilling.

All this time Bartholomew had been trying to join us, making a series of energetic springs. Fortunately Providence in its infinite wisdom had given Scotties short legs, and though full of the will to win he could accomplish nothing constructive.

However much a Scotch terrier may bear 'mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device Excelsior (or was it some other kind?) he nearly always has to be content with dirty looks and the sharp, passionate bark.

Some minutes later my fellow rooster came out of the silence. No doubt the haughtiness of my manner had intimidated him, for there was a mildness in his voice which had not been there before.

"Mr. Wooster."

I turned coldly.

"Were you addressing me, Bassett?"

"There must be something we can do."

"You might fine the animal five pounds."

"We cannot stay here all night."

"Why not? What's to stop us?"

This held him. He relapsed into silence once more. And we were sitting there like a

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CHILD "NERVY"?

Try this for overnight recovery

If your child seems "nervy", tired, or off his food, it may be temporary constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. If it is, the safe, gentle remedy is Laxettes. Give him one or two milk chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. Laxettes work gently while he sleeps. Next day your child can be his bright, happy self again. Laxettes are the safest, surest children's laxative known. Easy to take — eaten just like ordinary chocolate. Only 3/3 from your chemist. "When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

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The Bulletin

INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES

THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!

"Mom! I've traded my marble collection!"

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

couple of Trappist monks when a voice said, "Well, for heaven's sake!" and I perceived that Stiffy was with us.

Not surprising, of course, that she should have turned up sooner or later. If Scotties come, I ought to have said to myself, can Stiffy be far behind?

Considering that so substantial a part of her waking hours is devoted to thrusting innocent bystanders into the soup, Stiffy is far prettier than she has any right to be. She's on the small side — petite, I believe, is the technical term — and I have always felt that when she and Stinker walk up the aisle together, if they ever do, their disparity in height should be good for a laugh or two from the ringside pews. The thought has occurred to me more than once that the correct response for Stinker to make, when asked if he is prepared to take this Stephanie to be his wedded wife, would be "Why, certainly, what there is of her."

"What on earth do you think you're doing?" she inquired, not unnaturally surprised to see her uncle and an old friend in our current position. "And why have you been upsetting the furniture?"

"That was me," I said. "I bumped into the grandfather clock, I'm as bad as Stinker, aren't I, bumping into things, ha-ha."

"Less of the ha-ha," she riposted warmly. "And don't mention yourself in the same breath as my Harold. Well, that doesn't explain why you're sitting up there like a couple of buzzards on a tree-top."

Pop Bassett intervened, speaking at his sniffiest. Her comparison of him to a buzzard, though perfectly accurate, seemed to have piqued him.

"We were savagely attacked by your dog."

"Not so much attacked," I said, "as given nasty looks. We didn't vouchsafe him time to attack us, deeming it best to get out of his sphere of influence before he could settle down to work. He's been trying to get at us for the past two hours; at least it seems like two hours."

She was quick to defend the dumb chum.

"Well, how can you blame the poor angel? Naturally he thought you were international spies in the pay of Moscow. Prowling about the house at this time of night. I can understand Bertie doing it, because he was dropped on the head as a baby, but I'm surprised at you, Uncle Watkyn. Why don't you go to bed?"

"I shall be delighted to go to bed," said Pop Bassett stiffly, "if you will remove this animal. He is a public menace."

"Very high-strung," I put in. "We were remarking on it only just now."

"He's all right if you don't go out of your way to stir him up. Get back to your basket, Bartholomew, you bounder," said Stiffy, and such was the magic of her personality that the hound turned on its heel without a word and passed into the night.

Pop Bassett climbed down from the chest and directed a fishy magisterial look at me.

"Good night, Mr. Wooster. If there is any more of my furniture you wish to break, pray consider yourself at perfect liberty to indulge your peculiar tastes," he said, and he, too, passed into the night.

Stiffy looked after him with a thoughtful eye.

"I don't believe Uncle Watkyn likes you, Bertie. I noticed the way he kept staring at you at dinner, as if appalled. Well, I don't wonder your arrival hit him hard. It did me. I've never been so surprised in my life when you suddenly bobbed up like a corpse rising to the surface of a sheet of water. Harold told me he had pleaded with you to come here, but nothing would induce you. What made you change your mind?"

IN my previous sojourn at Totleigh Towers circumstances had compelled me to confide in this young prune my position as regards her cousin Madeline, so I had no hesitation in giving her the low-down.

"I learned that there was trouble between Madeline and Gussie, due, I have since been informed, to her forcing him to follow in the footsteps of the poet Shelley and become a vegetarian, and I felt that I might accomplish something as a raisonneur."

"As a whatonneur?"

"I thought that would be a bit above your head. It's a French expression meaning, I believe, though I would have to check with Jeeves, a calm kindly man of the world who intervenes when a rift has occurred between two living hearts and brings them together again. Very essential in the present crisis."

"You mean that if Madeline hands Gussie the pink slip, she'll marry you?"

"That, broadly, is the strength of it. And while I admire and respect Madeline, I'm all against the idea of having her smiling face peeping at me over the coffee-pot for the rest of my life. So I came here to see what I could do."

"Well, you couldn't have come at a better moment. Now you're

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SUNNY QUEENSLAND SALAD

Surround crisp lettuce leaves with edging of celery curls and slices of GOLDEN CIRCLE Beetroot. Drain 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Choice Pineapple Pieces and mix with equal quantity of cold cooked chicken cubes. Arrange over lettuce. Place 'nest' of lettuce in centre and fill with cubes of chicken. Surround with quarters of hard-cooked egg and red capsicum strips. Garnish with radish roses and serve with prepared mayonnaise.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

here, you can get cracking on that job Harold told you I want you to do for me."

I saw the time had come for some prompt in-the-bud-nipping.

"Include me out. I won't touch it. I know you and your jobs."

"But this is something quite simple. You can do it on your head. And you'll be bringing sunshine and happiness into the life of a poor slob who can do with a bit of both. Were you ever a Boy Scout?"

"Not since early boyhood."

"Then you've lots of leeway to make up in the way of kind deeds. This'll be a nice start for you. The facts are as follows."

"I don't want to hear them."

"You would prefer that I recalled Bartholomew and told him to go on where he left off?"

She had what Jeeves had called a talking point.

"Very well. Tell me all. But briefly."

"It won't take long, and then you can be off to beddybye. You remember that little black statuette thing on the table at dinner?"

"Ah, yes, the eyesore."

"Uncle Watkyn bought it from a man called Plank."

"So I gathered."

"Well, do you know what he paid for it?"

"A thousand quid, didn't you say?"

"No, I didn't. I said it was worth that. But he got it out of this poor blighter for a fiver."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not. He paid him five pounds. He makes no secret of it. When we were at Brinkley, he was showing the thing to Mr. Travers and telling him all about it . . . how he happened to see it on Plank's mantelpiece and spotted how valuable it was and told Plank it was worth practically nothing, but he would give him five pounds for it because he knew how hard up he was. He gloated over how clever he had been, and Mr. Travers writhed like an egg whisk."

HOW well I could believe it. If there's one thing that makes a collector spit blood, it's hearing about another collector getting a bargain.

"How do you know Plank was hard up?"

"Well, would he have let the thing go for a fiver if he wasn't?"

"Something in that."

"You can't say Uncle Watkyn isn't a dirty dog."

"I would never dream of saying he isn't — and always has been — the dirtiest of dogs. It bears out what I have frequently maintained —that there are no depths to which magistrates won't stoop. I don't wonder you look askance. Your Uncle Watkyn stands revealed as a chiseller of the lowest type. But nothing to be done about it, of course."

"I don't know so much about that."

"Why, have you tried doing anything?"

"In a sort of way. I arranged that Harold should preach a very strong sermon on Naboth's Vineyard. Not that I suppose you've ever heard of Naboth's Vineyard."

I bridled. She had offended my amour-propre.

"I doubt if there's a man in London and the home counties who has the facts relating to Naboth's Vineyard more thoroughly at his fingertips than me. The news may not have reached you, but when at school I once won a prize for Scripture Knowledge."

"I bet you cheated."

"Not at all. Sheer merit. Did Stinker co-operate?"

"Yes, he thought it was a splendid idea and went about sucking throat pastilles for a week, so as to be in good voice. The setup was the same as the play in 'Hamlet.' You know, With which to catch the conscience of the king and all that."

"Yes, I see the strategy all right. How did it work out?"

"It didn't. Harold lives in the cottage of Mrs. Bootle, the postman's wife, where they only have oil lamps, and the sermon was on the table with a lamp on it, and he bumped into the table and upset the lamp and it burned the sermon and he hadn't time to write it out again, so he had to dig out something on another topic from the old stockpile. He was terribly disappointed."

I pursed my lips, and was on the point of saying that of all the web-footed muddlers in existence H. P. Pinker took the well-known biscuit, when it occurred to me that it might possibly hurt her feelings, and I desisted. The last thing I wanted was to wound the child, particularly when I remembered the crack of hers about recalling Bartholomew.

"So we've got to handle the thing another way, and that's where you come in."

I smiled a tolerant smile.

"I can see where you're heading," I said. "You want me to go to your Uncle Watkyn and slip a jack under his better self. 'Play the game, Bassett,' you want me to say; 'let conscience be your guide, Bassett,' trying to drive it into his nut how wrong it is to put over a fast one on the widow and the orphan. I am assuming for purposes of argument that Plank is an orphan, though possibly not a widow. But, my misguided young shrimp, do you really suppose that Pop Bassett

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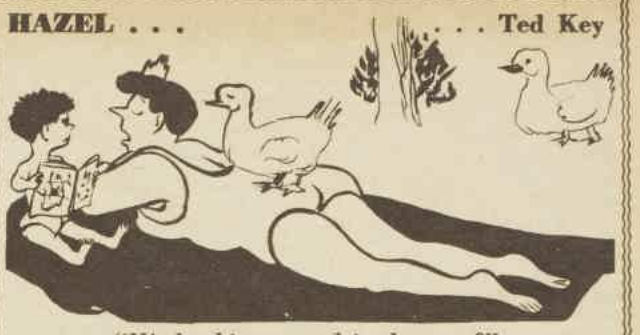
HAZEL . . . . . Ted Key



"Mind asking your friends . . . ?"

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

looks on me as a friend and counsellor to whom he is always willing to lend a ready ear? You yourself were stressing only a moment ago how allergic he was to the Wooster charm. It's no good me talking to him."

"I don't want you to."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to pinch the thing and return it to Plank, who will then sell it to Mr. Travers at a proper price. The idea of Uncle Watkyn only giving him a fiver for it! We can't have him getting away with raw work like that. He needs a sharp lesson."

I smiled another tolerant smile. The young boll weevil amused me. I was thinking how right I had been in predicting that any job assigned by her to anyone would be unfit for human consumption.

"Well, really, Stiffy!"

The quiet rebuke in my voice ought to have bathed her in shame and remorse, but it didn't. She came back at me strongly.

"I don't know what you're Well-really-ing about. You're always pinching things, aren't you? Policemen's helmets and things like that."

I inclined the bean. It was true that I had once lived in Arcady.

"There is," I was obliged to concede, "a certain substance in what you say. I admit that in my time I may have removed a lid of two from the upper stories of members of the constabulary—"

"Well, then."

—"but only on Boat Race Night and when the heart was younger than it is as of even date.

"It was an episode of the sort that first brought me and Uncle Watkyn together. But you can take it from me that the hot blood has cooled and I'm a reformed character. My answer to your suggestion is no."

"No?"

"N-ruddy-o," I said, making it clear to the meanest intelligence. "Why don't you pinch the thing yourself?"

"It wouldn't be any good. I couldn't take it to Plank. I'm confined to barracks. Bartholomew bit the butler, and the sins of the Scotty are visited upon its owner. I do think you might reconsider, Bertie."

"Not a hope."

"You're a blighter!"

"But a blighter who knows his own mind and is not to be shaken by argument or plea, however specious."

She was silent for a space. Then she gave a little sigh.

"Oh, dear," she said. "And I did hope I wouldn't have to tell Madeline about Gussie."

I gave another of those visible starts of mine. I've seldom heard words I liked the sound of less. Fraught with sinister significance they seemed to me.

"Do you know what happened tonight, Bertie? I was roused from sleep about an hour ago, and what do you think roused me? Stealthy footsteps, no less. I crept out of my room, and I saw Gussie sneaking down the stairs. All was darkness, of course, but he had a little torch and it shone on his spectacles. I followed him. He went to the kitchen. I peered in, and there was the cook shovelling cold steak-and-kidney pie into him like a stevedore loading a grain ship. And the thought flashed into my mind that if Madeline heard of this, she would give him the brush-off before he knew what had hit him."

"But a girl doesn't give a fellow the brush-off just because she's told him to stick to the sprouts and spinach and she hears that he's been wading into the steak-and-kidney pie," I said, trying to reassure myself, but not getting within several yards of it.

"I bet Madeline would."

And so, thinking it over, did I. You can't judge goofs like Madeline Bassett by ordinary standards. What the normal popsy would do and what she would do in any given circumstances were two distinct and separate things. I had not forgotten the time when she had severed relations with Gussie purely because through no fault of his own he got stinko when about to present the prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School.

STIFFY persisted. "You know how high her ideals are. Yes, sir, if someone were to drop an incautious word to her about tonight's orgy, those wedding bells would not ring out. Gussie would be at liberty, and she would start looking about her for somebody else to fill the vacant spot. I really think you'll have to reconsider that decision of yours, Bertie, and do just this one more bit of pinching."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!"

I spoke as harts do when heated in the chase and panting for cooling streams. It would have been plain to a far less astute mind than mine that this blighted Byng had got me in a position to dictate tactics and strategy.

Blackmail, of course, but the gentler sex loves blackmail. Not once but on several occasions has my aunt Dahlia bent me to her will by threatening that if I didn't play ball she would bar me from her table, thus dashing Anatole's lunches and dinners from my lips. Show me a delicately nurtured female, and I will show you a ruthless Napoleon of Crime prepared without turning a hair to put the screws on some unfortunate male whose services she happens to be in need of. There ought to be a law.

"It looks as if the die were cast," I said reluctantly.

"It is," she assured me.

"You're really adamant?"

"Couldn't be more so. My heart bleeds for Plank, and I'm going to see that justice is done."

"Right ho, then. I'll have a crack at it."

"That's my little man. The whole thing's so frightfully easy and simple. All you have to do is lift the thing off the dining-room table and smuggle it over to Plank. Think how his face'll light up when you walk in on him with it. 'My hero!' I expect he'll say."

And with a laugh which, though silvery, grated on my ear like a squeaking slate pencil she buzzed off.

Proceeding to my room and turning in between the sheets, I composed myself for sleep, but I didn't get a lot of it and what I did get was much disturbed by dreams of being chased across difficult country by sharks, some of them looking like Stiffy, some like Sir Watkyn Bassett, others like the dog Bartholomew. When Jeeves came shimmering in

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting March 4

ARIES MAR. 21 — APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, lilac. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Although good influences benefit finance and friendship, the plan is to regard the week as adverse, and shelve important issues until next week. Watch those headstrong impulses.

TAURUS APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ Next week is really the time for vital decisions and successful action. Too many unsettling influences could disrupt home life. The 6th is your best day for matters you can't postpone.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Sun.
★ This could prove a taut week when you could be tuned up more than usual. Adverse for love, marriage, and new ventures, but the 8th is good for writing and planning. Take it easy.

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Domestic matters could benefit through an older friend, but generally conditions are disturbing. You could be embroiled through hot-headedness. Good for romance on the 6th.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ There is genuine glamor in marriage matters and romance. You could form an exciting association but adverse aspects cominate. There could be loss through friends.

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, yellow. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ If you find your mental lines snarled up this week, control that love of perfect analysis—and don't worry, because next week more than compensates. You can think better on the 6th.

LIBRA SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, purple, blue. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Park your car carefully, because there could be legal entanglements. Be careful what you write or say. Good for romance, friendship, and financial affairs. Better next week.

SCORPIO OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ There are very good influences that benefit love, romance, domestic matters, and personal affairs. There are also disruptive aspects. Walk and act quietly next week.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, orange, lilac. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A mixed week with adverse conditions robbing you of a lot of advantages. The 6th and the 8th are the best days. Focus is on love, marriage, and new plans. Better to wait until next week.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ One of your most improving weeks, especially good on the 6th, when finance, business, love, and romance are happily accented. However, use your native caution.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ Regard the week as, on the whole, adverse; postpone important agenda until next week, and make the most of the 6th and 8th. You could lose a friend or be betrayed by one.

PISCES FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Perhaps you have the luckiest week of all — but you don't come out without a scratch. Personal and public relations benefit, but more so next week. Allergic to matrimony and partnership.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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make it a real picnic! boil a billy of tea

It's a clean, lively taste, tea—an outdoor taste. That's why no picnic's really complete without a billy of tea bubbling over the burning gum wood. And tea refreshes you much more than any cold drink ever could—because it revives you, too. There's nothing so rewarding if you've been running around under a hot sun, nothing so warming if the wind is brisk.

So make the most of tea. Make it good and hearty—a good big spoonful for everybody *and one for the pot.* Make enough for second cups all round.

When you're picnicking or when you're at home, tea is the lively welcoming taste.

RIGHT WAY TO BOIL THE BILLY

People from overseas often ask 'how do you make such delicious tea?' But brewing a billy of tea at its best is easy. Here's all you have to remember:

Wait till the billy is boiling. Then toss in two good handfuls of tea (you'll probably like your tea a bit stronger in the open air). When the tea leaves sink to the bottom of the billy, the tea's ready to serve.

ENJOY
THE LIVELY
TASTE OF

tea

Tea Council of Australia

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"There is a difference you know!"

QUALITY CEYLON TEA IS MOUNTAIN GROWN

Grown at heights equalling the upper slopes of Mount Kosciusko, Ceylon tea reaches its ultimate in perfection. The crisp night air slows the growth of the bush, locks the flavour in the leaf. Such tea, grown at 7000 to 4000 feet is known as HIGH-GROWN TEA, and world buyers seek it because it is more rewarding in flavour than faster-growing and higher yielding bushes in the more forcing climate of the warm lowlands. MEDIUM-GROWN TEA (grown from 4000 feet down to 2000) has desirable characteristics such as good colour.

Brands of Quality Ceylon Tea sold in Australia are all blends of clean fresh High-Grown and Medium-Grown tea from the mountains of Ceylon.

Always buy Quality CEYLON TEA – clean mountain leaf with locked-in flavour

QUALITY CEYLON BRANDS YOU CAN BUY*	AVAILABLE IN					
ANDRONICUS RED SEAL, GREEN SEAL and TURQUOISE SEAL	N.S.W.					
BOLIN'S COLOMBO BLEND				S.A.		
DALGETY & N.Z. LOAN LTD., ELMSHURST No. 1	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.			TAS.
DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.		QLD.	S.A.		
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND				S.A.	W.A.	
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST	N.S.W.	VIC.		S.A.		TAS.
HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12 TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY, No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.					
HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.					
LIPTON'S GREEN CANISTER and ROYAL CEYLON BLEND	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.
LLOYD'S SUPER CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.					
MENDIS' PREMIUM QUALITY CEYLON TEA			QLD.			
MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA and SMALL LEAF TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.				TAS.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.					
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and NURAYLIA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.
ROBUR'S FINE TEA		VIC.	QLD.	S.A.	W.A.	TAS.
SOUTHWICK'S HIGH GROWN CEYLON TEA			QLD.			
WOOD SON'S QUALITY CEYLON TEA				S.A.	W.A.	

*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand

BRANDS OF QUALITY CEYLON TEA ARE SERVED in rotation at the CEYLON TEA CENTRES Sydney & Melbourne and CEYLON TEA CORNERS Adelaide & Hobart

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

Continued from page 66

next morning with the breakfast tray, I lost no time in supplying him with full information re the harrow I found myself the toad under.

"You see the posish, Jeeves," I concluded. "When the loss of the thing is discovered and the hue and cry sets in, who will be the immediate suspect? Wooster, Bertram. My name in this house is already mud, and the men up top will never think of looking farther for the guilty party.

"On the other hand, if I refuse to sit in, Stiffy will consider herself scorned, and we all know what happens when you scorn a woman. She'll tell Madeline Bassett that Gussie has been at the steak-and-kidney pie, and ruin and desolation will ensue. I see no way of beating the game."

To my surprise, instead of raising an eyebrow the customary eighth of an inch and saying "Most disturbing, sir," he came within an ace of smiling. That is to say, the left corner of his mouth quivered almost imperceptibly before returning to position one.

"You cannot accede to Miss Byng's request, sir."

I TOOK an astonished sip of coffee. I couldn't follow his train of thought. It seemed to me that he couldn't have been listening.

"But if I don't, she'll squeal to the F.B.I."

"No, sir, for the lady will be forced to admit that it is physically impossible for you to carry out her wishes. The statuette is no longer at large. It has been placed in Sir Watkyn's collection room behind a stout steel door."

"Good heavens! How do you know?"

"I chanced to pass the dining-room, sir, and inadvertently overheard a conversation between Sir Watkyn and his lordship."

"Call him Spode."

"Very good, sir. Mr. Spode was observing to Sir Watkyn that he had not at all liked the interest you displayed in the figurine at dinner last night."

"I was just giving Pop B the old salve in the hope of sweetening the atmosphere a bit."

"Precisely, sir, but your statement that the object was 'just the sort of thing Uncle Tom would like to have' made a deep impression on Mr. Spode. Remembering the unfortunate episode of the cow creamer, which did so much to mar the pleasantness of your previous visit to Totleigh Towers, he informed Sir Watkyn that he had revised his original view that you were here to attempt to lure Miss Bassett from Mr. Fink-Nottle, and that he was now convinced that your motive in coming to the house had to do with the figurine, and that you were planning to purloin it on Mr. Travers' behalf. Sir Watkyn, who appeared much moved, accepted the theory in toto, all the more readily because of an encounter which he said he had had with you in the early hours of this morning."

I nodded.

"Yes, we got together in the hall at, I suppose, about one a.m. I had gone down to see if I could get a bit of that steak-and-kidney pie."

"I quite understand, sir. It was an injudicious thing to do, if I may say so, but the claims of steak-and-kidney pie are, of course, paramount. It was immediately after this that Sir Watkyn fell in with Mr. Spode's suggestion that the statuette be placed under lock and key in the collection room. I presume that it is now there, and when it is explained to Miss Byng that only by means of burglars' tools or a flask of trinitrotoluol could you obtain access to it and that neither of these is in your possession, I am sure the lady will see reason and recede from her position."

Only the circumstance of my being in bed at the moment kept me from dancing a few carefree steps.

"You speak absolute sooth, Jeeves. This lets me out."

"Completely, sir."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind going and explaining the position of affairs to Stiffy now. You can tell the story so much better than I could, and she ought to be given the lowdown as soon as possible. I don't know where she is at this time of day, but you'll find her messing about somewhere, I've no doubt."

"I saw Miss Byng in the garden with Mr. Pinker, sir. I think she was trying to prepare him for his approaching ordeal."

"Eh?"

"If you recall, sir, owing to the temporary indisposition of the vicar, Mr. Pinker will be in sole charge of the school treat tomorrow, and he views the prospect with no unnatural qualms. There is a somewhat lawless element among the schoolchildren of Totleigh-in-the-Wold, and he fears the worst."

"Well, tell Stiffy to take a couple of minutes off from the pep talk and listen to your communique."

"Very good, sir."

He was absent quite a time—so long, in fact, that I was dressed when he returned.

"I saw Miss Byng, sir."

"And—"

"She is still insistent that you restore the statuette to Mr. Plank."

"She's cuckoo. I can't get into the collection room."

"No, sir, but Miss Byng can. She informs me that not long ago Sir Watkyn chanced to drop his key, and she picked it up and omitted to apprise him. Sir Watkyn had another key made, but the original remains in Miss Byng's possession."

I clutched the brow.

"You mean she can get into the room any time she feels like it?"

"Precisely, sir. Indeed, she has just done so."

And so saying he fished the eyesore from an inner pocket and handed it to me. "Miss Byng suggests that you take the object to Mr. Plank after luncheon. In her dry way she said the meal — I quote her words — would put the necessary stuffing into you and nerve you for the . . . It is somewhat early, sir, but shall I get you a little brandy?"

"Not a little, Jeeves," I said. "Fetch the cask."

. . . .

I don't know how Emerald Stoker was with brush and palette, never having seen any of her output, but she unquestionably had what it takes where cooking was concerned, and any householder would have been glad to sign her up for the duration. The lunch she provided was excellent, everything most toothsome.

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STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

But with this ghastly commission of Stiffy's on the agenda paper, I had little appetite for her offerings. The brow was furrowed, the manner distrait, the stomach full of butterflies.

"Jeeves," I said as he accompanied me to my car at the conclusion of the meal, speaking rather peevishly, perhaps, for I was not my usual sunny self, "doesn't it strike you as odd that, with infant mortality so rife, a chap like Stiffy should have been permitted to survive into the early twenties? Some mismanagement there. What's the tree I read about somewhere that does you in if you sit under it?"

"The upas tree, sir."

"She's a female upas tree. It's not safe to come near her. Disaster on every side is what she strews. And another thing. It's all very well for her to say . . . glibly?"

"Or airily, sir. The words are synonymous."

"It's all very well for her to say glibly or airily, 'Take this blasted eyesore to Plank,' but how do I find him? I can't go ravvine on every door in Hockley-cum-Meston, asking, 'Excuse me, are you Plank?' It'd be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"A very colorful image, sir. I appreciate your difficulty. I would suggest that you proceed to the local post office and institute inquiries there. Post office officials invariably have information at their disposal as to the whereabouts of dwellers in the vicinity."

HE had not erred. Taking the car in the Hockley-cum-Meston High Street, I found that the post office was one of those shops you get in villages, where, in addition to enjoying the postal facilities, you can purchase cigarettes, pipe tobacco, wool, lollipops, string, socks, boots, aperitifs, picture postcards, and bottles containing yellow non-alcoholic drinks, probably tansy. In answer to my query, the old lady behind the counter told me I would find Plank up at the big house with the red shutters about half a mile farther back along the road. She seemed a bit disappointed that information was all I was after and that I had no intention of buying a pair of socks or a ball of string, but she bore up philosophically, and I toddled back to the car.

I remembered the house he had spoken of, having passed it on my way. Imposing mansion with a lot of land. This Plank, I took it, would be some sort of laborer on the estate. I pictured him as a sturdy, gnarled old fellow whose sailor son had brought home the eyesore from one of his voyages, and neither of them had had the foggiest idea that it was valuable. "I'll put it on the mantelpiece, Dad," no doubt the son had said. "It'll look well up there."

To which the old gaffer had replied, "Aye, lad, gormed if 'twont look gradely on the mantelpiece." Or words to that effect. I can't do the dialect, of course. So they had shoved it on the mantelpiece, and then along had come Sir Watkyn Bassett with his smooth city ways and made suckers out of parent and offspring. Happening all the time, that sort of thing.

I reached the house and was about to knock on the door when there came bustling up an elderly gentleman with a square face, much tanned, as if he had been sitting out in the sun quite a lot without his parasol.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting. We were having football practice, and I lost track of the time. Come in, my dear fellow, come in."

I need scarcely say that this exuberant welcome to one who, whatever his merits, was a total stranger warmed my heart quite a good deal. It was with the feeling that his attitude did credit to Gloucestershire hospitality that I followed him through a hall liberally besprinkled with the heads of lions, leopards, gnus, and other fauna into a room with french windows opening on the front garden.

Here he left me while he went off to fetch drinks, his first question having been, would I care for one for the tonsils, to which I had replied with considerable enthusiasm that I would. When he returned, he found me examining the photographs on the wall. The one on which my eye was resting at the moment was a school football group, and it was not difficult to spot the identity of the juvenile delinquent holding the ball and sitting in the middle.

"You?" I said.

"That's me," he replied. "My last year at school. I skippered the side that season. That's old Scrubby Willoughby sitting next to me. Fast wing-three-quarter, but never would learn to give the reverse pass."

"He wouldn't?" I said shocked. I hadn't the remotest what he was talking about, but he had said enough to show me that this Willoughby must have been a pretty dubious character, and when he went on to tell me that poor old Scrubby had died of cirrhosis of the liver in the Federal Malay States, I wasn't really surprised.

I imagine these fellows who won't learn to give the reverse pass generally come to a fairly sticky end.

"Chap on my other side is Smiler Todd, prop forward."

"Prop forward, eh?"

"And a very good one. Played for Cambridge later on. You fond of Rugger?"

"I don't think I know him."

"Rugby football."

"Oh, ah. No, I've never gone in for it."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"Good heavens."

I could see that I had sunk pretty low in his estimation, but he was a host and managed to fight down the feeling of nausea with which my confession had afflicted him.

"I've always been mad keen on Rugger. Didn't get much of it after leaving school, as they stationed me in West Africa. Tried to teach the natives there the game, but had to give it up. Too many deaths, with the inevitable subsequent blood feuds. Retired now and settled down here. I'm trying to make Hockley-cum-Meston the best football village in these parts, and I will say for the lads that they're coming on nicely. What we need is a good prop forward, and I can't find one. But you don't want to hear all this. You want to know about my Brazilian expedition."

"Oh, have you been to Brazil?"

I seemed to have said the wrong thing, as one so often does. He stared.

"Didn't you know I'd been to Brazil?"

"Nobody tells me anything."

"I should have thought they'd have briefed you at the office. Seems silly to send a reporter all the way down here without telling him what they're sending him for."

I'm pretty astute, and I saw there had been a mix-up somewhere.

"Were you expecting a reporter?"

"Of course I was. Aren't you from the 'Daily Express'?"

"Sorry, no."

"I thought you must be the chap who was coming to interview me about my Brazilian explorations."

"Oh, you're an explorer?"

Again I had said the wrong thing. He was plainly piqued.

"What did you think I was? Does the name Plank mean nothing to you?"

"Is your name Plank?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, what a very odd coincidence," I said, intrigued. "I'm looking for a character called Plank. Not you, somebody else. The bimbo I want is a sturdy tiller of the soil, probably gnarled, with a sailor son. As you have the same name as him, you'll probably be interested in the story I'm about to relate. I have here," I said, producing the black amber thing, "a whatnot."

He gaped at it.

"Where did you get that? That's the bit of native sculpture I picked up on the Congo and sold to Sir Watkyn Bassett."

I was amazed.

"You sold it to him?"

"Certainly."

"Well, shiver my timbers!"

I was conscious of a Boy Scoutful glow. I liked this Plank, and I rejoiced that it was in my power to do him as good a turn as anyone had ever done anybody. Bless Bertram Wooster, I felt he'd be saying in another couple of ticks.

For the first time I was glad that Stiffy had sent me on this mission.

"Then I'll tell you what," I said. "If you'll just give me five pounds—"

I BROKE off. He was looking at me with a cold, glassy stare, as no doubt he had looked at the late lions, leopards, and gnus whose remains were to be viewed on the walls of the outer hall. Fellows at the Drones who have tried to touch Oofy Prosser, the club millionaire, for a trifle to see them through till next Wednesday have described him to me as a looking just like that.

"Oh, so that's it!" he said, and even Pop Bassett could not have spoken more nastily. "I've got your number now. I've met your sort all over the world. You won't get any five pounds, my man. You sit where you are and don't move. I'm going to call the police."

"It will not be necessary, sir," said a respectful voice, and Jeeves entered through the french window.

His advent drew from me a startled goggle and, I rather think, a cry of amazement. Last man I'd expected to see, and how he had got here defeated me. I've sometimes felt that he must dematerialise himself like those fellows in India — fakirs, I think they're called — who fade into thin air in Bombay and turn up five minutes later in Calcutta or points west with all the parts reassembled.

Nor could I see how he had divined that the young master was in sore straits and in urgent need of his assistance, unless it was all done by what I believe is

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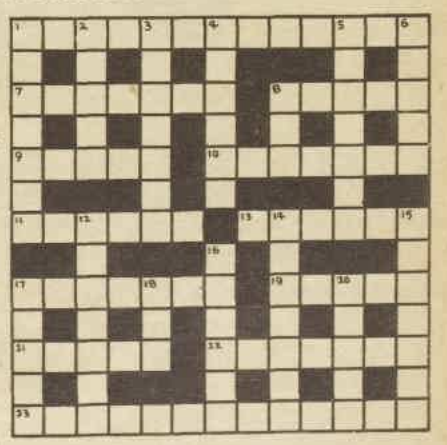
ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has undertaken the dangerous task of impersonating the ailing President Andros. As the President is flown secretly to America for an operation, Mandrake is smuggled into his residence in a crate. READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. A number of blackbirds (4-3-6).
7. Perceived, though it is a plain cake (7).
8. Large striped feline quadruped (5).
9. Norwegian who can snore (5).
10. Generous bestowal (7).
11. Set six (anagr., 6).
13. Meagre ending in half a score (6).
17. Non-action in a tire (7).
19. Temperate robes (5).
21. People, clericals not included (5).
22. Apparatus for gymnasts, with its head an apparatus for catching (7).
23. He must be able to hold his own (3, 2, 8).

DOWN

1. Money for a combined cafe and inn (7).
2. Give perfect expression (5).
3. Nice ant when very old (7).
4. To swindle (6).
5. Slight with a broken leg in the middle (7).
6. Dry as measuring units (5).
8. The sailor of a Rotarian (3).
12. A European peninsula (7).
14. Map sent to imprint (7).
15. For young children or young plants (7).
16. An easy gallop within a car (6).
17. The Mohammedan world (5).
18. The best rye provides a test (3).
20. Be a Shakespearian king to make misty (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

TIM

Continued from page 69

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

termed telepathy. Still, here he was with his head bulging at the back and on his face that look of quiet intelligence which comes from eating lots of fish, and I welcomed his presence. I knew from experience what a wizard he was at removing the oppressed from the soup, and the soup was what I was at this point in my affairs deeply immersed in.

"Major Plank?" he said.

Plank, too, was goggling.

"Who on earth are you?"

"Chief Inspector Witherspoon, sir, of Scotland Yard. Has this man been attempting to obtain money from you?"

"Just been doing that very thing."

"As I suspected. We have had our eye on him for a long time, but till now have never been able to apprehend him in the act."

"Notorious crook, is he?"

"Precisely, sir. He is a confidence man of considerable eminence in the underworld who makes a practice of calling at houses and extracting money from their owners with some plausible story."

"He does more than that. He pinches things from people and tries to sell them. Look at that statuette he's holding. It's a thing I sold to Sir Watkyn Bassett, who lives at Totleigh-in-the-Wold, and he had the cool cheek to come here and try to sell it to me for five pounds."

"Indeed, sir? With your permission I will impound the object."

"You'll need it as evidence?"

"Exactly, sir. I shall now take him to Totleigh Towers and confront him with Sir Watkyn."

"Yes, do. That'll teach him. Nasty hangdog look the fellow's got. I suspected from the first he was wanted by the police. Had him under observation for a long time, have you?"

"For a very long time, sir. He is known to us at the Yard as Alpine Joe, because he always wears an Alpine hat."

"He's got it with him now."

"He never moves without it."

"You'd think he'd have the sense to adopt some rude disguise."

"You would, indeed, sir, but the mental processes of a man like that are hard to follow."

"Then there's no need for me to phone the local police?"

"None, sir. I will take him into custody."

"You wouldn't like me to hit him over the head first with a Zulu knobkerrie?"

"Unnecessary, sir."

"It might be safer."

"No, sir, I am sure he will come quietly."

"Well, have it your own way. But don't let him give you the slip."

"I will be very careful, sir."

"And shove him into a dungeon with dripping walls and see to it that he is well gnawed by rats."

"Very good, sir."

WHAT with all the stuff about reverse passes and prop forwards, plus the strain of seeing gentlemen's personal gentlemen appear from nowhere and of having to listen to that loose talk about Zulu knobkerries, the Wooster bean was not at its best as we moved off, and there was nothing in the way of conversational give-and-take until we had reached my car, which I had left at the front gate.

"Chief Inspector who?" I said, recovering a modicum of speech as we arrived at our objective.

"Witherspoon, sir."

"Why Witherspoon? On the other hand," I added, for I like to look on both sides of a thing, "why not Witherspoon? However, that is not germane to the issue and can be reserved for discussion later. The real point — the nub — the thing that should be thrashed out immediately — is how on earth do you come to be here?"

"I anticipated that my arrival might occasion you a certain surprise, sir. I hastened after you directly I learned of the revelation Sir Watkyn had made to Miss Byng, for I foresaw that your interview with Major Plank would be embarrassing, and I hoped to be able to intercept you before you could establish communication with him."

"How do you mean, the revelation Pop Bassett made to Stiffy?"

"It occurred shortly after luncheon, sir. Miss Byng informed me that she decided to approach Sir Watkyn and make a last appeal to his better feelings. Greatly to her astonishment, she had hardly begun to speak when Sir Watkyn, chuckling heartily, asked her if she could keep a secret. He then revealed that there was no foundation for the story he had told Mr. Travers and that in actual fact he had paid Major Plank a thousand pounds for the object."

"You mean he lied to Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"What on earth did he do that for?"

"I think Sir Watkyn's motive was obvious, sir."

"Not to me."

"He acted from a desire to exasperate Mr. Travers. Mr. Travers is a collector, and collectors are never pleased when they learn that a rival collector has acquired at an insignificant price an objet d'art of great value."

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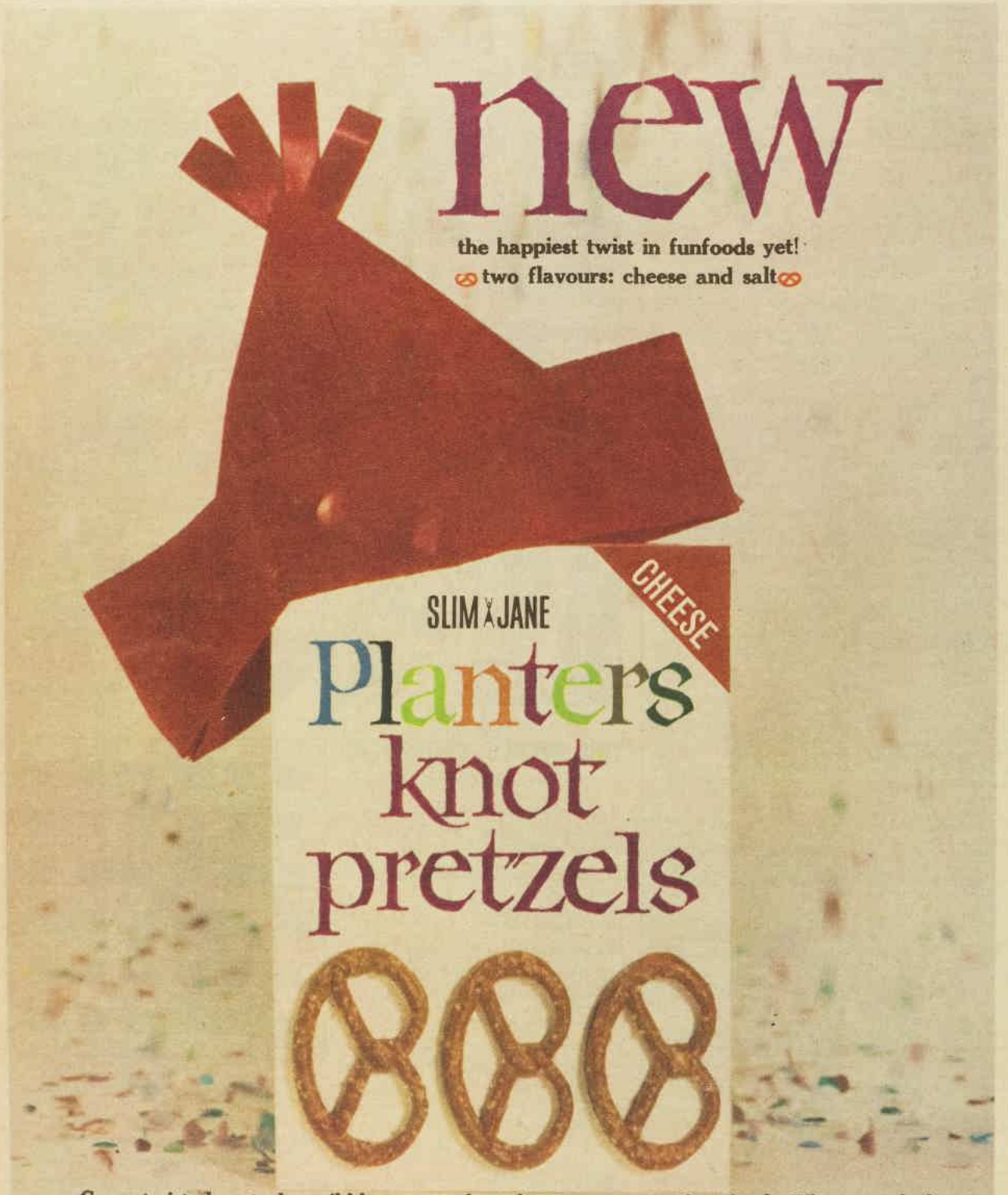

Crazy twisted pretzel nibbly crunchy tasty. You just can't help dipping in for more. Planters new knot pretzels are baked a butter brown. Knobbly with hearty nuggets of real salt. When you feel like a nibble or a TV snack reach for knot pretzels. In the gay party box or cello pack at your nearest food store now.

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Continued from page 70

STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES

It penetrated. I saw what he meant. The discovery that Pop Bassett had got hold of a thousand quid thingummy for practically nothing would have been gall and w. to Uncle Tom.

"So my errand was . . . what, Jeeves?"

"Bootless, sir."

"Bootless? It doesn't sound right, but I suppose you know. Well, I wish the news you've just sprung could have broken before I presented myself chez Plank. I would have been spared a testing ordeal."

"I can appreciate the nervous strain you must have undergone, sir. It is unfortunate that I was not able to arrive earlier."

"How did you arrive at all? That's what's puzzling me. You can't have walked."

"No, sir. I borrowed Miss Byng's car. I left it some little distance down the road and proceeded to the house on foot. Hearing voices, I approached the french window and listened and was thus enabled to intervene at the crucial moment."

"Very resourceful."

"Thank you, sir."

"But for you, Plank would have had me in the local calaboose in a matter of minutes. Who is he, by the way? I got the impression that he was an explorer of sorts."

"Yes, sir. He has recently returned from an expedition into the interior of Brazil. He inherited the house where he resides from a deceased godfather. He breeds cocker spaniels, suffers somewhat from malaria, and eats only non-fattening protein bread."

"You seem to have got him taped all right."

"I made inquiries at the post office, sir. I also learned that Major Plank is an enthusiast on Rugby football and is hoping to make Hockley-cum-Meston invincible on the field."

"Yes, so he was telling me. You aren't a prop forward, are you, Jeeves?"

"No, sir. Indeed, I do not know what the term signifies."

I SLID behind the steering wheel and told him to hop in.

"But I was forgetting. You've got Stiffy's car. Then I'll be driving on. The sooner I get this statuette thing back into her custody, the better."

"If you will pardon the suggestion, sir, I think it would be more advisable for me to take the object to Miss Byng. It would scarcely be prudent for you to enter the environs of Totleigh Towers with it on your person. You might encounter his lordship . . . I should say Mr. Spode."

"Surely you aren't suggesting that he would frisk me?"

"I think it highly possible, sir. If you will give me the object, I will see that Miss Byng restores it to the collection room at the earliest possible moment."

"Very well, if you say so. Here you are. Though I think you're wronging Spode."

"I think not, sir."

And blow me tight if he wasn't right. Scarcely had I steered the car into the stable when a solid body darkened the horizon, and there was Spode, looking like Chief Inspector Witherspoon about to make a pinch.

"Get out of that car," he said. "I'm going to search it.

"I have just searched your room," he added.

"You have? You surprise me. Looking for something, were you?"

"You know what I'm looking for. That amber statuette you said your uncle would be so glad to have."

"Oh, that? I understood it was in the collection room."

"Well, it is no longer in the collection room. The thing isn't in your bedroom, so if it is not in your car, you must have it on you. Turn out your pockets."

I humored his request, largely influenced by the fact that there was so much of him. The contents having been placed before him, he snorted in a disappointed way, as if he had hoped for better things, and dived into the car, opening drawers and looking under cushions. And Stiffy, coming along at this moment, drank in his vast trouser seat with a curious eye.

"What goes on?" she asked.

"You know that black eyesore thing that was on the dinner table Apparently it's disappeared, and Spode has got the extraordinary idea that I've pinched it."

"Man must be an ass."

Spode wheeled around, flushed with his excesses. He eyed Stiffy bleakly.

"Did you call me an ass?"

"Certainly I did. The idea of accusing Bertie of taking that statuette. The thing's in Uncle Watkyn's collection room."

"It is not in the collection room."

"Well, I say it is. Go and look, if you don't believe me. Stop that, Bartholomew, you blighted dog!" bellowed Stiffy, abruptly changing the subject, and she hastened off on winged feet to confer with the hound.

A minute or two later Spode returned with most of the stuffing removed from his person.

"I seem to have done you an injustice, Wooster," he said, and I was amazed that he had it in him to speak so meekly.

I suppose there's nothing that braces one more thoroughly than the spectacle of the forces of darkness stubbing their toe, and the heart was light as I made my way to the house. But Madeline Bassett cornered me as I was passing through the hall.

"I am furious with Augustus!" she said, and my heart stood still.

"Why, what's happened?"

"He was very rude to Roderick."

This seemed incredible. Nobody but an all-in wrestling champion would be rude to a fellow as big as Spode.

"Surely not?"

"I mean he was very rude about Roderick. He said he was sick and tired of seeing him clumping about the place as if it belonged to him, and hadn't he got a home of his own, and if Daddy had an ounce more sense than a billiard ball he would charge him rent. He was most offensive."

My h. stood stiller. It is not stretching the facts to say that I was appalled and all of a doodah.

I tried to pour oil on the troubled w's.

"Probably just kidding, don't you think?"

"He meant every word he said."

"Then it was probably just a momentary spasm of what - d'you - call - it. Irritability. We all have them."

"It was nothing of the kind. He was harsh and bitter, and he has been like that for a long time. I noticed it first at Brinkley. One morning we had walked in the meadows and the grass was all covered with little wreaths of mist, and I said, 'Didn't he sometimes feel that they were the elves' bridal veils,' and he said sharply, 'No never,' adding that he had never heard such a silly idea in his life."

WELL, of course, he was perfectly correct, but it was no good pointing that out to a girl like Madeline Bassett.

"And that evening we were watching the sunset, and I said sunsets always made me think of the Blessed Damozel leaning out from the gold bar of heaven, and he said, 'Who?' and I said, 'The Blessed Damozel,' and he said, 'Never heard of her.' And he said that sunsets made him sick and so did the Blessed Damozel and he had a pain in his inside."

I saw that the time had come to be a raisonneur.

"This was at Brinkley?"

"Yes."

"I see. After you made him become a vegetarian. Are you sure," I said, raisonneuring like nobody's business, "that you were altogether wise in confining him to spinach and whatnot? Many a proud spirit rebels when warned off the proteins. And I don't know if you know it, but medical research has established that the ideal diet is one in which animal and vegetable foods are balanced. It's something to do with the something acids required by the body."

"I don't believe it. Thousands of people are vegetarians and enjoy perfect health."

"Bodily health, yes," I said, cleverly seizing on the debating point. "But what of the soul? If you suddenly steer a fellow off the steaks and chops it does something to his soul. I bet you'll find that that's all that's wrong with Gussie. He simply wants a mutton chop or two under his belt."

"Well, he's not going to have them. And if he continues to behave like a sulky child, I shall know what to do about it."

"Er — what will you do about it?"

"Never mind."

I put out a cautious feeler.

"Suppose . . . not that it's likely to happen, of course . . . but suppose Gussie, maddened by abstinence, were to go off and tuck into . . . well, to take an instance at random, cold steak-and-kidney pie, what would be the upshot?"

I had never supposed that she had it in her to give anyone a piercing look, but that is what she gave me now.

"Are you telling me, Bertie, that Augustus has been eating steak-and-kidney pie?"

"Good heavens, no. It was just a hypothetical question."

"Oh? Well, the answer to it is that if I found that Augustus had been eating the flesh of animals slain in anger, I would have nothing more to do with him," she said, and she biffed off, leaving me a spent force and a mere shell of my former self.

To be continued

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